CROWLEY MOST HORRIFIED BY MOLASSES DISASTER

(This is the 11th and last chapter in the case book of the late Police Supt. Michael H. Crowley, whose service of nearly 45 years in the Boston police department ultimately made him one of the best-known police chiefs in the world and whose term as directing head was the longest in the Boston record.)

By HIS SON, ARTHUR CROWLEY, and PAUL WHELTON

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In all his long police experience, the case which remained fixed in the memory of the late Police Supt. Michael H. Crowley as the most gruesome and extraordinary within or without the realm of actual crime was the appalling molasses tank disaster in January 1919.

Nowhere on the face of the globe has such an unusual tragedy been visited upon its victims as that which startled Boston nearly 15 years ago when the police superintendent's newly-organized police department was filled with "green" men, although men who, for the most part, were war veterans versed in the horrors of the battlefield.

Boston was going about its normal business affairs on Wednesday, Jan. 15, 1919, as noonday arrived to split the working hours. Through Commercial st., in the North End, motor trucks and horse-drawn wagons were passing.

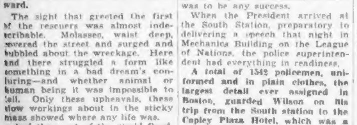
The minutes ticked on past noon, five minutes, 15 minutes, 25 minutes, half past 12—and then it happened.

A sharp report cracked through the wintry air, and then another and another and another and another in quick succession, as a machine gun barks. There was a loud boom—and a huge 50-foot tidal wave of molasses, 2,200,000 gallons of the sticky, viscid syrup, rolled in awful destruction over the terrain in Commercial st., Atlantic ave. and its waterfront, from Charter st. to the southerly end of North End Park.

100 Are Trapped

Ensnaring in its sticky, smothering flood were more than 100 men, women and children, crushed buildings, wagons, automobiles, street and freight cars and the very Elevated structure itself. The black, reeking wave slapped against the side of buildings footing Copp's Hill and then swished back toward the harbor.

Houses that were not torn asunder were flooded through their second and third story windows, horses were tossed about with their wagons like chips and then engulfed. Dogs, cats and every moving thing were caught and trapped in the sticky wave and the Elevated structure was bent and twisted like a strand of soft wire in nervous hands.



In five minutes the appalling wave was past—perhaps in less time. But the dead, the dying, the suffocated, struggling and maimed mass of humans and animals in the area were not rescued or their bodies recovered for hours afterward.

The sight that greeted the first of the rescuers was almost indescribable. Molasses, waist deep, covered the street and surged and bubbled about the wreckage. Here and there struggled a form like something in a bad dream's conjuring—and whether animal or human being it was impossible to tell. Only these upheavals, these slow workings about in the sticky mass showed where any life was.

And then, out of the viscid flood, crawled the first of those who had survived the horrifying wave. On hands and knees, or rolling, with broken arms or legs, or both, plastered with blood and molasses until even their sex could not be told, the forms sloughed up out of the smothering flood, to be picked up, placed in ambulances and rushed to hospitals in a race to get them to aid where their nostrils and mouths could first be opened and then their ears and eyes, and their clothing cut off and injuries treated.

When word of the disaster was flashed to police headquarters, so startling was its import that Supt. Crowley quickly ordered to the scene all available police from every downtown station, and then raced to the scene himself, arriving within a few minutes after the first ambulance.

The entire North End was in terror and Copp's Hill Park, opposite the scene, was jammed with humanity. Only the waist-deep flood of molasses prevented frantic mothers and fathers from swarming into the area in belief that their children had been trapped.

Firemen, in rubber coats and hip rubber boots, worked frantically in the rescue work with policemen who had no such equipment but who were thigh deep in the sticky mess.

In the molasses-covered water at the wharf edge of the harbor, a man who had been washed overboard by the wave was rescued.

Far into the night the work of rescue went on, with navy sailors working side by side with the besmeared firemen and policemen, under direction of Police Supt. Crowley and Chief Peter McDonough of the fire department.

The humans were placed in ambulances and hurried to Haymarket Relief Hospital.

Many were dead on arrival—smothered in the mass of molasses. Others, not yet dead, struggled in their death throes soon after. Still others had mangled bodies, broken bones, and some had the delirium of shock to go with their hurts.

When the final tally was made there were twenty-one dead, including James Lennon of 87 Brook ave., Roxbury, a City of Boston employe and a brother-in-law of the late John L. Sullivan, former heavyweight champion prize fighter of the world.

Out of the molasses tank disaster 125 suits for damages were filed against the United States Industrial Alcohol Co., totaling claims of more than $2,000,000, and the most extraordinary case ever tried in a superior court in Massachusetts was begun.

The last of the suits was not settled until April in 1925, at which time it was estimated that nearly $1,000,000 had been paid out in damages.

For several months, testimony was heard up to 10 o'clock at night. More than 3000 witnesses were heard and even without including the long final arguments, the stenographers took more than 30,000 pages of testimony.

Only a little more than a month after the molasses tank disaster the superintendent tried and proved the mettle of his new policemen again, in an entirely different field of police work, and received for his work and arrangements the warm handclasp of the late President Woodrow Wilson, and the President's congratulations.

This was on the occasion of President Wilson's visit to Boston on February 24, 1919, upon his return from his first visit to Paris.

Now it is known by the public—but then it was known only to officials who had been taken into confidence, including Supt. Crowley—that the Department of Justice agents had learned of a plot to assassinate the President—a plot which was afoot even before he left America to go to Paris.

So well had he been guarded, however—even his food and his drinking water being subjected to severe analysis—that he had avoided the plot, and Supt. Crowley was determined that Boston should not be the city of its success, if there was to be any success.

When the President arrived at the South Station, preparatory to delivering a speech that night in Mechanics Building on the League of Nations, the police superintendent had everything in readiness.

A total of 1542 policemen, uniformed and in plain clothes, the largest detail ever assigned in Boston, guarded Wilson on his trip from the South station to the Copley Plaza Hotel, which was a breath-taking race in automobiles, and later on his trip to Mechanics Building and the trip back to the train, which were other races, the police superintendent's reasoning that a swiftly moving car offered the poorest mark for an anarchist's assault.

Avoided the Plot

Along the routes, policemen less than a year out of the army and with army sharpshooters' ratings, were stationed on roof-tops and in windows, watching the crowds and looking for the glint of a gun.

Uniformed policemen stationed every few feet along the routes never saw the President in his whirlwind passing, because the policemen, under the superintendent's orders, stood with their backs to the street and faced the throngs.

"You have made me feel quite secure and I want to thank you," said Wilson, as he shook Crowley's hand in farewell, but the superintendent always declared that it was one of the most nervous days of his career and that he did not breathe easily until the presidential train was out of sight.

Post to Dedicate Road Honoring Hero

George Dilboy Post, V. F. W., will dedicate Charles E. A. Ryan rd., now City rd., Somerville, this afternoon. Members of the Dilboy Post and other organizations will parade from the Somerville high school to Ryan rd., where the ceremonies will begin at 2 o'clock. Arrangements are in charge of Ferd F. Russo, chairman; Commander Walter A. Burdett of the Post, Thomas F. McGrath, Alderman Harry F. O'Connell, Daniel Harrington, Frank Murphy and Thomas Murphy, all members of Dilboy Post.

The dedication is in honor of Charles E. A. Ryan, a Somerville boy killed in action in **France in** July, 1918.

Hundreds Europe Bound on Scythia; Britannic Arrives

Sailing of the Cunarder Scythia, with several hundred Boston and New York passengers for Queenstown and Liverpool, and the arrival of the White Star liner Britannic, with several hundred returning Hub and Gotham tourists, from Liverpool, Queenstown and Galway, marked the Port of Boston's waterfront activities yesterday.

Embarking in the Scythia, Capt. G. Gibbons, were the following Bostonians: Miss F. Baines, Mrs. E. M. Whetford, Bruce Perry, Charles Dornan, Mr. and Mrs. James Haron, and Miss C. Sullivan.

Also Miss Lillian Baker, Arlington; Miss Jane Hurley, Miss Margaret Gibbons, and Miss Nora Foye, Marlboro; Miss Mary Walker, Newton; Mrs. Edith Kimble, Natick; Miss Edith Hodges, Wellesley; Mrs. J. W. Roberts, Brookline; Mrs. B. M. Pearl, Miss E. M. Pearl, Milton; Mrs. James Liddell, Newton; Miss Jean Fisher, Westwood, and Miss Annie Monaghan, Holyoke.

The liner loaded considerable mail, 1100 barrels of apples, 600 barrels of tallow and various miscellaneous cargo. She reached Pier 3, Cunard docks, East Boston, at 5:30 o'clock, sailing three and one-half hours later.

The Britannic, Capt. Freeman, docked early last night at Commonwealth Pier, South Boston, sailing later in the night for New York.

The Britannic was delayed several hours by heavy, westerly winds. She reached the pilot station at 6 o'clock last night, docking at 8:30. Her Boston passengers included Thomas Lyman, Mr. and Mrs. John C. Rice and L. E. Caldwell.

The liner carried 275 tons of express cargo and 2400 bags of mail for this port, in addition to a large cargo for New York.

Hebrew Aged Home Feted Next Tuesday

More than four hundred women are expected to attend the second annual luncheon given in honor of life members of the Hebrew Ladies' Home for Aged next Tuesday afternoon at the "Home," 21 Queen st., Dorchester.

This luncheon will celebrate the enrollment of one hundred and twenty-five new life members. Addresses will be given by Alexander Brin, publisher of the Jewish Advocate, Mrs. H. H. Rubenovitz, and Rabbi Jacob Freedman of Temple Beth El, Chelsea. Mrs. Mildred Levenson Michelson, pianist, Mrs. Charles Klarfeld, soprano, and the Misses Helen and Georgette Cohen, readers, will also appear on the program.

Furness Liners To Run All Winter

Because of increased activity in cargo movements, coupled with large shipments of apples from Halifax, the Furness liners Nova Scotia and Newfoundland, now in the seventh year of their service between Boston, Halifax, N. S., St. John's, N. F., and Liverpool, Eng., are to remain on the run throughout the winter, it was announced, yesterday.

Program of Winter Cruises Arranged

A winter cruise program, including trips to Bermuda, Nassau, Cuba, Jamaica, Panama Canal, South America, Windward Islands, the Mediterranean and round-the-world routes, has been scheduled by the Colonial Travel Service, announced William S. Halliwell, owner of the concern.

Famous liners are among the cruise ships, he said.

Greek Steamers Arrive

Two Greek steamers, the Aliki and Marionga Thermiotis, both from Istanbul, arrived below late last night. Both are due to dock this morning to discharge cargoes.

WORLD CRUISE BOOKINGS JUMP

New York, Nov. 11—Definite bookings for the world cruise this winter of the Franconia, operated by Thomas Cook & Son-Wagons-Lits, Inc., and the Cunard Line, already are well ahead of the same date last year, according to F. D. Carroll in the New York office of Cook's.

The increase amounts to about 10 per cent, and this has been achieved despite the fact that promotion work for the world cruise this year was started six weeks later than in 1932.

It is also understood that world cruise bookings of other companies, including the Canadian Pacific, are running well beyond the figures of a year ago. The increase is attributed to better economic conditions and to greater confidence on the part of the American traveling public in the future of business conditions in this country.

The Franconia will sail from New York January 9 and will visit 34 ports during its 141 day journey, returning May 31. Among the ports of call will be Kalabahar, Alor Island in the Dutch East Indies, where natives will make three-day journeys for the purpose of giving their tribal dances for the passengers.

Bermuda Attracts Many From Boston

Many Greater Bostonians and New Englanders were aboard the Furness liner Queen of Bermuda, sailing yesterday from New York for Bermuda. The list included: Mrs. V. Williams, Mrs. George A. Peabody, Mrs. Edward H. Quimby, Mr. and Mrs. William Sunter, Mrs. W. F. Robertson, Mrs. H. R. Loomis, Miss Bourglot Hanson, Miss Ingerborg Ness, Miss Gertrude Simonson, Miss Margaret Cormick, Miss Marjorie Gowle, Miss Ellis M. S. Roberts, Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Conway, Mr. and Mrs. R. E. Lee, Mr. and Mrs. G. B. Brownell, Mr. and Mrs. G. W. Hardy, Mr. and Mrs. William McCarthy, Mr. and Mrs. A. Vogel, Charles B. Balch, Ralph Sayles, and Mrs. R. K. Rudicill.

U. S. Seaplane Saves 12 in Daring Rescue

Lima, Peru, Nov. 11 (INS)—An American seaplane, owned by the San Blas Panagra Co., today took off the crew of 12 of the disabled motorship Ferro Carill in one of the most thrilling rescues in aviation history.

The motorship, in distress off Punta Galera, Equador, sent out S O S signals which were picked up by the plane. The pilot flew to the ship's assistance. Despite the heavy seas every member of the motorship's crew was brought to the aircraft, which landed the refugees at Guayaquil.

St. John and Acadia on Winter Schedule

Beginning her Winter schedule of sailings, the S. S. St. John of the Eastern Steamship Lines, Inc., which arrived here yesterday morning from New York, did not make her regular sailing last night. She holds over until tonight, as does the S. S. Acadia, her sister ship, which arrived in New York, yesterday morning. Saturday sailings from both ports will be eliminated for the Winter months, with the exceptions of the sailings from both ports on Saturday, Nov. 25, special sailings to care for the football crowds.

N. H. to Run Excursion

A round trip excursion to New York city will be operated by the New Haven R. R., the train leaving South Station next Saturday at midnight and returning to Boston on the following Monday morning.

VENEZUELA TO HAIL TOURISTS

Gen. Juan V. Gomez, President of Venezuela, has cabled a message of appreciation to the Holland America Line for scheduling a series of cruises to the South American republic this winter, it was announced yesterday at the Boston office of the steamship company.

Both the liners Statendam and Rotterdam will be operated in the program of 13 cruises, the first of which will leave on Nov. 18. The cruises will vary in length from 9 to 15 days.

Tourists to Venezuela will witness gala celebrations in honor of the 25th anniversary of General Gomez' ascension to power. A program of horse racing, at the one-mile track at Caracas, will open on Dec. 19.

Pedro R. Rincones, Consul General of Venezuela at New York, in a message of welcome, said:

"As a nation with an unbroken record of 30 years of peace, Venezuela welcomes this opportunity of showing her beautiful country to the citizens of America."

Lonely Island in South Sea Rising

San Francisco, Nov. 11—Falcon Island, or Shoals, southeast of the Fiji Island group, is acting up again, according to a report received by the Matson Line offices here.

Information was sought in connection with the forthcoming exploration cruise of the SS. City of Los Angeles, Jan. 12 to Feb. 21, and the following answer was given:

"Falcon Island now stands about 400 ft. above sea level. Landing is impossible, even from small boats, unless one cares to run 100 yds. over the floating surf with constant risk of sinking through."

Florida Hotel to Open on Jan. 15

Belleaire, Fla., Nov. 11—The Belleview Biltmore Hotel here will open for the 1934 season on Jan. 15. Frank W. Regan, for many years the manager of the Belleview Biltmore, now is president of the corporation operating the hotel, and will be in charge throughout the season.

The hotel has been refurnished. Both golf courses are in condition. A number of old patrons already have made reservations.

New Nature Bridges Found in Kentucky

Lexington, Ky., Nov. 11 (US)—Four more natural bridges have been discovered in the Blue Grass State, giving it further grounds for its claim to the title of the "State of Caves and Natural Bridges."

The newly found bridges, hewn out of rock by nature, are in Wolfe county, near a newly acquired national forest preserve. Their existence were made known after Robert W. Hoffman, of the national park service, completed a survey of the area.

Hub Folk Sail to Bermuda

Mr. and Mrs. Emanuel Kurland are among Boston passengers aboard the liner Monarch of Bermuda, which sailed from New York on a cruise to Bermuda.

Port of Boston

ARRIVALS

HOWARD, Nelson, Philadelphia. Pier 2, South Boston.

MIDDLESEX, Emanuelsen, Baltimore, Mystic wharf.

MUNRIO, Galveston, Mystic wharf.

PAUL LUCKENBACH, Seattle, Portland, O., San Francisco, Los Angeles, Colon, New York, Philadelphia, Providence, Commonwealth pier.

PENOBSCOT, New York, Atlantic Works, East Boston, in tow of tug Honeybrook.

QUINCY, Beavey, Lynn, East Boston.

SAINT JOHN, Corning, New York, India wharf.

YARMOUTH, Crosby, Yarmouth, N. S., Central wharf.

BRITANNIC (Br. m. s.), Freeman, Liverpool, Cobh, Galway, Commonwealth pier.

CYNTHIA (Br.), Gibbons, New York, Pier 3, East Boston.

WEST CAWTHON, Haire, army base.

SAILINGS

ADRASTUS (Br. m. s.), Hong Kong, Shanghai, Yokohama, New York, Baltimore, Philadelphia, Newport News.

ALLEGHANY, Baltimore, Norfolk.

BERKSHIRE, New York.

BILDERDYK (Dutch), Rotterdam, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Newport News, Norfolk.

BRITANNIC (Br. m. s.), New York.

CITY OF MONTGOMERY, Savannah, New York.

COMMERCIAL QUAKER, Philadelphia, Tampa, New Orleans, Mobile.

EMPIRE ARROW, Beaumont.

HOWARD, Philadelphia.

KENTUCKIAN, Los Angeles, San Francisco, Portland, Philadelphia, New York.

ONEIDA, New York, Charleston, S. C.

SAN BRUNO (Pen.), Havana, Puerto Castilla.

SCYTHIA (Br.), Cobh, Liverpool.

SILVERSANDAL (Br. m. s.), Manila, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore.

LEXINGTON, Buzzards Bay, New York.

HAIMON (Ger.), Bremen, Hamburg.

Fruiter Carries Full Cargo to Havana

Carrying a full general cargo and seven passengers, United Fruit liner San Bruno, Capt. George H. Grant, sailed yesterday from Long Wharf for Havana, Cuba, and Puerto Cortez and Tela, Honduras.

Passengers included Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred L. Brownell, Lynn; Ernest H. Evans, Newton; John H. Bainbridge, J. Justin Dyer, Hingham; and Joaquim R. Lozano and Alejandro, Cuban students who have been studying in this country and Paris.

Savant Thrilled in Grand Canyon Visit

With high praise for the natural wonders and wild animal life of the United States, Dr. Carlos A. Marelli, director of the zoo at La Plata, Argentina, sailed on his return to South America aboard the Grace liner, Santa Barbara, after a visit here.

"I received the greatest thrill from the Grand Canyon," said Dr. Marelli, "though Crater Lake in Oregon should inspire any human being with the desire to paint."

Hawaiian Freighter Completes Repairs

The American-Hawaiian freighter Kentuckian, which damaged more than 100 of her bottom plates by running ashore on the Pacific coast, near the westerly entrance to the Panama canal, has completed temporary repairs and moved yesterday from the East Boston plant of the Bethlehem Shipbuilding Corp., Ltd., to Commonwealth pier, South Boston, for dock trials.

Yule Trip to British Isles to Sail Here

The White Star Line's annual Christmas excursion party to Ireland, England and Scotland will sail on the Britannic from Boston, Dec. 15, to Galway, Cobh and Liverpool.

The excusion will be conducted by Ronald Crawford of the line's Boston office, who is arranging gala Christmas festivities aboard ship.

YELLOWSTONE TRAVEL BOOMS

Yellowstone Park, Wyo., Nov. 11—After three consecutive years of decreased travel to Yellowstone Park, 1933 brought an increase of 4134 visitors over the preceding year, Superintendent Roger W. Toll reported.

The 1933 increase picked up the line of ever-growing attendance in the park where it was dropped in 1930. To 1930, increases had been noted each year since 1919, in the number of park visitors reaching a peak of 260,697 in 1929.

A total of 161,938 visitors entered the park in 1933, a figure comparable to that of 1925, when 154,282 visitors came to the park. By far the greatest number of the park visitors entered by automobile, the number thus coming to the vast playground totaling 134,419.

Boys in Tiny Plane Begin Long Trip

Newark, N. J., Nov. 11 (AP)—A tiny monoplane, no more than 30 feet long, soared away from Newark airport today on the first leg of a planned 10,000 mile flight to the Yucatan Peninsula. Within its cramped cabin two 19-year-old Westfield boys wave a confident farewell.

The pilot, Bob Buck, the holder of many junior air records. His companion, Robert F. Nixon, Jr., is going along "just for the ride."

Their Argosy will have a scientific purpose. The boys hope to comb the most desolate wastes of the Yucatan in search of new relics of ancient Mayan civilization.

Railroad Officials to Attend Lodge Ball

Members of Old Colony Lodge, Brotherhood of Railroad Clerks of the Boston New Haven railroad will hold their annual dance Friday evening, November 17, at the Bradford Hotel. Many State and city officials of the railroad will attend. Arrangements are in charge of Arthur Keefe and a committee.

SWEDISH LINE RUNS CRUISES

The Swedish American Line announced five 18-day cruises to the West Indies and South America this winter and a five-day Easter cruise to Bermuda, with the motorship Kungsholm, flagship of the "Swedish White Fleet."

The West Indies cruise sailing dates from New York are Dec. 16, Jan. 6, Jan. 26, Feb. 16 and March 9. The itinerary includes Barbadoes, Trinidad, Venezuela, Curacoa, Panama, Jamaica and Havana, with day-long stops at all ports and two days and two nights at Havana. Land tours and golf tournaments are arranged.

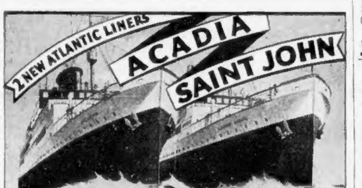
The five-day Easter cruise to Bermuda will sail from New York on March 29, with arrival at Hamilton in the morning of March 31. After two days in Bermuda, passengers will depart on April 1, arriving at New York on April 3.

On the cruises the ship will serve as the passengers' hotel.

Swedish Tourist Traffic Increases

Stockholm, Nov. 11—The number of foreign visitors to Sweden during the past year is estimated at 96,859, an increase of about 2500 in comparison with 1931.

This figure was given at the annual meeting of the Swedish Traffic Association. This organization, which is in charge of the Swedish tourist interest, calculates that of the visitors, 64,585 were tourists and the rest business men and transitory travelers.



2 NEW ATLANTIC LINERS ACADIA SAINT JOHN

$5.50 ONE WAY
Round Trip $8.50
30 Day Fare
$7.50 Week-End Excursions Sail Friday, Nov. 17, back in Boston Monday, Nov. 20.

NOW IN REGULAR SERVICE TO NEW YORK

Real transatlantic luxuries and shipboard entertainment. Al Donahue's peppy Bermudiana orchestra, deck games. Moving Pictures. The *latest* type warm, airy, comfortable staterooms . . . *every one* with hot and cold running water, reading lamp, telephone, and special ventilating system . . . for as little as **$1.** Spacious suites de luxe with twin beds and private baths. Special plate dinner as low as **$1.00.** Club breakfasts at **35c.** Also unsurpassed a la carte service.

SPECIAL SAILING
for returning Harvard-Yale football parties and public from Boston, Saturday, Nov. 25 at **11 P. M.** *Due New York 2 P. M. Sunday.*
Special Entertainment

VIA CAPE COD CANAL. The direct route. All-the-way-by-water. *Sailings DAILY at 5 P. M. (except Saturdays, November 11th and 18th), from India Wharf, Boston.*

EASTERN STEAMSHIP LINES

For information, reservations and tickets apply 441 Boylston Street, Telephone KENmore 0226; 50 Franklin Street, Telephone LIBerty 5586; or India Wharf, Telephone HANcock 1700; Boston.

It's Cunard

FROM BOSTON		TO EUROPE	FROM NEW YORK	
Leconia	Nov. 25		Berengeria	Nov. 29
Scythia	Dec. 9		Berengeria	Dec. 15
Leconia	Dec. 23		Berengeria	Jan. 6

SEE YOUR LOCAL AGENT OR CUNARD, 33 STATE STREET, BOSTON

The Habit of HOSPITALITY

is never allowed to become *merely* a habit at The Devon. It is eager rather than perfunctory, individual rather than collective. The quiet, the convenience, the cuisine will make your New York visit something to live in your memory. The modest tariff suggests that this pleasure need not be postponed!

Hotel **Warwick** management insures dignified service standards and unexcelled cuisine.

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Merry Xmas Cruise!
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FROM NEW YORK DEC. 23

Boundless space on the Empress of Britain (42,500 gross tons). Old English Christmas. New Year's Eve Ball. Famous Canadian Festival Entertainers.

Ask, too, about the Duchess of Bedford's 28-day *"West Indies Plus" Cruises.* From New York, Jan. 20, Feb. 21. $270 up.

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$ STRETCHING DOLLARS PRETTY FAR !!!

88 Per Person
Slightly higher for single occupancy of hotel room

- 10½ Days Sea Trip
- 1st Cabin Accommodations and meals
- NEWYORK to NEW ORLEANS *and return*
- Transfers between ship and hotel in New Orleans
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- Sailings November 29, December 20 and January 10.

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New Low Fares Boston to NEW YORK
ONE WAY—rail or bus and steamer $4 • ROUND TRIP—Bus and steamer $6
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Steamer leaves Providence daily and Sunday 7.30 P.M. Connecting Bus leaves Boston 5.15 P.M. Last connect. train So. Station 6 P.M.
COLONIAL LINE
158 Summer St., Han. 4455

$2 TO NEW YORK
Finest Coaches on the Road
Leave 309 Tremont St., at Broadway. Daily
9 A. M.—1 P. M.—10 P. M.—12 Midnight
Tickets Sold All Day. HANcock 3301
HUB MOTOR COACH LINE, Inc.
Take TREMONT ST. SUBWAY CAR at Park St. and Get Off at BROADWAY.

THE WORLD FOR $1200

It's the WORLD people spent their fortunes on and thought themselves amply repaid— . . now going, going, going on Jan. 14 at New York, for $1200 minimum. To be specific, it is 137 days, 40 famous ports of 29 lands. And on May 29—still sailing East—you bring home with you the Springtime glories of story-book lands.

Also, you've made a priceless acquaintance*ship*—the splendid

S.S. RESOLUTE

A mighty program of Shore Excursions under our own experienced management is still available at $500, despite unfavorable exchange rates. Or, if you care for the undertaking, shore trips can be made independently.

OR TAKE THE WEST INDIES, SO. AMERICA, NASSAU, PANAMA CANAL FOR A XMAS-NEW YEAR'S PRESENT AT $175 UP

They cost Capt. Kidd more than that. Columbus, too. And it wasn't any Pleasure Pirate Pilgrimage either—which this that sails on DEC. 22 is, and is for 15 days

to LA GUAYRA, CURACAO, COLON, *HAVANA
*Kingston substituted if necessary.
on the Ideal Cruise Ship

RELIANCE

If you are unavoidably detained over the Holidays, then do your Caribbean conquering on Jan. 12 for 9 days to Nassau and Havana at $107.50 up.

On Jan. 27, on Feb. 17, on Mar. 10 there are 19-Day Cruises each at $215 up, to Martinique, Barbados, Venezuela, Curacao, Panama Canal, Kingston, Havana, while for Easter is the 9-Day, Havana-Nassau Cruise at $107.50 up, sailing on Mar. 31.

Ask Your Local Travel Agent or

HAMBURG-AMERICAN LINE 80 Boylston St., Boston

AUTUMN CRUISES

SAVANNAH and return 8 days $50.00
10-day all-expense including stay at Hotel DeSoto in Savannah $64.00
Including stay at Cloister Hotel on St. Simon's Island $70.00

Other all-expense cruises from 8 to 15 days to Savannah and return.
All fares include meals and stateroom accommodation aboard ship while at sea and during stopover at New York. All-expense cruises include hotel room with bath and meals at Savannah or St. Simon's Island.

SAILINGS
Tues., Thurs., Sat., 3 P. M., E. S. T.
For additional information and reservations, apply to

SAVANNAH LINE
Pier 42, Hoosac Tunnel Docks
Boston, Mass.
Or Authorized Tourist Agencies

THE AMERICAN WEEKLY

Greatest
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in the World

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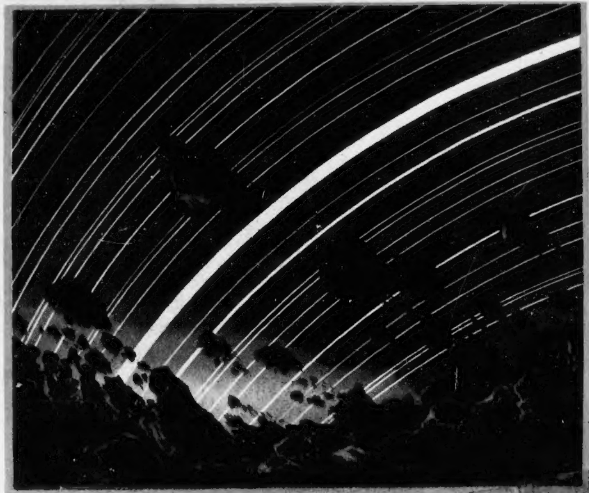
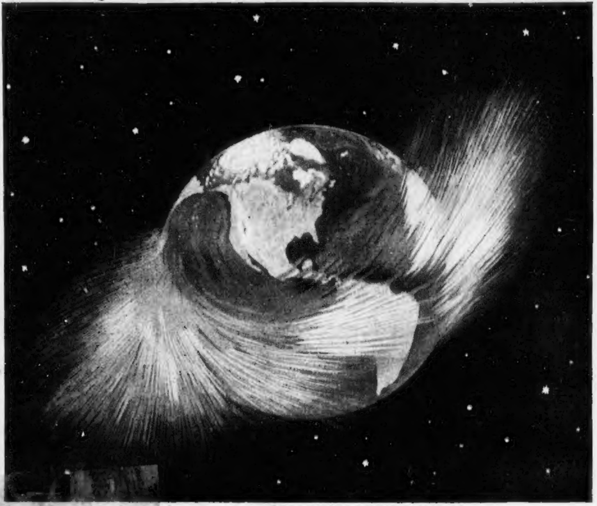
Sunday, Nov. 12, 1933

If The Earth Speeded Up It's Movements



When the Earth's Speed of Rotation Had Become Like That of a Top, the Stars Would Be Visible Only as Streaks of Fire, While Uneven Parts of the Earth's Surface Would Be Torn Away Bit by Bit by the Centrifugal Force of the Rotary Movement.



As a Result of the Centrifugal Force, Which Would Be Developed Through an Increasing Rotation of the Earth, the Globe Would Throw All Its Oceans Into Space.

Extraordinary Happenings on the Surface of the Globe Which Ultimately Would Rush Off Into Space, a Runaway, Ruined World

By Prof. Rene Thevenin,
The Distinguished French Scientist

CHAPTER II.

(Concluded from Last Sunday)

IN THE previous chapter we looked into what would happen if the earth should stop revolving on its axis or cease its yearly trip around the sun. The terrifying floods, hurricanes, unbearable cold and heat and other convulsions of Nature which would accompany such changes we saw to be as dreadful as the human mind can imagine.

Would an astronomer, if he had the power, care to speed up either of those motions? He would not dare to tinker in the slightest with that perfect adjustment of forces which, combined, make this world possibly one of the kindest spots in the universe to the propagation of life.

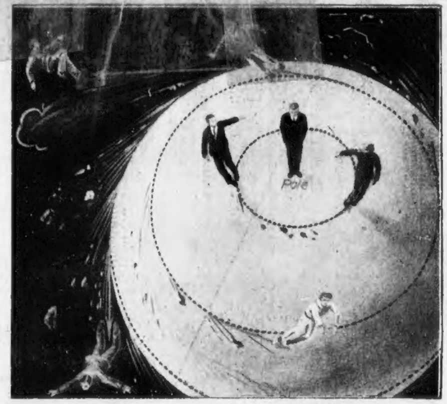
What would happen if something hurried the earth's majestic tramp around the sun, is something very simple to foresee. The centrifugal force of that annual round trip is just enough to balance the inward pull of gravity and keep our world from falling into the sun. A sufficient increase in speed would be too much for gravity, and off would go the world into interstellar space, where the temperature has been estimated at absolute zero, or 459.4 degrees below zero Fahrenheit.

If falling into the sun would exceed the old-fashioned ideas of an orthodox Hades, so would interstellar space fit the Biblical phrases "outer darkness" and "the abomination of desolation." To human eyes on the runaway planet the sun would dwindle in size and brightness until soon it would be hardly more than a star. With the source of heat removed, it is easy to imagine the end of humanity. In a steadily fading twilight, the lakes, rivers and oceans would freeze solid, the moisture fall out of the atmosphere in the form of snow and finally the air itself turn into first liquid, then frozen air.

If the human race could foresee the catastrophe far enough ahead to prepare, it might be possible to construct heated habitations in which a few doomed observers could ride through the darkness for years, but whatever observations they might record would perish with them. Though humanity and all the higher forms of life would surely be exterminated, some of the lower ones, especially microbes, might survive in cold storage thousands or even millions of years, ready to revive and multiply in case the earth should blunder into the sphere of influence of some other sun in such a way as to revolve around it. This would be an almost incredible piece of luck, much less likely than that the hot star would grasp the little truant planet to its fiery bosom in an explosion of white-hot gases.

The supposition of an increased speed of the earth's revolution around its own axis involves a more complicated and interesting train of circumstances. Everything depends on the rate of the increase in speed. Let us suppose that it becomes only a little greater than at present; for instance, that instead of turning on itself in twenty-four hours, it turns in twenty hours. What would happen in that case?

The first result would evidently be a decrease in the force of gravity, for as the attraction of the earth's mass would remain the same, the acceleration of movement would have a tendency to drive things on the surface away from the earth at a tangent. This decrease of gravity would vary according to the latitude. At the poles nothing would be changed, for the imaginary axis of the earth passes through these points and they are motionless; but as one advances toward the equator the centrifugal force would be felt more and more strongly.



On a Globe Revolving at Great Speed, Centrifugal Force, Which Is Nonexistent at the Poles, Increases in Intensity in Proportion as One Approaches the Equator, Where It Reaches the Maximum. In Case of a Great Increase in the Speed of Rotation of the Earth, Human Beings Would Be Able to Stay on the Surface Only at the Poles.

Under our present conditions of existence it is known that a body carried from the pole to the equator loses the 289th part of its weight, through the effect of centrifugal force. But practically this difference is not appreciable. A man weighing 145 pounds at the poles weighs only 144½ pounds at the equator.

But if the speed of the revolution of the earth were changed to twenty hours, the conditions of human life would be appreciably altered. In the first place, it would be necessary to devise new measures of time. There would be 426 days in a year. If these days were still divided into twenty-four hours as at present, which is the most convenient division, each hour would equal only fifty of our present minutes. If we had the timepieces which we now use, we should notice that in the temperate latitudes the longest days in Summer, which are in the month of June, would not exceed thirteen or fourteen hours, from dawn to sunset, while the sun would scarcely shine for six hours on Christmas Day at New York or San Francisco. But it is in the field of life that the changes would be most appreciable.

Let us remember that the effect of centrifugal force is in proportion to the speed of rotation. This effect would become much more noticeable in the case we are considering, because the speed will be increased by one-sixth. At the latitude of the equator a man or an animal would feel noticeably lighter, would perform actions without effort, would run with an unknown swiftness, would jump with astonishing ease, etc. At the same time they would think they had suddenly grown much stronger, for, their muscles having kept the same elasticity, they would have less difficulty in lifting objects which have become lighter.

But these advantages would be offset by serious inconveniences. In the first place, the atmosphere around us would show the effects of this diminution of gravity, and would become rarefied. Men would have difficulty in breathing, for in order to take the same amount of oxygen into their lungs they would have to absorb more air, and consequently speed up the movements of the chest. That would place a greater effort on the heart, and the latter in order to renew the blood, would require an increased supply of oxygen.

In this way the advantages of lightness and strength would be purely fictitious, for we should grow tired much sooner. We should be able to raise a heavier weight, but we should be more winded by the effort than we are now when we lift a light object. In short, we should derive no benefit from the transformation. At the same time, we should have to suffer more or less disagreeable and unaccustomed developments of the weather. It is known that the action of the winds on the surface of the earth is due in part to the rotary movement of the globe. The French mathematician, Gaspard de Coriolis, has shown by an interesting practical demonstration that every body moving on the surface of a revolving sphere must be turned from its path by the very fact of rotation.

This departure from the path is towards the right of the movement of rotation in the Northern Hemisphere and towards the left in the Southern Hemisphere of the globe. As a matter of fact, this force is very feeble, but it acts on considerable masses, such as the atmosphere and the oceans, and thus determines the motions of aerial and ocean currents, which are a kind of vital circulation on the surface of the planet.

These currents have, in certain cases, a great speed, and sometimes aid, especially in the equatorial zone, in producing the terrible cyclones that often devastate that part of the earth.

Now, this devastation would naturally be increased with the increase in speed of the earth's rotation, and the present cyclones might become incomparably greater catastrophes, which would ruin vast areas and destroy whole cities.

At the same time the ocean currents would double in violence, causing a serious obstruction to navigation and would change the time and character of the tides.

It is probable that if these conditions lasted without change for some centuries, men and most animals would adapt themselves to them. Perhaps, indeed, if the laws of evolution are correct, they would be transformed as a result. The increase in the speed of rotation would thus have an influence on our bodies and our personal appearance.

The populations of the tropical zones, who would be most affected by these changes, would then differ more and more from those of the polar regions, for whom the conditions of life would remain more nearly as they are at present. At the end of a certain number of centuries there would be races on the earth much more different from one another than any two existing races. For instance, the Eskimos would remain nearly as they are now, but the Negroes of the Congo or the Indians of Brazil might become altogether different from the present Negroes and Indians.

To secure the oxygenation of their blood under the conditions outlined, their lungs would have to be much more developed, entailing a corresponding development of the chest. Their bodies would be much broader and deeper in the region of the ribs, while their limbs, having much less effort to make in struggling against gravity, would gradually wither. On the other hand, their balance would be much less secure, for they would be less solidly held to the earth.

They would have to make up for these disadvantages by strengthening their bases, which means they would have to have much longer and broader feet. The result might look like a sort of caricature of the late Bob Fitzsimmons, of Australia, heavyweight boxing champion of the world. In time it might become almost impossible for men at the equator to wage war with those living near the poles, because each would be helplessly clumsy in the other's territory.

So far we have only considered a relatively slight increase of the earth's movements. Conditions would become more and more uncomfortable for humanity as this speed increased. The phenomena we have described would be aggravated and there would come a moment when life would be impossible in the tropical zones, where the effects of speed would be most felt.

Let us suppose that the earth revolves 17 times quicker than it does at present. Why have we chosen this figure? In obedience to the law that centrifugal force increases in proportion to the speed of rotation, it follows in the case assumed that this force would be 17x17, that is to say, 289 times greater than at present. Now, we have seen that in the present movement of rotation the action of gravity is 289 times greater than that of centrifugal force at the equator. But in the assumed case the two forces would become equal, and bodies would have no weight at the equator.

Under these conditions men and animals at the equator would place no weight on the soil and would not be able to walk or run. At the first step they would be thrown upward and would float around without being able to touch the soil. When they jumped they would go up like balloons into space and would not come down again. They would not even be held by the resistance of the air, for they also would no longer have any weight. Moreover, it is probable that the air would no longer exist, its molecules having been scattered into space or

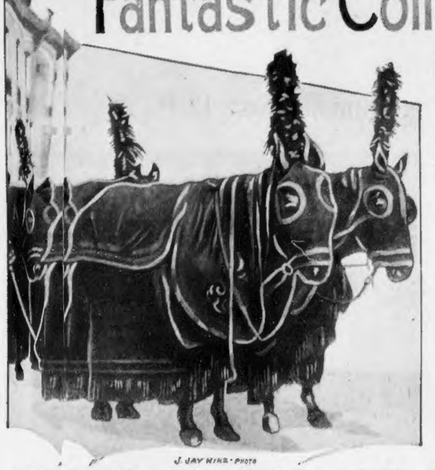
(Continued on Page 2)

Fantastic Coiffures, New Paris Fad

NOT since the glamorous and troubled days of Marie Antoinette have the women of Paris gone in for such elaborate and fantastic coiffures as they are wearing at the moment, and the credit—or the blame, depending on how you feel about such innovations—goes largely to M. Antoine, the handsome, youthful and prosperous young artist-coiffeur who has made a fortune designing bizarre fashions in hair-dressing and who, despite his wealth, his youth and his popularity, spends much of his leisure time thinking about, and preparing for, death. His tomb is already built and he sleeps in the crystal coffin in which he has arranged to be buried.

Three of the pictures on this page—the other is a curly-headed coiffure designed by Helen Perdriat—show some of the more complicated and bizarre creations which Antoine, in moments of rare inspiration, has conceived for women with the money and the courage to make public appearances in the contraptions.

The most remarkable and unbelievable of the coiffures is the one which the imaginative Frenchman chose to call "A Garden of Flowers." Despite its towering height and its super-theatrical character, it is said that no less than half a dozen celebrated actresses of the French capital have begged Antoine to let them be the first to sponsor it.


J. JAY HIRZ - PHOTO

Horses in Funeral Garb, an Old Custom Which Still Survives in the Balkan Countries, Where Obsequies Are Always Attended by Pomp and Ceremony.

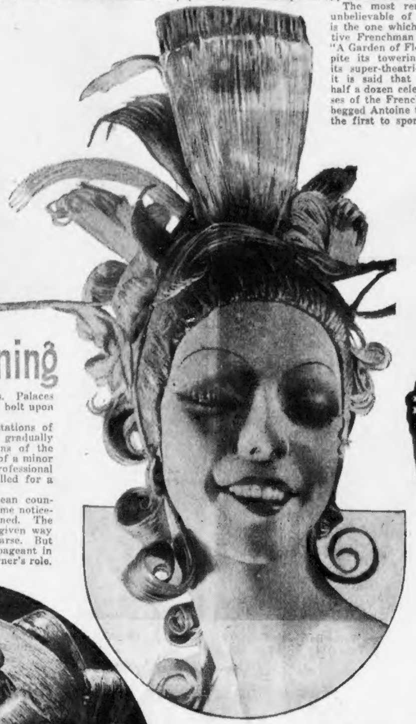
Where Horses Go Into Mourning

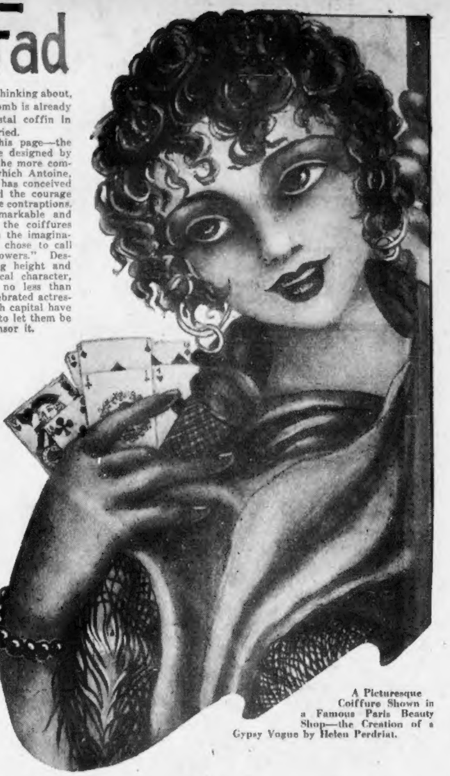
IT is unlikely that the horses of Rumania and the other Balkan countries experience any feeling of sadness at the passing of humans who have to be transported to the cemetery with dour and depressing pomp. But, strangely enough, it is the horses that wear the deepest and most spectacular mourning garb when a Balkan citizen of the better class is taken to his earthly resting place.

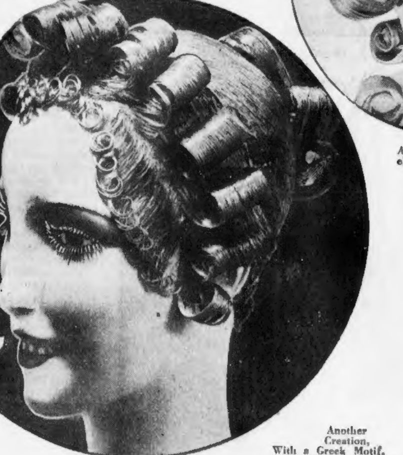
Just when the custom began is a bit vague, but it has been in vogue for centuries and probably had its origin in the elaborate and long drawn-out funeral rites that were staged for departed members of royalty and the nobility. The passing of a king, or someone high in the favor of the royal court, has been, since the Middle Ages, cause for profound and public mourning. And the officials who were charged with the staging of the obsequies at such times evidently felt that the show ought to be as impressive as any put on during the life of the departed. The backs of the horses drawing the funeral carriage were covered with sombre trappings. Great black cockades were fitted to their bridles. Palaces and public buildings were draped in bolt upon bolt of black fabric.

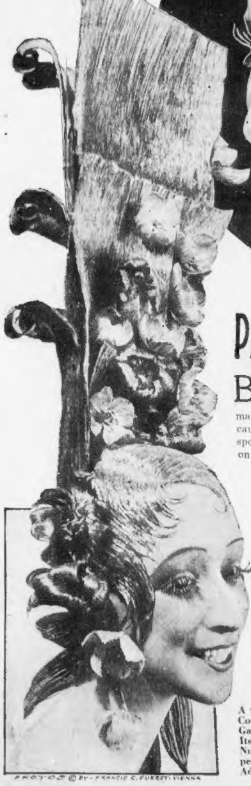
Evidently many of the manifestations of grief at the passing of a dignitary gradually were adopted by the lesser citizens of the Balkan countries, so that the death of a minor public official, a merchant, or a professional man, came to be an event that called for a veritable pageant of gloom.

Funeral customs in most European countries have, in the past century, become noticeably more conservative and restrained. The ponderous horse-drawn hearse has given way to the quieter and simpler motor hearse. But in the Balkans a funeral is still a pageant in which even the horses play the mourner's role.


A Head-dress Made for the Actress, Spinelly, by Antoine, the French Artist-Coiffeur. It Was Done on a Wax Portrait of the Performer.


A Picturesque Coiffure Shown in a Famous Paris Beauty Shop—the Creation of a Gypsy Vogue by Helen Perdriat.


Another Creation, With a Greek Motif, by the Versatile Antoine, in Which Another Wax Model Was Used.


PHOTOS © BY - FRANCIS C. FURRST - VIENNA

A Garden of Flowers in the Form of a Coiffure, or a Coiffure in the Form of a Garden, Shows the Work of Antoine at Its Height of Fantasy. There Are Any Number of Show People Who Will Appear Publicly With These Creations Adorning Their Heads, Because Excellent Publicity Results.

Pigeon Dies Rather Than Desert Nest

BESSIE was just another pigeon, one of thousands of such feathered residents of Milwaukee. Not many people knew that she existed because she built her nest in a concealed spot close by the bridge tender's house on the Sixth Street viaduct. But her passing brought her sharply into the public eye and furnished the local newspapers with one of those touching "sob stories" of tragic, self-sacrificing mother love.

The fate of Bessie probably never would have been known if someone, driving over the viaduct bridge had not happened to see a wisp of smoke rising from a girder beneath the bridge tender's house. They reported the smudge, thinking that the electric wiring had somehow gone wrong and ought to be fixed. When firemen arrived at the bridge to see what was causing the smoke, they were surprised to see a nest occupied by a dove. A resistance grid had set one side of the nest afire and the bird was crowded against the far side, shaking her head but refusing to quit a hatch of eggs which she had been keeping warm for days. The firemen could see one of the eggs beneath her uneasy wings.

It was apparent that the whole nest would, in a short time, be consumed by the intense heat, even if it did not break out in flames, so the firemen tried to coax Bessie, as the bridge tender had nicknamed the bird, from her dangerous position. She blinked her eyes at them and refused to budge. Then, with the most humane of intentions, they attempted to frighten her off her eggs. They shouted at her, waved their arms and even tossed small objects in her direction. She moved nervously but she did not fly.

Finally, one of the firemen crawled to the precarious perch that she had picked as a place to raise her family and succeeded in lifting her off the half consumed nest. But, so far as Bessie and her egg-bound youngsters were concerned, he might have saved himself the trouble of rescuing them for Bessie was so badly burned that she died a short while later and the contents of the eggs were literally fried.

The death of a nondescript bird, unimportant in itself, served to demonstrate again that the instinct of mother love, even among earth's lower creatures, is often stronger than the instinct of self-preservation.

If the Earth Speeded Up Its Movements

(Continued from Front Page)

drawn into regions of the earth where gravity still existed.

In the same way, automobiles, railway trains, etc., would no longer be able to move, for they would not hold to the roads or rails. When the motors worked, the wheels would turn on the spot as if they were suspended in the air.

The atmosphere and the water deprived of weight would no longer accumulate at the lower levels. Around the equator a vast liquid ring would be raised into space and would only be held in place by the atmosphere of adjoining regions. At the least movement pushing this ring in an upward direction, it would escape and go off into space.

Most of the manual occupations would become impossible. The walls of houses would not hold together any more than a cloud. A plumb line would not indicate a vertical line, and the water level would not show a horizontal line. There would be no fixed mark from which a man could locate his whereabouts.

Admitting that men could live temporarily in this zone which had no air, they would not be able to feed themselves. Liquids would not run out of glasses or bottles; it would be necessary to pull them out as one pulls out a cork. Under such conditions life would be impossible at the equator. Living beings would have to take refuge at the poles where the force of gravity would still exist.

But let us suppose that the speed of the earth's rotation increases still more. Now the bodies will not only have no weight, but they will be thrown out by centrifugal force like stones from a sling. The oceans will be thrown away from the earth as water is thrown from a rotary watering nozzle. Everything which is not absolutely fixed to the soil will disappear. Everything will be thrown into space. The speed will go on increasing. Trees will be uprooted and houses torn from their foundations. The appearance of the sky will be truly extraordinary. Days and nights will follow one another in a minute, and if human eyes could be there to look at the stars they would see them not as luminous points, but as streaks of flame like those produced by fireworks.

At last the globe will be emptied of everything it bears on its surface and become smooth as a ball of metal and continue to roll through space deprived of life.

With this picture we will conclude the description of what would happen in case of a change in the earth's movements. These examples are enough to prove to us that the laws which regulate the universe are those under which man has developed, and that the least change in them could only have the worst consequences for us.

Baby Who Smokes Cigars

ALL the physiology books say that tobacco in any form, and especially when it is smoked, is bad for youngsters, not to mention their elders. The narcotic effect of "the weed," say the experts, is stunting to physical growth and stupefying to the juvenile mind. But little Darwin Shapiro, of Chicago, wouldn't know about such things, because he is only two years old and it will be several years before he gets around to studying books that explain his physical, nervous and mental construction.

He does know, however, that he has a distinct hankering after tobacco—particularly cigars—and he enjoys his after-dinner smoke as much as he likes his cereal and his vegetables, and would much rather puff away at a full-bodied perfecto than eat his spinach.

Why this little fellow, who appears to be a normal lad in all other ways, should be born with a yearning for the effects of tobacco is a problem for the medicos and behaviorists to explain, but it appears that he is endowed with a natural liking for cigars because he reached for one instead of his bottle of milk when he was a babe of 18 months.

If the stories told about this youthful citizen of the Windy City are true he has been doing more or less smoking ever since, and is restive and fussy if he does not get his daily portion of "the weed." He has reached the point where his system craves tobacco, although it probably will be some three years before his mother dresses him up in his best bib and tucker, combs his hair and takes him forth on that unforgettable adventure—his first day at school.

INTERNATIONAL NEWS - PHOTO

Darwin Shapiro, Two Years Old, of Chicago, Having His After-dinner Smoke. It Is a Twenty-five-cent Cigar, by the Way.

Why He Usually Marries a Show Girl

Thomas Manville, Jr., Multimillionaire, Whose Three Matrimonial Wrong Guesses Have Cost Him $2,500,000, Explains His Theories of Marriage as He Picks Another Wife From the Footlights

Mrs. Manville No. 1, "Follies" Girl Who "Suffered Seemingly Intolerable Hardships With Great Fortitude," According to Mr. Manville.

Photo Edward Thayer Monroe

Mrs. Manville No. 3, Avonne Taylor, the Show Girl, Who "Apparently had everything I sought, but didn't click with my friends and my family," Her Ex-Husband Sadly Relates.

(c) Int'l

Tommy Manville Embracing His Latest Bride Just After the Ceremony.

Photo Pach Bros

"Marcelle Edwards (Mrs. Manville No. 4) has everything," Says Her Appreciative Husband, "personality plus, witty conversation, not too much conversation."

By Thomas Franklyn Manville, Jr.

I WILL explain my general theory as to why I have never married a society girl:

As the scion of the wealthy Manville family I might have supposed at one time that the hand of any society bud might have been mine for the asking. Far be it from me to traverse the bounds of modesty, but it might rightfully have been my presumption that there was a click to the Manville name which might have made the heart of any romantic debbie tick a little faster. But, twixt ourselves, having been born with a silver spoon, it wasn't a silver spoon I was looking for, not at all. As a kid I shunned the so-called creme-de-la-creme lassies and formed my own opinions as to the companions I might prefer. My vision was not blurred by any of the flossy and artificial colorings which very often befog the ordinary rich man's son.

I guess the first thing that steered me in the independent direction was the absence of snobbery. I am proud of my Manville family name for a multitude of things, but chief among them is that the family escutcheon has been clear of snobbishness. We have always tried to be "regular," if I may borrow a word from the current patois.

With such influences and environment as I have had, it was inevitable that, consciously or subconsciously, there would be formulated in my mind a theory which would predominate over my romantic inclinations on achieving manhood. Experiences and observations leave certain definite impressions on the mind.

When my sister, Lorraine Manville Gould, was fifteen she became associated with the stage. I thought it was a swell idea and was intrigued by her sortie into the world behind the footlights. The fascination of her calling summoned me to her coterie of friends and I discovered at an early age that there was a great allure to the stage world.

It was apparent very early in my life that my instincts attracted me to the theatrical set for genuine companionship. I have never met the society girl I would have desired as my bride. To have married one of them just because they belonged to the upper strutum, so-called, would have been like going to a strange country and being expected to speak the language. I always felt that I KNEW stage ladies while I have never felt that I KNEW society girls.

But I want to follow through my theory of the society girl as a potential conjugal flop as far as I might have been concerned. Surely, I do not want to give the impression that all of the elite femininity are poor matrimonial prospects. Thousands of them become happy and compatible brides each year—for other men. I am only speaking in the first person singular here.

Most of the blueblood girls are spoiled from birth with too much money, too much attention and too many luxuries. Consequently, they are not appreciative, and do not sense the full value of the finer things of life.

I doubt very much if a society girl, with her pampered background, would stick to a man in adversity—if his ship suddenly blew up and he were stranded on an isle of dire poverty, so to speak.

My idea about the girl who is the ideal wife has a gorgeous figure. I have always looked for an approximation of the form divine in each one of my four wives—and got it.

My connubial mates (ball and chain to you) have all been romantic. If a girl hasn't got an aesthetic outlook, chiefly to overcome the monotonous moments of married life—yes, even the bride of a millionaire gets attacks of ennui and boredom betimes—then it's just too bad.

Along with being romantic, she's got to have other virtues, I decided long ago when I started out on matrimony as a career. A sympathetic understanding and unselfishness, with a dash of broadmindedness, are indispensable. Jealousy is out, on both sides. No marriage can endure or survive jealous temperaments. Jealousy is like a prairie fire—the more fire, the more it spreads, until it destroys everything in its path.

I always wanted to marry the girl who would make a good mother. I have always shown steadfast devotion to my mother, and I always longed for the day when I might witness the same loyalty and love from a child of my own.

I have found real sincerity in girls of the theatre. Not only have I been enslaved by the charm of their beauty, but by their brilliant conversation, their radiant personalities and by the glitter which seemed to hover about them—while in the case of their sisters on the other side of Fifth Avenue it was only tinsel.

Everything I say may sound paradoxical, contrary to the general legend surrounding stage folks. Maybe I'm all wrong, you may secretly assume. Maybe that's why my married life has not been an especially blissful one, maybe this and maybe that, but I'm going to explain everything. Heretofore marriage has been a very expensive pastime for me. It has cost me two million and a half dollars down to the finishing line of my third marriage.

But I have no regrets. I have never cried over spilled milk, or spilled settlements, to be more precise. While many of my social brethren who married the most desirable debutantes of their courting days have gone to the Wailing Wall and made fools of themselves just because they thought they had to follow the rigid precepts and dictates of a strictly social career, I've had a mighty interesting time experimenting in the most costly laboratory on earth—Human Nature and the Female.

It was always my belief that a girl from the ranks of show business would make the best housekeeper. A society dame is no good as a kitchen mechanic. Woe unto my ritzy pals if their cook takes it on the lam. A society girl is usually lost when it comes to household routine.

Every normal man has got what is known as "Ego." He wants to feel that he's a fairly important character in the marriage show. The stage girl can give his ego plenty of play. She's devoted, loyal and constant. She doesn't grow weary of life with her husband and yearn to go flitting places without him, or possibly with another man. That's been a line in my credo, anyway. Long ago I saw altogether too much of the waywardness of society's high-steppers. Respect for the marriage vows is paramount, and a girl who crosses the divide from Broadway into the life of luxury is predestined to be true to her husband. There again, such has been MY view.

I have tried to give you a good idea of what my mental picture of the ideal girl has been since the day I was 17, in 1911, and married Florence Reid, a dancer in the Ziegfeld Follies. She was a blonde and beautiful. She had a gorgeous form. She was a very expert housekeeper. I was lucky to have a good home manager in those days because my father disinherited me the instant I married her. He had different ideas. He didn't want me to marry an actress. He thought I should have married some prim and wistful society miss. In the beginning she seemed to fill all the requirements listed in my catalogue of the model bride. But time, the tester of all things, began to tell us that we were wrong after three years.

But I must say this in her favor, that I was proud of her ability to adjust herself to a life of practically nothing, no money, no finery, and a husband who had to work hard where she may have been led to believe *she* may have fallen into great wealth. *She* was willing to live with me in shabby furnished rooms, and she actually did for three years. My father gave us nothing. I worked in the shipping department of his factory in Pittsburgh, packing asbestos material, nailing boxes and driving trucks. He finally elevated me to the position of salesman at $25 a week.

In the case of my first marriage my theory held up temporarily because I had a beautiful wife who willingly struggled along with me and suffered seemingly intolerable hardships with great fortitude.

In my analysis, this marriage ultimately failed because the quiet, humdrum life became too much for her. She divorced me in Pittsburgh, charging desertion.

Now as to my second wife who was my father's secretary.

But before going into that I might say that in 1917, when I left Florence and joined the navy, dad did the right thing and took me back into the fold, reinstating me in his will.

I had known Lois McCoin, my father's secretary, for a long time before we were married. In only one detail did she fail to fit into the category of my ideal. She was not a blonde show girl, as I prefer them, but a brunette. Almost auburn. Her chief asset at the time of our marriage was that my father favored her. Apparently convinced that I was not out to trap some dowager's fair daughter, my father developed new ideas.

Dad favored her because she was business-like and sensible. He felt she had more devotion for me than anybody else.

Here I am reminded of the fact that my wives have all had another point in common, they have all been about 5 feet 6 inches in height, all the same practically to within an inch. None of them has been of the slender type—neither have they been plump. I guess you can figure that one out for yourselves.

In this case the very idea of marriage itself seemed to take something away from us. There was a let-down 24 hours after we were married. I might say that matrimony brushed the glamor and the glitter from our romance.

However, I stuck to the line of thought I have told you about as to the type of girl who would make the best all-round wife. This second marriage, which ended when Lois went to Reno and got her divorce, was a divergence from the beaten path of my trend. It was more of a concession to my father's wishes. I have always held Lois in high estimation, however.

Still chasing the bluebird, I next fell in love with and married Avonne Taylor, taking me back to my ironclad and immutable theory. A blonde showgirl from the Follies and beautiful. She apparently had all the things I sought. The lines of a Venus alone could be compared to the rapturous shapeliness of Avonne. She was possessed of a lofty mind, sophisticated, worldly, scintillating, and, like all stage girls I have known, she drank very little.

But as time wore on and these abstract qualities were simmered into a crucible, so to speak, and put to the test, their loveliness could not dissolve other elements which tended to ruin the magnificent compound which I had concocted. Fabricated, I fear, in my mind's fancy rather than in exact reality.

Jealousy, the redoubtable bugaboo, came between us. Added to that the exotic Avonne was possessed of a super-superiority complex—very high-hat to you—and my poor little ego got all stepped on and smothered. She didn't click with my friends and my family—and I suppose it worked out vice versa. She had an over-exalted idea of what Mrs. Tommy Manville should be like, which landed her, after a few months, in Reno, where she got a divorce. Everything else was all right, though. Still I didn't lose faith in my theory.

And now as to my fourth and recent bride.

This is going to be a sale if it's the last thing I do.

Marcelle Edwards Manville has got everything.

My theory has finally reached the stage of a proven law—Quod est desideratum, I think the Latins had that phrase for it.

I'm through experimenting now. I've turned lead into gold.

I'm a practical married man.

I'm a respectable married man.

Here's my confidential rating of *Marcelle*:

1. Beautiful blonde showgirl.
2. A gorgeous figure.
3. Romantic, lovable, devoted, divine.
4. A perfect lady and a perfect hostess.
5. An excellent housekeeper.
6. Personality plus, witty conversation, not too much conversation.
7. Appreciative, understanding, broadminded.
8. Regular.
9. Qualities which will make her a wonderful mother for our children.

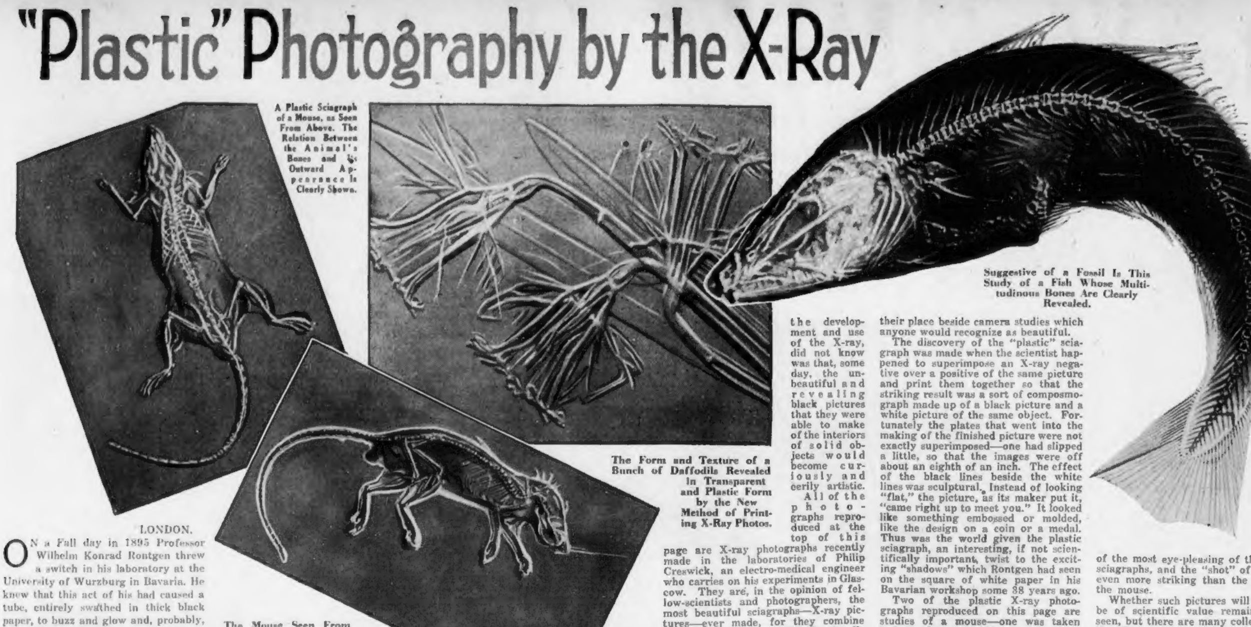
Yes siree, for the first time in my married life I'm thinking seriously of becoming a daddy. It's all agreed between us.

10. Marcelle has a marvelous mother, so she couldn't help but be a grand wife.

Photo Int'l

Mrs. Manville No. 2, Who Had Been His Father's Secretary and Whom He Married Chiefly to Please the Old Gentleman.

"Plastic" Photography by the X-Ray



A Plastic Sciagraph of a Mouse, as Seen From Above. The Relation Between the Animal's Bones and its Outward Appearance Is Clearly Shown.

The Mouse Seen From the Side, Showing the Anatomical Structure, External and Internal.

The Form and Texture of a Bunch of Daffodils Revealed in Transparent and Plastic Form by the New Method of Printing X-Ray Photos.

Suggestive of a Fossil Is This Study of a Fish Whose Multitudinous Bones Are Clearly Revealed.

LONDON.

ON a Fall day in 1895 Professor Wilhelm Konrad Rontgen threw a switch in his laboratory at the University of Wurzburg in Bavaria. He knew that this act of his had caused a tube, entirely swathed in thick black paper, to buzz and glow and, probably, send out electromagnetic waves shorter in length than any scientist ever had created before. But he did not dream that he was about to make a discovery that would revolutionize medical science.

Though no light filtered through the covering of the sputtering tube, the professor saw, to his amazement, that certain solid objects which he happened to get between the tube and a bit of white paper cast shadows—curious shadows that revealed not the outlines of the objects but their "insides." The crackling light generated in that hidden tube, he suddenly realized, had the seemingly impossible and supernatural power to penetrate—and make pictures of—objects which could not be penetrated by ordinary light rays. Thus was the world given the X-ray.

What Professor Rontgen, and thousands of scientists who followed him in the development and use of the X-ray, did not know was that, some day, the unbeautiful and revealing black pictures that they were able to make of the interiors of solid objects would become curiously and eerily artistic.

All of the photographs reproduced at the top of this page are X-ray photographs recently made in the laboratories of Philip Creswick, an electro-medical engineer who carries on his experiments in Glascow. They are, in the opinion of fellow-scientists and photographers, the most beautiful sciagraphs—X-ray pictures—ever made, for they combine the revealing shadows of the familiar X-ray negative with a plastic quality that makes the odd camera studies look like bas-reliefs molded in plaster or carved from stone by some talented sculptor.

Mr. Creswick has been experimenting with the scientific and artistic possibilities of the X-ray camera for several years and it was half by accident that he, at last, found a way to produce X-ray pictures which would come out of the unesthetic hospital files and take their place beside camera studies which anyone would recognize as beautiful.

The discovery of the "plastic" sciagraph was made when the scientist happened to superimpose an X-ray negative over a positive of the same picture and print them together so that the striking result was a sort of composmograph made up of a black picture and a white picture of the same object. Fortunately the plates that went into the making of the finished picture were not exactly superimposed—one had slipped a little, so that the images were off about an eighth of an inch. The effect of the black lines beside the white lines was sculptural. Instead of looking "flat," the picture, as its maker put it, "came right up to meet you." It looked like something embossed or molded, like the design on a coin or a medal. Thus was the world given the plastic sciagraph, an interesting, if not scientifically important, twist to the exciting "shadows" which Rontgen had seen on the square of white paper in his Bavarian workshop some 38 years ago.

Two of the plastic X-ray photographs reproduced on this page are studies of a mouse—one was taken looking down on the creature from above, and the other, as can be plainly seen, is a side view. In each picture the skeletal structure of the little animal is clearly revealed, even to the segments of bone in the tail. Curiously enough the pictures give the effect of showing both the external and internal aspects of the animal in the same picture.

The picture of daffodils made in the same manner is peculiarly artistic, one of the most eye-pleasing of the plastic sciagraphs, and the "shot" of a fish is even more striking than the study of the mouse.

Whether such pictures will prove to be of scientific value remains to be seen, but there are many colleagues of the Glascow sciagrapher who believe that he has discovered something that is much more practical than a method of making interesting "inside and outside" pictures. They are urging him to carry his idea a bit further and make some of his studies by actually superimposing ordinary photographs of the outside of animals, flowers and objects with X-ray views of their interiors, for use in the classrooms of schools and colleges.

Three Identities for Shakespeare

FOR many a year now the so-called Shakespeare Controversy has been smoldering and, now and again, breaking out into blazes of discussion that have confounded scholars and befuddled readers of the deathless works of the "immortal bard" the world over.

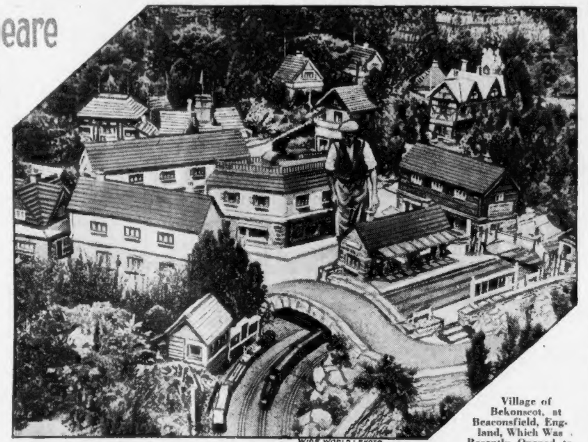
It does not seem that the genius who has the distinction of being the greatest writer of English literature up to his time, and since, could be confused with anyone else. But there are more than a few eminent scholars who believe that the plays and poems attributed to Shakespeare were written by Sir Francis Bacon.

In their opinion the man named Shakespeare had neither the background nor the brains to write the works that bear his name. Bacon, they say, could have, because he was the outstanding thinker and scholar of his day—and they present "evidence" to show that he probably was the author of Romeo and Juliet, King Lear, Hamlet, and all the rest of the Shakespearian masterpieces.

And now, to further confound and confuse the issue, J. Edward Morgan, of Alameda, California, comes out with the theory that the Bard of Avon probably was a couple of other fellows—Sir Francis Bacon and, believe it or not, King Edward VI.

The newest twist to the ancient argument is almost too much for many Shakespearian scholars to bear, but Mr. Morgan can't help that. "I believe," he says, "that Edward VI, Bacon and Shakespeare were one and the same person. I do not expect to prove this, but I have irrefutable proof that Bacon, throughout his lifetime, thought that he was Edward VI."

Some of the stauncher Shakespearians, who are convinced that Sir Francis Bacon could no more have written the plays and poems of the Great Bard than he could have transformed himself into Queen Elizabeth, think that this latest wrinkle in the controversy, absurd as it sounds, is as sensible as the earlier "evidence" that Shakespeare employed what is today called a "ghost" to do his writing for him.



WIDE WORLD · PHOTO

Village of Bekonscot, at Beaconsfield, England, Which Was Recently Opened to the Public. The Model Is in Scale and Shows a Typical Village All Within an Area of 1000 Square Yards.

Village in 1000 Square Yards

ENGLISHMEN who pass through Beaconsfield on their holiday trips into the country are having a jolly bit of fun stopping off in the community long enough to take a turn about a miniature village which, until recently, was closed to the general public.

This toy town—shown in the photograph—was the pet hobby of one Mr. Callingham, a gentleman of leisure and independent means. The aforesaid gentleman, with the assistance of his energetic and accomplished gardener, designed, laid out and built the entire village himself. It was the owner's intention to maintain the place as a sort of private garden where he could relax and, from time to time, add new structures as an outlet for his yearning to be doing something constructive and, at the same time, decorative. But when he and his gardener had the Lilliputian settlement looking tip-top, including a system of streets and diminutive trees, shrubs and flower beds, it seemed a shame not to share the rare charm of the place with others. So it was decided to throw the gates of the little town open to anyone and everyone who cared to come in and look about.

As the picture clearly shows, the village is a pretty little place and complete. It has its private dwellings, it shops, its schools and church. Every timber, shingle and stone is made to the proper scale and from a little distance the aspect is so realistic that the spectator gets the feeling that he is gazing at a real English community. And once inside the plot—which covers only a thousand square yards—the visitor has the strange and pleasant feeling that he suddenly has been transformed into a giant and is looking down on the roofs of a real town.

The most fascinating feature of the toy village to most of the folks who have seen it is the completely equipped railway system with its 1,200 feet of track and its five stations for the imaginary residents of the place.

Turned Her Home Into a Mausoleum To Be With Her Dead Husband

Photograph of the Widow Baker, of Sedalia, Missouri, Taken Shortly After Her Marriage.

A REAL-LIFE story that might have been written by Edgar Allan Poe, in one of his more macabre moods, came to a dramatic ending the other day when the authorities of Sedalia, Missouri, gently but firmly forced Mrs. Charles L. Baker to give them the body of her husband, which she had kept in the parlor of her modest little home on East Sixth Street for two months.

The widow, who just couldn't bear the thought of having the remains of her mate put in the ground, was having a tomb built. But the health officials, feeling that they were acting for the public weal, insisted that Mr. Baker's remains be kept elsewhere until his final resting place is ready. They felt this way in spite of the fact that the heart-broken widow had kept the parlor refrigerated and the closed casket surrounded by fresh flowers.

Mrs. Baker was almost hysterical with grief when she was told that the time had come for her husband to leave the home in which the couple had spent a happy married life. She blamed the visit of the officers on "busybodies."

"Someone who had nothing better to do caused this to happen," she sobbed. "They ought to mind their own business instead of interfering in the personal and private affairs of a heart-broken widow. All I can say is, heaven help those who are responsible."

At the time Charles Baker, a railroad machinist, died, no one imagined that his wife would do anything out of the ordinary despite her deep suffering. Plans for the funeral were made and, after the usual services in the Baker home, the widow and mourners rode behind the hearse to Memorial Park Cemetery.

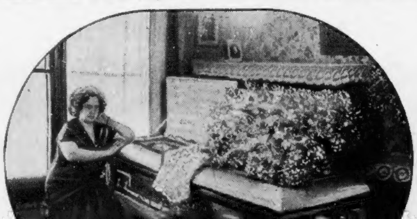
The casket was being lowered into the grave when Mrs. Baker suddenly cried out, "Stop, stop, I say. You can't bury him under the ground. I love him too much for that. I am going to keep him with me until I can have a mausoleum built."

This sudden change of plan caused some confusion, but the body was taken back home and the casket placed in the Baker parlor. A cooling system was installed so that there would be no cause for anyone to object, from a purely sanitary point of view.

Every day for two months the woman who could not bear to think of her husband alone and covered by six feet of earth spent most of her time beside his casket, talking to him and looking at him. It was her firm conviction that his spirit knew what she was saying and that it answered her.

To every suggestion that she part with the remains until the tomb was ready she turned a deaf ear. "I love Charlie," she kept repeating. "He is the only one I have and I want him placed in a vault so that any time I want to I can visit him. I am having the vault built so that, when I die, my casket will go beside his. After that the vault will be sealed forever."

The Baker home seemed unbearably lonely to the widow after the authorities took her husband away, but there was nothing else to be done, what with the neighbors getting increasingly upset and uneasy and the law being as plain as it is about such things.

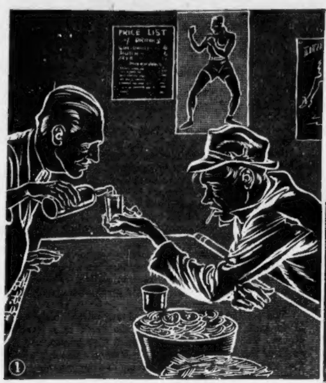


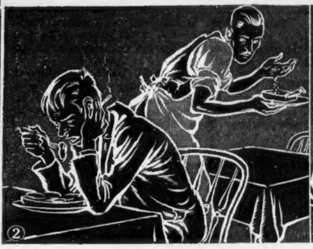
Mrs. Baker Mourning Beside the Casket of Her Husband, Whose Burial She Interrupted, Bringing the Body Back to the Home, Which a Cooling System Had Turned Into an Improvised Mausoleum.

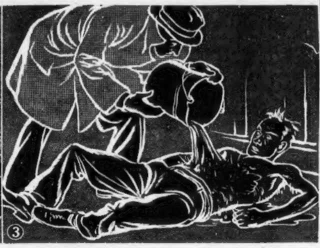
The Late Charles L. Baker, Photographed Just After His Marriage to the Woman Who Couldn't Bear to Be Separated From Him.

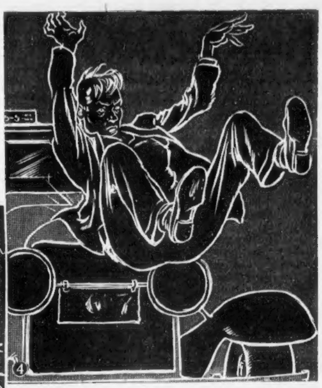
New York's Most Fantastic Murder

Five Times the Ghoulish Plotters Tried to Kill the Homeless Bum, Michael Malloy, Whose Life They Had Insured, but He Survived Every Deadly Scheme Until They Put a Gas Tube in His Mouth and Held Him Until He Died


1—In the Hope He Would Drink Himself to Death, Michael Malloy Was Given All the Bad Whiskey He Could Drink, but He Thrived on It.


2—Then He Was Fed Oysters Pickled in Wood Alcohol and Sardines Sprinkled With Powdered Tin, and He Never Even Got Indigestion.


3—He Was Stripped to the Waist on a Cold Night and Doused With Water So He Would Freeze to Death, but He Didn't Even Catch Cold.


4—He Was Held in Front of a Speeding Taxi and Twice Run Over, but He Was Soon Out of the Hospital Demanding Another Drink of "That Good Whiskey."

A PLOT that seemed more like an impossible play, written by a lunatic, than a real-life murder trial resulted the other day in the conviction and sentence to death of four men in County Judge James M. Barrett's court in New York City.

The victim was Michael Malloy, 40 years old, who had once worked as a stationary engineer but now was a human derelict, seemingly with one foot in the grave and only too eager to drink himself to death, if someone would supply him with enough liquor.

To hurry this poor wretch with his drink-wrecked constitution into the cemetery seemed easy if the job was done by the right people. The four conspirators, and a fifth who was himself murdered before the trial, were well-chosen for their parts. One of them, Anthony Marino, operated a speakeasy in the Bronx where Malloy was always to be found trying to "bum" free drinks from customers. Another was Joseph Murphy, bartender at the speakeasy. Third, and one of the most important, was Frank Pasqua, 24-year-old undertaker who undertook not only to bury the body after his friends had done their part, but to get a doctor's certificate, purporting to show that death was from natural causes.

Pasqua did these things, but he could not resist cheating in one detail of his business and just for that he and the others were caught. The fourth man was Daniel Kriesberg, a fruit dealer, whose chief usefulness was that he was afraid of and ready to obey "Tough Tony" Bastone, the fifth member, a gangster who was "bumped off" not long ago in pursuit of his trade.

Malloy had no family or relatives. He was useless to himself or anyone else alive, but his dead body would be worth whatever it could be insured for, if it could be insured, which appeared to be the only real difficulty. Four years ago, this same gang, which seems to have been in this special line of murder for some time, tried to insure him. But on that occasion, not having been properly coached, Malloy told the insurance doctor that he did not want to be insured, and the company declined to do it.

Now they tried it again, changing the name from Malloy to Mallory so that the insurance records would not show up that previous refusal. This time they succeeded in getting him written up for a total of $1,788, payable to Murphy the bartender. Malloy may have thought this would mean many free drinks from his bartender friend.

At any rate, this time he gave the insurance people the right answers and rather surprisingly was accepted. Subsequent developments show that he was physically a first-class risk because he proved to be an incredible hard man to kill.

According to the testimony, the conspirators started in at once on the drinking-to-death process, in which the victim cooperated. They plied him with drinks. In a little while the happy old soak was in a deep alcoholic coma.

But instead of dying he came out of it thirstier than ever. They tried it over and over, with gin and even 150 proof alcohol, always with such discouraging results that it became clear that murder by this slow method cost more than it was worth.

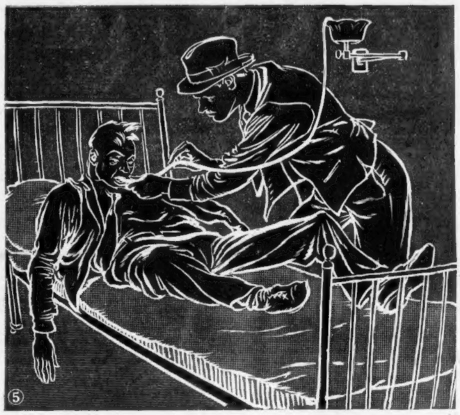
The next experiment was a plate of oysters soaked in wood alcohol, and specially prepared sardines. Usually sardines come with the can outside, but in this case the can had been filed into tiny bits and sprinkled over the little fish. Malloy ate them, without noticing the metal filings, probably because he wolfed them down without chewing. Again no results. The man seemed to thrive on this sort of thing.

The conspirators abandoned hope of destroying such a person through his stomach, even by poison.

"Tough" Tony is said to have had the next inspiration. Pneumonia is a common and natural death. Make him die of pneumonia and they could double-cross their undertaker partner because the doctor would give a certificate. It was February of last year, snow was on the ground and an icy wind blowing through the Bronx the night they put the plan into execution.

First allowing Malloy to drink himself into a stupor, they dragged him to a taxi, dumped him on a bench in Crotona Park, in New York's Bronx, half stripped him, poured water on him and left him to freeze to death.

Imagine their consternation next morning when the old wreck turned up at the speakeasy without even having caught cold and demanding more of that "good liquor!"


5—Finally, the Conspirators Took Him Dead Drunk to a Furnished Room and Attached a Gas Tube to His Mouth. This Finished Mr. Malloy.

By this time the conspirators had given up hope of success by "gentle and fancy" methods. "Tough Tony" said that the only sure way to bump a man off was by violence. He lived by violence, believed in it and a little later was destined to die by it. Even Pasqua agreed that rough methods were necessary with such a "tough egg," but the gun, knife, or a blow on the head would bring undesirable police investigation. The solution was to have him hit and killed by an automobile. That would be an "accident" and in case of accidental death, one policy would pay double, $1,600 on that alone. To make sure of a good job they would have the car run back over Malloy's body.

Though it was easy enough to get a taxi driver to leave an unconscious man in a dark park with his "friends" and ask no questions, persuading one to hit him and then back over him was another matter. Various drivers were sounded on the proposition, but they wanted $500 and up. Finally they found Harry "Hershey" Green, 24 years old, who agreed to perform the service for $150.

In his usual condition of alcoholic stupor they took Malloy to a dark and fairly deserted spot on Gun Hill Road near Baychester Ave., where all but Green got out. While three of the conspirators held the poor sot on his feet, Green backed away and then rushed at the group. Just at that critical moment a woman poked her head out of a window, and they dared not go through with it.

There was nothing to do but bundle the unconscious victim into the car and find a more secluded place. Here there was no interruption, and just as the approaching taxi came within a few feet the men who were holding up Malloy leaped out of the way. But a weird thing happened, a momentary flicker of consciousness caused Malloy to jump with them. However, the lucid interval was brief, and the next time they tried it Malloy was struck and run over. His skull was fractured, and he seemed thoroughly dead, but Green, according to orders, backed up to "steam-roller" him a few times. Just then the lights of an approaching car made them decide to let well enough alone and flee. Next morning they vainly searched the papers for news of their man's death. The seemingly unkillable Michael was in the Fordham Hospital from which he emerged nearly a month later in better health than he had known for many years.

While waiting for Malloy to fall into their hands again, the conspirators decided to work on a substitute who, perhaps, would not cling to life so stubbornly. The man selected for this role was Joseph Patrick Murray, who was wandering around the city looking for work. According to his testimony, a stranger promising a job lured him into Marino's speakeasy, where he had just one cigarette and one drink. The drink contained knockout drops, and the next thing he remembered was waking up in the Lincoln Hospital.

"Hershey" Green and his taxi had been engaged to run him down but had not been able to finish the job on account of the intrusion upon the scene of a witness named William Jenkins. Murray was somewhat puzzled to find himself down on the hospital records as Mallory, due to a mysterious card bearing that name in his pocket.

When the real Mallory turned up in the speakeasy again, Mr. Green's services were no longer available because Jenkins had noted the number of the cab and its driver was in jail awaiting trial for felonious assault. Having tried it twice with such unsatisfactory results, the gang had lost confidence in that method also and were looking for something more positive.

The newest plan proved as "sure-fire" as they had hoped. It involved taking a room in a rooming house in the Bronx. In this room, and in his usual condition, they gave him more drinks until he was unconscious and then laid him on the bed. Attaching one end of a tube to the gas jet, Murphy placed the other in Malloy's mouth, wrapped a towel around the face to prevent gas escaping, and then Kriesberg turned it on.

Murphy is said to have related that even then it took 15 minutes to kill Malloy and he wondered what made his skin turn pink. In the morning, with all odor of gas out of the room, it was time for undertaker Pasqua to make good on his promises and do his part of the works, and he did. Pasqua sent for Dr. Frank A. Manzella, former Republican Alderman from the 20th Harlem District. The doctor looked at the dead man, asked a few questions and issued a certificate stating that Malloy had died from lobar pneumonia.

For this inaccuracy he is now under $10,000 bail pending trial in connection with the murder, as an accessory after the fact. He denies that Pasqua gave him $100 for the certificate and promised $50 more, as was stated in the testimony. Deceived by that certificate, the authorities permitted Pasqua to take charge of the remains and bury the body in a cheap pine box and a pauper's grave.

Part of his job had been to embalm the remains with a fluid that would make it impossible to prove that Malloy had died by gas poisoning. But Pasqua didn't think there would be any investigation, and therefore no need for the bother and slight expense. It was ill-advised economy because, after paying the money, the insurance companies became suspicious. Malloy was exhumed from his grave, where the weight of earth had already broken in the flimsy coffin, and an autopsy revealed the murder. District Attorney Samuel Foley and his assistants, Arthur Carney and Sol Bonaparthe, soon had the whole story.

The jig was up for the murderers, except "Tough Tony," whom somebody had "bumped off" with a bullet through the heart in front of the speakeasy. At the trial, Green, the taxi driver, turned State's evidence. When he testified that he had agreed to accept $150 for murdering first Malloy and then Murray, but only received $20 when he failed, Attorney Dillon, for the defense, asked:

"That's all the value you placed on a human life—$150?"

"Yes, at that time," agreed Green. "I needed money."

"Human life did not have much value to you," suggested the lawyer.

"No," said Green.

"Now that your own life is at stake the price is much higher?" queried the attorney.

"Yes," said Green.

"And if you are discharged (he is only charged with assault) you would go out and kill again for hire?" Mr. Dillon insinuated, and to everyone's astonishment the taxi driver replied calmly:

"I might, if I needed the money."

And on their way to Sing Sing's death block, the four hardboiled prisoners lustily sang "My Gal Sal."

Daniel Kriesberg, Fruit Dealer, Who Must Pay With His Life for His Part in the Murder.

Anthony Marino, Speakeasy Owner, Convicted as Leader of the Gang.

Joseph Murphy, Bartender, Sentenced to Die for His Part in the Plot.

The Body of Michael Malloy as It Appeared After It Was Exhumed.

Frank Pasqua, Undertaker, One of the Four Men Condemned to Die.

Rehearsed To Cash Bad Checks

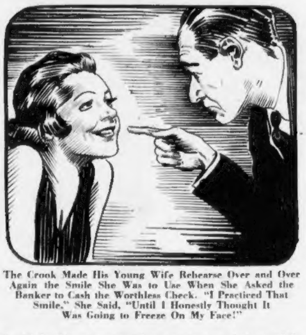
YOUNG Mrs. Nancy Morgan, of Denver and points West, believes a wife's place is in the home. Temporarily, however, her place is in jail, and permanently it may be in a larger institution, because she listened to her husband's teachings on the subject of how to take easy money away from the banks, easy.

Her husband, who has a passion for silk shirts, lemon pies and travelers' cheques, put her through exacting rehearsals to make her acquainted with all three of these desirable things. She learned to wash the silk shirts for her husband, bake the lemon pies and obtain the travelers' cheques by swapping rubber checks for them. She performed the last named trick to the extent of $2,000 at a Denver bank and now is rehearsing what she is going to say to the judge. Her silk-shirted husband, Larry Morgan, cashed all the cheques and is eating his lemon pies in some other city, probably a distant one, at present unknown to the Denver police.

The story of the married life of Nancy and Larry is a diverting one, and it was told in quite an innocent way by the comely Nancy to the police matron. As the daughter of respectable parents of Seattle, Wash., she said, she had been given a high school education and a "careful bringing up." A friend introduced her to Larry Morgan, whom she found very nice and pleasant and who didn't say a thing about the interesting police record he had behind him.

"Larry told me he was making a good salary and twenty dollars a week in commissions besides," said Nancy. "I was terribly in love with him. I wanted to make a home. I think a wife's place is in the home, but Larry was always making me go to banks. All I had to do at home was to wash and iron silk shirts and bake lemon pies for Larry. He couldn't get enough of either. I think a husband should be well fed on good food, don't you think so?

"Larry bought beautiful clothes for me, and lots of them. He wasn't one of those men who think that a woman should do without pretty things just because she's married. I thought he just must have a grand job until he began to make me rehearse about how to do when I went to the bank for him.



The Crook Made His Young Wife Rehearse Over and Over Again the Smile She Was to Use When She Asked the Banker to Cash the Worthless Check. "I Practiced That Smile," She Said, "Until I Honestly Thought It Was Going to Freeze On My Face!"

"Larry would sit down at a table, and he would say to me, 'Now, I'm one of the officers of the bank, and I'm sitting out at one of these separate desks that has a sign on it "Travelers' Cheques," and maybe it has my name on it, too, "Mr. Kuhnschwab." And you come up to me and smile and say, 'Good-morning, Mr. Kuhnschwab, I want to buy some travelers' cheques, please.' Now you say that.

"And I would say that, and Larry would make me say it over and over, and smile just as pretty as I could at the nice bank man. He made me practice that smile so much that I honestly thought it was going to freeze on my face.

"He told me I would have to tell the bank man that I was 'Mrs. Chamberlain,' because the $2,000 check I was to use in paying for the travelers' cheques was made out to 'Mrs. Chamberlain,' but he told me that was the way you bought travelers' cheques, and that if I told the bank man I was not Mrs. Chamberlain it would make it much harder to get the travelers' cheques, because Mrs. Chamberlain was one of his clients in his business and she was not in town, and it would delay things if he had to wait for Mrs. Chamberlain to come back."

Larry stood over her while she signed the name of Mrs. Chamberlain for the nice imaginary bank man on all the imaginary travelers' cheques, and coached her in the sprightly remarks she was to make to Mr. Kuhnschwab about how nice the inflation weather was, and such things, and when he thought she was letter-perfect in the cheque-buying part he sent her on down to the Denver bank.

Mr. Kuhnschwab, or whatever his name turned out to be, was just as gallant to the lovely "Mrs. Chamberlain" as Larry predicted he would be, for the real Mrs. Chamberlain whose name had been used was evidently a lady of parts and good credit standing. Anyhow, Nancy marched out with the travelers' cheques, tremendously pleased with herself, and gave them to Larry, who was waiting, like prosperity, just around the corner.

But Nancy very soon found that there must have been something she didn't do quite right after all. The police told her so. They were earnestly desirous of telling Larry so, too, but Larry had been suddenly called out of town to see some client two or three thousand miles away.

"And he told me that nothing possibly could happen," sobbed Nancy at the police station, "but IF anything happened he'd be right behind me. He's right behind me, all right—running the other way!"

When a reporter asked her if she still loved Larry, she said:

"I don't know. I think not, but if he were to come into this room right now, I know I'd ask him—I couldn't help it—if he didn't want me to bake him a lemon pie.

"Larry always was a perfect husband to me, except once, when I was ironing one of his silk shirts, and he said I had to hurry because he had to go out and see a client, and I said I couldn't because the iron wasn't hot enough yet, and then he said, What did I mean by talking back to him that way? and slapped me on both cheeks." Nancy sighed. "But I guess he just wanted to show me he was a caveman, or something."

The police learned that Nancy had also helped Larry cash a check for $1,200 in Wenatchee, Wash., and complimented her on it.

"Oh, it was easy," protested Nancy, "because Larry was such a good teacher. He rehearsed me and rehearsed me, and told me just how to do it."

Larry is not the only gifted member of his family, the police say, but has a brother who is in jail in Washington for doing the same thing. Only Larry's brother didn't have a pretty wife to help him.

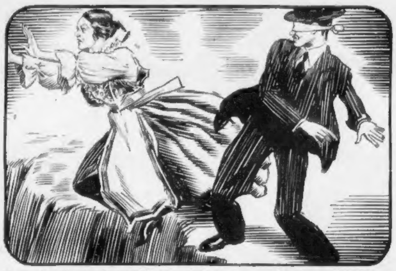
Made His Erring Wife Her Own Executioner

MICHAEL KARASZ, an Hungarian farmer, did not want to kill his unfaithful wife, so he planned carefully the events that would lead her to kill herself. He is shortly to be tried on a murder charge, but the facts of the case have brought up a problem that the courts have never faced before, and Karasz is almost certain to be acquitted.

Karasz, rather an old man, had a young and pretty wife and they lived on a farm not far from Budapest. The husband thought his wife was fond of him and no one else, for when he was around the house she was always thoughtful for his comfort, was always caressing him and keeping him in a good humor with her compliments. In fact, Karasz thought she was one woman in a million because she was so clever about recognizing his good qualities and in realizing what a smart man he was.

But when Michael was away from home, having driven off to market with his farm products, his wife, whom he called Mitzi, was busy recognizing good qualities in other men. Mitzi "understood" so many other men besides her husband, as it turned out, that the neighbors knew for a long time what Michael did not know until that day when he came home ahead of time from a marketing trip and found his wife in the arms of a rival.

The other man jumped out of Michael's bedroom window and ran away before Michael had a chance to lay hands on him. Mitzi was terrified and trembling, because she knew now that none of her old tricks of saying pretty things to Michael and doing nice things for him would help her out of her scrape. She fell on her knees and begged her husband for mercy.



To Punish His Unfaithful Wife, the Husband Commanded Her to Kill Him by Pushing Him Into the River. He Waited, Blindfolded, for Her to Run Up and Shove Him—But As She Came Close He Stepped Aside and Let Her Plunge to Her Death Instead.

Michael did not kill her, in fact did not touch her. He merely looked at her coldly and said:

"I will see about you later."

For more than a week, Karasz kept his wife in a cold sweat of anticipation. Michael did not look at her and did not speak a word to her. He went about his duties on the farm in a grim silence. He seemed to be a man whose mind was weighed down by tragic thoughts, but he did not once refer to what his wife had done, or speak a word to her on any other subject.

This not knowing what he was going to do or when he was going to do it was worse on Mitzi than it would have been if Michael had taken down his shotgun and killed her. She could not rest at night for fear he would kill her in her sleep, and her days were a nightmare of nervous indecision as to whether she ought to try to run away or whether it would be better to stay and take a chance on Michael forgiving her. Michael had always been so easygoing and good-natured before. This stern, silent man who stalked around the place speechless like a ghost did not at all resemble the old Michael.

Finally when his wife was so overwrought that she could not keep her face from working spasmodically, Michael knew the time to speak had come, and he broke his silence.

"The shame you have brought on me," he said to Mitzi, "is more than I can bear. You deserve to die, but I have not killed you for the reason that I have always loved you so, and that I love you still, in spite of what you have done."

"And I love you, too, Michael," Mitzi sobbed, "and I am so ashamed and so sorry. I will promise to be very, very good, and you will never live to regret being so kind and forgiving me."

"I forgive you," Michael said, "but I cannot keep on living. There is no use in my killing you, for that would only poison all the rest of my life with worse remorse. But I cannot see any use in my trying to keep on living any longer, anyhow. Death will be welcome to me after what has happened. I am going to kill myself."

Mitzi pleaded with him tearfully to give up this desperate plan, but he shook his head obstinately to everything she said, and he kept her in a state of anxiety for three days before he told her that he was ready to die.

"I am going to drown myself," he said, "but you must help me. You must push me in the river. You must do that much for me to make up for the wrong you have done me. Bring a handkerchief and blindfold me and push me in the river."

Karasz stood on the river bank with his back to the water, and commanded his weeping wife to tie the handkerchief around his eyes, as if he were facing a firing squad and she were the executioner.

Then he told her: "Go up the slope about twenty feet and then come running and push me, for that way it will be easier."

His frantic wife did as he had directed her. But when she came rushing at him he either could see through the blindfold or he could hear as she approached, for he stepped quickly aside and his wife plunged into the river and was drowned.

Karasz went to the police of the nearest village and told his story. He said he was a coward and had lost his nerve at the last minute and could not go through with it.

But the authorities charge that he murdered his wife by cruelly working her up into such a state that she could kill herself this way "by accident."

Hungarian lawyers are puzzled over the case and are discussing it eagerly. Karasz is technically guilty of murder, they say, but no Hungarian jury will ever be found that will convict him.

Much Surprised By The Color Of His New Baby

ALEXANDER GRIFFITHS, a London fireman, was worried about the dark complexion of his wife's new-born baby.

His wife was nervous, too, but she had an explanation. "The doctor says she was almost asphyxiated at birth," she said. "But it doesn't amount to anything now. This dark color will pass in a few days, the doctor says, and the baby's skin will be as white as yours or mine."

The dark color did not pass, however, and Griffiths became more and more concerned about it. He talked to the neighbors about it when they came to see the baby.

"Maybe it's jaundice," said an old wife of the neighborhood. "Most new babies have jaundice, and it sometimes takes several weeks for it to clear up."

The baby's complexion did, in fact, have a slightly yellow tinge in addition to its darkness, and this jaundiced tint did clear up after a week or two. But the baby remained definitely dark, almost as if it were of another race.

Griffiths talked to a doctor about it, and the doctor shook his head. "It may be a racial taint," he said. "These things are rather obscure. Sometimes a blood taint does not come out for four or five generations. It may be that one of your ancestors, or your wife's ancestors, had colored blood."

Griffiths bridled at this idea, and denied it hotly.

"Oh, it's nothing particularly disgraceful, you know," the doctor assured him. "Quite a number of famous men, geniuses, have been in that class. Alexandre Dumas' grandmother, you know, was a mulatto."

"I don't care a rap about Alexandre Dumas," the father said, excitedly. "There's never been anything of that sort in my family—nothing but good old English stock. And as for my wife——"

Griffiths did a lot of brooding on the subject of his wife. They had been married eleven years and had two children, Ena and Bob, who were both fair-haired Anglo-Saxons, pronounced blonds. If there had been any "racial taint," why hadn't it come out in the other children?

Griffiths' wife had been "acting funny" for the past year and a half. She had been going around to queer spiritualist meetings, and talking a lot of bosh about "ectoplasm," and communicating with the people "out there" through entranced mediums. Griffiths had not liked that, and had told her so more than once.

And now it occurred to Griffiths that he had heard her say something once about a colored spiritualist, a foreigner of some sort or other, who had lectured at a meeting she had attended.

Griffiths questioned her sternly about this spiritualist, who called himself Ralph Gold, and was definitely colored, supposedly of the Coptic race.

Marion, the wife, broke down under his questioning and confessed weepingly that the spiritualist was the father of her child.

She said she would leave home, with the baby, and she gave her husband a statement in writing:

"This is to say I am leaving of my own accord, and from this day I promise to make no claim whatever on my husband, Alexander Griffiths. I am leaving because of a great injustice regarding my baby."

Griffiths was not an unkind man and he did not want the mother or the baby to suffer hardships, no matter what she had done. He said he wanted to take care of them, but his wife left home regardless, and he did not know where she had gone. Several days later he received a letter from her in which she said that she had found a job and a good home and was arranging for the adoption of the baby, but she still would not tell him where she was.

Then he was greatly upset by another letter he got from her:

"I want to tell you that my baby is dead. Alex., I have tried to be hardboiled and not care about all I have lost. It won't work, and losing my baby is the last straw.

"By the time you get this letter I shall be with her. Life is no good to me without the little ones and you.

"Good-bye, sweetheart. Give Ena and Bob a big hug from their mummy."

Griffiths went to the police with this letter, but they could not find the mother or the baby. Three days later, however, the mother came back to Griffiths' home. She told him she had tried to kill herself by inhaling gas, but she had not had the courage to finish it. The baby was all right, she said, and was in an institution, the Kelvin Hostel. She had lied about its death.

The mother was ill then from the effects of the gas fumes, and the police sent her to a hospital. They tried, at Griffiths' request, to find the baby. At the Kelvin Hostel they were told that Marion Griffiths, who had given the name of Thomas while there, had been last seen several days ago when she was leaving the place, "in a terrible state, shaking like a leaf," with a brown paper parcel under her arm.

As soon as she was able to leave the hospital Marion Griffiths was tried for the murder of her baby. The prosecution claimed that she had drowned the infant in a bathtub at the hostel, and later had wrapped the little body in paper and had taken it out and thrown it into a canal.

The mother was convicted. But in view of the extraordinary circumstances of the Griffiths case, the prosecution accepted a change from the first degree murder charge to one of "culpable homicide," which is about the degree of manslaughter in America.

The Judge remarked, "I cannot shut my eyes to the fact that you have destroyed your child by drowning."

But he sentenced her to only nine months in jail.

Her Paris Blouse Balked Her Holy Vow

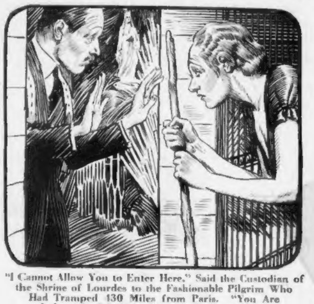
ESCAPING death in a railroad accident, Mme. Marie Pierre de Vilmorin, wealthy society woman of Paris, vowed that in gratitude she would make a pilgrimage on foot, staff in hand, from Paris, 430 miles, to the sacred Grotto of Lourdes.

She carried out her resolve, struggling along for more than a month on feet that had never been used to this sort of thing—only to be turned away from the shrine because she still wore a Paris blouse and silk stockings. The hardships she went through and her humiliation over being received in this way have left her in a state of collapse. It is said that the pilgrimage may cause her death. At any rate, she will be unable to fulfill her vow.

The story of Mme. de Vilmorin's journey has caused a sensation in Paris, where she has been known as the most beautiful of the younger matrons in society. Her friends all knew of her journey and kept in touch almost daily with the progress she was making.

The young woman had been almost miraculously saved in the train wreck which caused the death of a score of others. The accident happened on a high trestle, and the shock of the crash threw Mme. de Vilmorin through a window of the train, clear of the bridge and far into the water below. As she struggled in the water she prayed, vowing that if she were saved she would walk in sandalled feet, sack on back, and a pilgrim staff in her hand, all the way from Paris to Lourdes, in the far South of France. Some men in a boat rescued her.

Over 600,000 pilgrims go to Lourdes every year from all parts of the world, but not many of them walk. In fact, the sight of a person on a walking trip in France is rarer than it is in any other country. The pilgrimages to Lourdes are made principally by invalids who cannot walk, for many miraculous healings have been reported there. It was in the Grotto of Lourdes where the Virgin Mary is believed in the Roman Catholic world to have revealed herself many times to a peasant girl, Bernadette Soubirous, in 1858. Since that time the shrine has been world-famous, and many have gone there to be healed.



"I Cannot Allow You to Enter Here," Said the Custodian of the Shrine of Lourdes to the Fashionable Pilgrim Who Had Tramped 130 Miles from Paris. "You Are Indecently Dressed—You Are Wearing Short Sleeves and Silk Stockings!"

Mme. de Vilmorin had not been injured in the railroad wreck and she suffered no bad effects from her experience in the water. She was not going to the Grotto of Lourdes to be healed, but she was making the pilgrimage in gratitude for her escape from death.

She cast aside her fashionable clothes except for a thin blouse and silk stockings. Her feet in sandals, she started out staff in hand on her long journey. She did not want to beg her way, as pilgrims who have taken a vow of poverty sometimes do, because to accept food or money would be to to deprive someone else of things she had in plenty. But she took only enough money with her to provide her for actual necessities.

It was extremely hot on the roads of France, and she was not hardened to any such exposure or strenuous exercise, but she kept going. She suffered from a sunburn and her feet soon were aching and blistered. When she stopped at a farmhouse to ask permission to rest in the shade, the farmer gruffly ordered her to move on, for he was suspicious of pretty women "hiking" alone on the roads of France.

The police in several towns held Mme. de Vilmorin for questioning until she had proved who she was. The most suspicious part of her story was her claim that she was a prominent woman of Paris walking all the way to Lourdes. The police smiled knowingly when she insisted this was true, and said, "Ah, oui?" in the French tone of voice that is nearest to "Oh, yeah?"

"I went on day after day and week after week," said Mme. de Vilmorin in describing her experiences, "and every morning when I woke up it seemed impossible that I could last through another day. Instead of becoming hardened to the task, it seemed to me that my resolution grew weaker and weaker the farther I went. It is hard to believe that people could be so unkind to a person trying to do a thing like that as a mark of religious devotion. But the fact is that I was snubbed and sneered at and insulted, all the way from Paris to Lourdes, and many went so far as to declare openly that I was a 'cheap cocotte.'

"Once, toward the end of the long journey, I was on the verge of giving up in despair, but I was cheered and heartened by a telegram sent me by my young brother. It just said: 'Don't fail. I have bet 25 gold louis on you!' And I gritted my teeth and made up my mind to finish it!"

The last stages of the pilgrimage were the hardest, for Lourdes is in the foothills of the Pyrenees and the going was rough and rocky.

Finally, on the thirtieth day of her long and arduous trip, her sandals in tatters and her feet bruised and bleeding, she staggered into the ancient town of Lourdes. She dragged herself wearily past the feudal fortress now used as a prison, out of the old quarter of the town and across the bridge and esplanade leading to the basilica, the Church of the Rosary and the Grotto of Lourdes, with its spring of healing water.

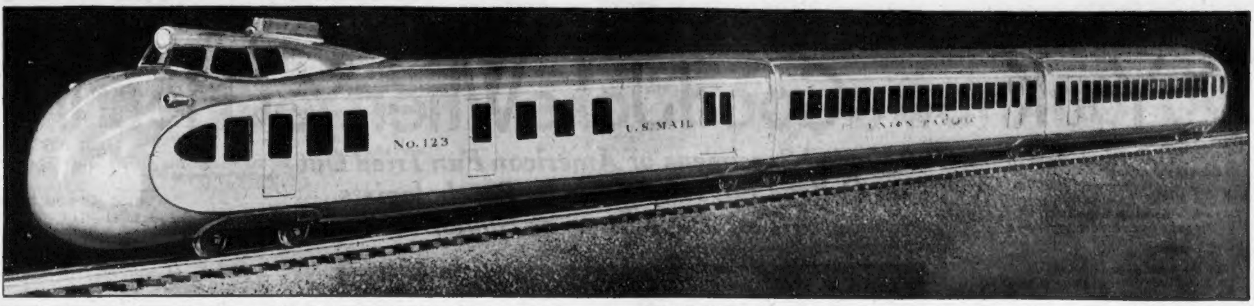
At last she was nearing the shrine she had vowed to visit, but the worst disappointment of her pilgrimage was yet in store for her.

At the gateway to the shrine a watchful custodian stopped her and said:

"I cannot allow you to enter here. You are indecently dressed. You are wearing short sleeves, silk stockings!"

Mme. de Vilmorin found her way to an inn in the town of Lourdes and her friends in Paris were advised that she was in a state of collapse. The doctors said she was threatened with brain fever, and that the ordeal of the pilgrimage might cause her death.

Entirely New Ideas in Railroad Trains



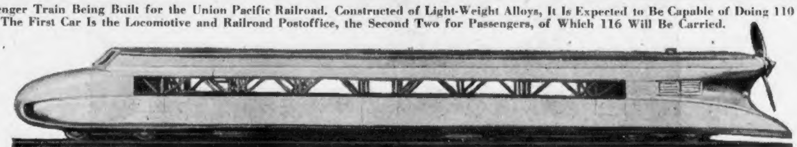
The New High-Speed, Stream-Lined Passenger Train Being Built for the Union Pacific Railroad. Constructed of Light-Weight Alloys, It Is Expected to Be Capable of Doing 110 Miles an Hour. The Train Consists of Three Cars Closely Joined Together. The First Car Is the Locomotive and Railroad Postoffice, the Second Two for Passengers, of Which 116 Will Be Carried.

AT last the railroads have waked up. It has begun to penetrate the minds of the railroad executives that they are operating an industry which is a quarter of a century behind the times. Slowly they are realizing that their noisy, grimy, relatively slow engines and cars are out of date.

The competition of the automobile, the motor truck and the airplane has taken away passengers and freight until it is finally recognized that, like the old-fashioned horse-drawn street car, the railroad will be hopelessly down and out unless steps are taken to catch up with the progress of the times. And thus it has come about that the railroads are designing new models of railway trains, making use of the factors which have helped perfect the automobile and the airplane.

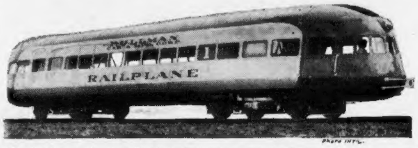
In various parts of the world the railroads are designing models and trying out experimental cars with pneumatic tires, which make automobiles noiseless and smooth-going, and the stream-line construction of the airplane, to reduce air friction, and the employment of aluminum alloy instead of steel to reduce the weight of the clumsy trains. Instead of coal, fuel oil and gasoline are being tested out. Indeed in Germany a very fast railroad train has made a successful run driven by a propeller, like an airplane.

At the World's Fair, in Chicago, an American railroad exhibited a model of a three-car train which bore very little resemblance to the unscientific, noisy, inefficient, dirty, wind-resisting railroad trains which the traveling public has been compelled to endure. This new design for fast, comfortable and clean travel on rails looks something like a huge caterpillar and its forward end and rear end bear no resemblance whatever to the usual railroad locomotive or observation platform on the last car of express trains.

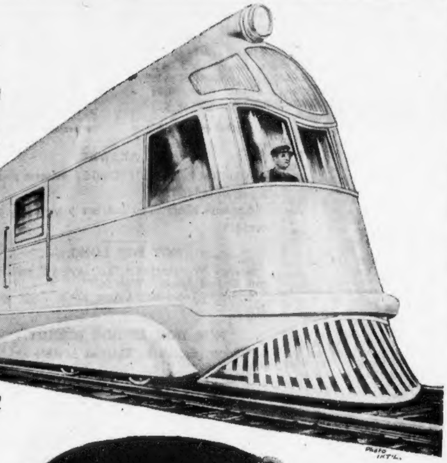


German "Dirigible Train" Which Made a Speed of Ninety-four Miles an Hour, Driven by a 500-Horsepower Gasolene Engine Whirling the Propeller at the Rear, and Carrying Forty Passengers.

The "Flying Hanseat," Which Established a Speed Record for Commercial Trips of 95 Miles an Hour on Its Regular Run From Berlin to Hamburg and Return. The Train Is Driven by a 410-Horse-Power Diesel Engine and Carries 100 Passengers.



The "Railplane," a One-Coach Train Designed by the Pullman Company, Combining Aircraft Architecture With Railroad Necessities. It Is Propelled by Two Gasoline Motors Mounted on the Forward Trucks.



The Burlington Railroad Is Also Building a Light-Weight, High-Speed Train (Above). Constructed of Stainless Steel, It Is Expected to Do 120 Miles an Hour. Motive Power Will Be Electricity Generated by a 600-Horsepower Diesel Engine.

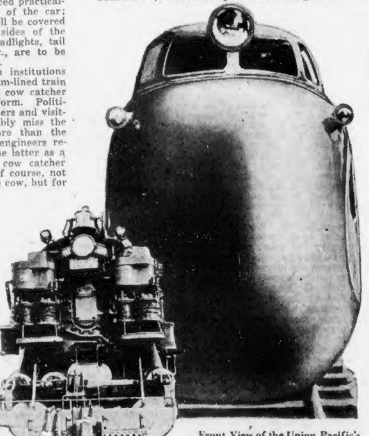
The train model shown at the Century of Progress Exposition is by no means a toy designed by an idle dreamer. The Union Pacific Railroad is actually constructing such a train and plans to operate it within a month or so on the 1,200-mile run between Omaha and Los Angeles. The train is being built of aluminum alloys which have the strength of steel with only one-third its weight. The entire train will weigh only 80 tons, the weight of one Pullman sleeping car.

The train will be fully stream-lined to a greater extent than has been attemped to date either in this or any foreign country. To get the full benefits of stream-lining, the windows, of shatter-proof glass, will be placed practically flush with the outside of the car; vestibules between cars will be covered to continue the smooth sides of the cars; such devices as headlights, tail lights, whistles, bells, etc., are to be recessed into the car body.

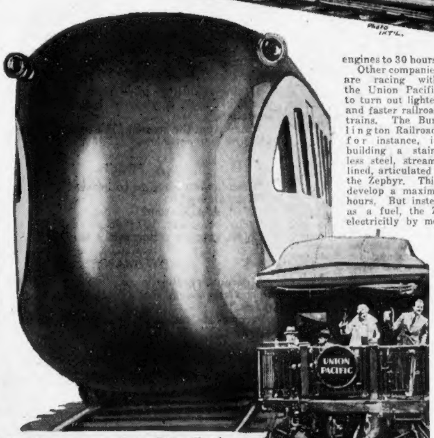
Two familiar American institutions will pass away if this stream-lined train becomes universal — the cow catcher and the observation platform. Politicians, beauty contest winners and visiting celebrities will probably miss the observation platform more than the cow catcher. But some engineers regard the elimination of the latter as a menace to safety. The cow catcher was originally installed, of course, not for the convenience of the cow, but for the protection of the train, and it is pointed out that its absence might menace the safety of the train by allowing the front wheels to be derailed by something that happened to get on the track. But designers of the stream-lined train point out that the whole front is curved in such a way as to deflect all obstacles.

Three closely linked cars will comprise the new train. They will be "articulated," as the engineers say. This means that, instead of every car having a front and rear truck supported by wheels, there will be one truck between each two cars and the cars hinged together. Comfortable seats for 116 persons are provided.

Instead of burning coal or crude oil to get steam, the new train will utilize distillate in an internal combustion engine. Distillate is non-explosive. The 12-cylinder engine will generate 600 horsepower, enough to propel the 80-ton train at a speed of 120 miles an hour, when it is connected with the two electric motors on the front truck. While a maximum speed of 120 miles is expected to be possible, it is planned to run the train at an average of 90 miles an hour, reducing the running time between Omaha and Los Angeles from 48 hours with the present steam engines to 30 hours.



Front View of the Union Pacific's Stream-Lined Flier, Contrasted With the Machinery-Cluttered Front of the Present-Day Coal Locomotive. Note the Complete Absence of the Cow-Catcher in the New Train.



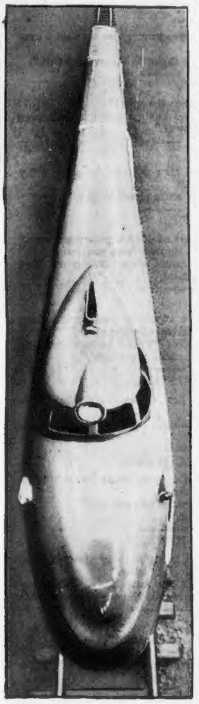
Rear View of the New Train, With a Closed-in Buffet Taking the Place of the Observation Platform Shown on the Right. The Latter, While a Convenience to Passengers, Catches Air Currents and Retards the Speed of the Train.

Other companies are racing with the Union Pacific to turn out lighter and faster railroad trains. The Burlington Railroad, for instance, is building a stainless steel, stream-lined, articulated train to be known as the Zephyr. This also is expected to develop a maximum of 120 miles an hours. But instead of using distillate as a fuel, the Zephyr will generate electricitly by means of a 600-horse-power Diesel engine. The Diesel engine, which has proved so successful in a number of fast German ocean liners, uses crude oil in an internal combustion engine.

The Zephyr, while stream-lined, is not quite such a radical departure from the conventional train as the Union Pacific "Caterpillar." The engineer, instead of sitting atop the power car, sits in front like a trolley motorman, looking out through specially constructed windows. The Burlington also preserves the cow catcher, although in a somewhat diminished form. But the observation platform is ruthlessly cut away. Other technical details combine features of the motor truck and the airplane, the competition of which inspired the new train.

The Pullman Car and Manufacturing company, makers of the world's most luxurious railroad cars — also the heaviest of all passenger cars—is getting into the market with a light-weight, high-speed, electrically driven car called a "Railplane." This also combines the best points of airplanes and automobiles.

Using the new lighter-than-steel alloys, the Railplane is intended to make 90 miles an hour, carrying fifty passengers. Power is generated by gasoline motors. The coaches, which are independent and each driven by its own motors, are especially designed for suburban and interurban lines. Several will be placed in commission within a short time, it is declared.



Birds'-Eye View of the Proposed Stream-Line Three-Car High-Speed Train, Showing the Engineer's Cab at the Top.

The fastest train in the world at present is the "Flying Hanseat," sometimes also called the "Flying Hamburger." This runs regularly between Hamburg and Berlin, about 160 miles. The train recently made the round trip at the rate of 95 miles an hour, attaining a maximum speed of 100 miles an hour. The train comprises two cars linked together by a "collapsing bellows" vestibule. Power is derived from a Mayback Diesel engine, the same engine used in many fast German liners. The train uses a 410-horse-power, 16-cylinder motor. The two cars accommodate 100 passengers.

Another fast German train which has reached the tryout stage is a sort of cross between a racing automobile and a Zeppelin. The "Dirigible train," as it is called, is driven by a rear propeller which is whirled by a 500-horse-power engine. The designer, Franz Kruckenberg, is said to have used Major H. G. D. Seagrave's speed automobile as a model. Forty passengers are carried in each car. On a trial trip, the "Dirigible train" attained a speed of 94 miles an hour. It is hoped to exceed this later.

The fastest steam train is the famous "Cheltenham Flyer" which runs between Swindon and Paddington, England, a distance of 77 miles. The regular schedule calls for a running time of 65 minutes, which gives the "Flyer" an average "start to top" speed of 71.35 miles an hour.

Canada for a time had the fastest steam train when, in 1931, the Canadian Pacific put on a train with a daily run at a speed of 68.9 miles an hour. Then the "Cheltenham Flyer" was speeded up to its present record.

In the United States, the fastest short run is said to be the Philadelphia and Reading's "Seashore Flyer," which covers the 55.5 miles between Camden and Atlantic City at a speed of 58.4 miles an hour—a trifle better than a mile a minute. The fastest long-run train is the New York Central's famous "Twentieth Century" which covers the 960 miles from New York to Chicago in 17.75 hours, a speed better than 54 miles an hour. The Canadian National's "International Limited" runs the 334 miles between Montreal and Toronto at a speed of 58.92 miles an hour.

These steam-train speeds will seem slow when the railroads all adopt the new fast, light, stream-line trains pictured on this page.

THE EARLY BIRD.

Once a city man out of work "hired out" to a farmer. At four o'clock in the morning the newly employed man was called out to breakfast. A few minutes later the farmer was astonished to see the man walking off down the road. "Say! Come back and eat breakfast before you go to work!" he yelled after him. "I ain't goin' to work," the man called back. "I'm goin' to find a place where I can stay all night!"

WHY SHOULD HE?

For a whole hour the captain had been lecturing his men on the "Duties of a Soldier" and he thought that now the time had come for him to test the results of his discourse.

"Private Murphy," he asked, "why should a soldier be ready to die for his country?" A smile flitted across the Irishman's face. "Shure, Captain," he said, "you're quite right. Why should he?"

A SCOTCH JOKE.

The dinner party was over. All had eaten heartily and expensively. In one corner a lone Scotchman strove to make himself inconspicuous when the check arrived. Suddenly, to everyone's complete surprise, he spoke up: "Just leave that check to me. I'll take care of it." They obeyed.

Item in next morning's newspaper:

SCOTCHMAN MURDERS
VENTRILOQUIST

APT COMMENT.

The attorney for an electric light company was making a popular address. Warming up to his subject he cried:

"Think of the good this company has done! If I were permitted to pun, I would say in the words of the immortal poet—'Honor the Light Brigade.'"

Voice of consumer from the audience: "O, what a charge they made."

Do You Know a Good Joke When You Hear It?

100 Varied Specimens of American Fun Tried Out on College Boys and Girls by Psychologists to Test Their Sense of Humor

BIRDS OF A FEATHER.

"Did you feel the earthquake last night?"

"No, I was shimmying."

ONE ON HIM.

"My stock in trade is brains."

"You've got a funny looking sample case."

GENTLE REPLY.

"Who the deuce do you think you are?"

"I'm just a little dandruff trying to get ahead."

NOT IMPORTANT.

"Do I look like a fool?"

"What difference do looks make?"

A BETTER IDEA.

"Would you shoot a horse with a wooden leg?"

"No, I'd shoot him with a gun."

BIRTHDAY SUIT?

"I knew her when she had only one pair of teddies to her name."

"Yes, and I knew her ten years before that."

HER INVITATION.

He: "Please remove your glove so that I may kiss your hand."

She: "'Twould be easier to remove my veil."

DIDN'T SUSPECT.

"Can your girl keep a secret?"

"Can she? We were as good as married seven weeks before I knew it."

SENSIBLE.

Jack: "You look like a sensible girl. Why don't you marry me."

Jane: "Because I am a sensible girl."

PRECIOUS SECRET.

Teacher: "The days of corn whiskey are over."

Pupil: "Oh, no; I know where you can get it."

Teacher: "Never mind about that now. You can tell me after school."

FUSSY.

Warden: "Is there anything you want before I turn on the juice in the electric chair?"

Prisoner about to die: "Yeah! Loosen the laces on my left shoe, my corns are achin'."

RAPID RIGHTEOUSNESS.

He: "I feel like a better man every time I kiss you."

She: "Well, you needn't try to get to heaven in one night."

ACCIDENTAL DISCOVERY.

He: "The showers at our house haven't been working for three months."

She: "When did you find that out?"

He: "This morning."

DISCONTENTED COWS.

Housewife: "Don't bring me any more of that horrid milk. It's positively blue."

Milkman: "It ain't our fault, lady. It's these long, dull evenings as makes the cows depressed."

PHONETICALLY.

Employer: "What's your name?"

Applicant: "Quinn."

Employer: "How do you spell it?"

Applicant: "C-o-h-e-n."

HIS REASON.

"Why do you want limburger cheese packed in your lunch?" asked the grocer.

"Because, papa," answered the truthful little son, "I want teacher to send me home."

'OW THE H'OWL 'OWLS!

Englishman: "What's that bloomin' noise outside this time o' night?"

American: "Why, that's an owl."

Englishman: "Of course it is, but 'oos 'owling?"

SHE FIXED IT.

"Does my gown look as though it were falling off my shoulder?"

"No, let's dance."

"I'm sorry, but I must go and arrange it. It's supposed to look that way."

THE REASON WHY.

"You sure must like coffee," said the waiter to the man who had just had his cup refilled for the seventh time.

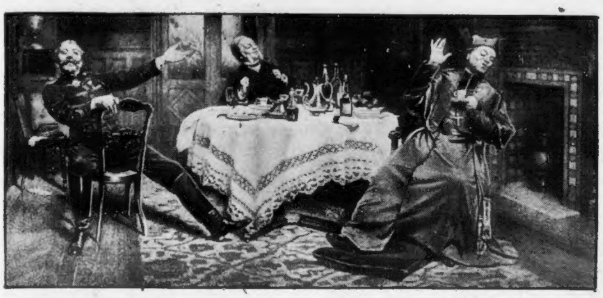
"Yes," answered the man, "or I wouldn't be drinking so much water to get a little."

MISLEADING.

An elderly farmer drove into town one day and hitched his team to a telegraph post.

"Here," exclaimed a burly policeman, "you can't hitch there."

"Can't, eh?" shouted the irate farmer. "Well, why have you got a sign up, 'Fine for hitching'?"



The Three Brothers, by Laissment. The Soldier Brother Tells a Joke with Great Gusto, the Lawyer Brother Mildly Enjoys It But the Clergyman Brother Doesn't Relish It.

THERE is no standard of humor which everybody agrees upon. Some things seem funny to some people but not to others; a joke that shakes the sides of one listener may not even bring a smile to the face of another. And even if a standard of humor could be devised for men, it is probable that it could not be applied to women.

But the psychologists have at last endeavored to set up what might be called a "joke-meter" to measure the sense of humor and arrive at some standards. If a large majority of individuals tested agreed that a certain joke is the best of a list of jokes and that a certain other joke is the worst in the list—then something has been arrived at in establishing a standard of humor. And the jokes can be analyzed and the reasons for their inherent humor or lack can be determined.

Some months ago two American psychologists working in the laboratories of Wesleyan University presented to a group of 124 college men in that institution a list of one hundred carefully selected jokes, some of which are reprinted on this page. The students were asked to classify the jokes according to a list of types of jokes and to rate them as to which were funny and which were not. The same test then was given to 154 girl students at Smith College. In each group one joke was rated as best. Others were rated as worst.

And now, before the reader proceeds with this descriptive text, it is suggested that all the jokes printed on this page be read over and that two of them be selected; one as the best and funniest on the page, the other as the worst and least funny.

Now the reader may proceed to compare these personal selections with those of the two groups of college students.

Of all the jokes reprinted on this page, the one that won the highest score for funniest at the two schools combined was the one printed in the upper right-hand corner of this page, the joke about the "Light Brigade," here headed "Apt Comment." This was first choice at Smith College and second choice at Wesleyan, the first place in the Wesleyan list going to a more peculiarly masculine joke not reprinted here.

If the reader selects as the worst joke on the page either the one at the top of the left-hand column about the person who failed to notice the earthquake because a shimmy dance was in progress, or the one about one-third of the way down the right-hand column about who is buried in Grant's Tomb, that reader agrees with both the groups of college students, for these two jokes took the palm for badness both at Wesleyan and at Smith.

Incidentally, if any member of the family who reads this page happens to select as the best joke on it the one in the lower left-hand corner about the "Fine for hitching," that reader will have a little explaining to do, for the psychologists record that this joke was selected as best by a group of feeble-minded and incorrigible youngsters to whom the test also was given. It is worth noting that this joke is a rather obvious and bare-faced pun, the pun already being set down by literary experts as "the lowest form of wit."

However, anyone who did happen to select this joke as best still has plenty of arguments to put in favor of the choice, for puns have been used by some of the world's greatest humorists, and plenty of brainy individuals who took this particular test recorded a preference for this one and for other puns in the collection.

Incidentally, other psychologists who prepared a few years ago a shorter list of graded jokes as a kind of rough "joke-meter" picked as their best and most subtle joke an ancient Japanese one about a man who went into a shop where many pottery jars were ranged along the shelves, to look these over in preparation for a purchase. Coming to one jar which happened to be standing upside down, the prospective customer remarked in surprise, "Why, this jar has no top." Turning it over and noticing the hole on the other end, he added, "Look, the bottom's gone, too."

If this joke seems to any reader funnier than any of the psychologists' list on this page, that reader may conclude that at least one expert is on his side in admiration of this particular variety in a sense of humor.

Psychologists who have been working with the full lists have not been so much interested in finding out which joke really is best, or which would be ranked best by the average college student or the average magazine reader or the average American, but in trying to devise some human test which could be used to distinguish varieties of human personality. Theoretically, the type of joke that an individual prefers ought to serve as a partial indication of the kind of personality possessed by that individual.

Although many more people must be tested and much more work done before anyone can be sure, it seems probable that this really is so.

The jokes in the list of 100 have been classified into seven distinct kinds of humor. One kind is called humor of quantity, in which the joke is an obvious over-statement or under-statement. Another is humor of incongruity, in which two unrelated things are brought together. A third is humor of the unexpected. Fourth in the classification is humor of truth, resulting in unexpected disclosure of thoughts or feelings usually kept secret. Fifth is the humor of superiority, which enables the reader to feel cleverer than the person who is the butt of the joke. Sixth is the class called humor of repression, related to the release of fears or other repressions. Finally, seventh of the classification, the jokes called purely ridiculous, including obvious nonsense, puns or other plays on words and the like.

Men, it has been discovered, are likely to prefer and rate highly the jokes of the ridiculous classification. Women, on the other hand, prefer and rate most highly the jokes classed as repressions; perhaps because women are more likely than men to be repressed and fearful in their thinking. Persons classified by the psychologists as introverts, which means that they think more about themselves than they do about others, also tend to prefer the repression jokes. Extroverts, who are people whose interests lie mainly outside themselves and their own affairs, tend to prefer the jokes which unexpectedly disclose the truth. The more intelligent persons tend to rate most highly these truth jokes and also the jokes which disclose incongruity.

More work may construct out of the joke list tests to disclose these or other personality characteristics. Meanwhile, ordinary people who are not psychologists probably will continue merely to regard the list as a collection of jokes; good, bad or indifferent, according to each reader's personal taste.

HIS ANSWER.

Beautiful Sales Girl: "Could I interest you in a pair of teddies?"

Anxious Man: "You can bet your neck, you could."

NOT FOR LONG.

George Washington: "Yo' says yo' calls yo' cow United States. Why fo'?"

Andrew Jackson: "'Cause she's done gone dry."

NOR DOG IN DOG BISCUIT.

"Waiter, there's no chicken in this chicken soup."

"Well, did you ever find horse in horseradish?"

BEST HE COULD DO.

Old Lady: "You don't chew tobacco do you, little boy?"

Little Boy: "No, Ma'am, but I could let you have a cigarette."

SENSELESS WASTE.

Doctor: (Pulling pilot from under wrecked plane) "Quick, a glass of brandy. He is unconscious."

Voice from the crowd: "Why give him brandy when he is unconscious."

A POSER.

"Grandpa, do lions go to heaven?"

"No, Johnny."

"Well, do ministers?"

"Why, of course. Why do you ask?"

"Well, suppose a lion eats a minister?"

HOW MANY?

Algernon, reading jokes: "Fancy this, Percy. A chap here thinks that a football coach has four wheels."

Percy: "Ha, ha, and how many wheels has the bally thing?"

PARADOXICAL.

"Have you noticed one odd thing about blunt people?"

"What?"

"They are the ones who generally come to the point."

SLIGHT CHANGE.

My little five-year-old niece worked a long time with pencil and paper over a portrait of her father. She finally stopped and after seriously considering the likeness, exclaimed in disgust: "Oh, dear! I guess I'll put on a tail and call it a monkey."

BUT NOT NOW.

The old-fashioned girl used to stay home when she had nothing to wear.

BEST HE COULD DO.

"Hey, you—your gun isn't loaded."

"Can't help it; bird won't wait."

DETERMINED.

Drunk (Lying on the sidewalk) "I'll climb this wall if it takes me all night."

DID IT HIMSELF.

He: "Mr. Smith, your mouth is open."

Him: "I know it. I opened it."

PUZZLED.

"Mama, where from doth elephanths come? And don't try to thtall me off wiv that gag about the thtork."

NEEDLESS QUESTION.

"Bane any letters for me today?"

"What name, please?"

"Ay tank de name is on de letter."

UNFAILING OBEDIENCE.

"Say, is your dog clever?"

"I'll say he is. When I say, 'Are you coming or aren't you?' he either comes or he doesn't."

CORRECT ANSWER.

"Who was buried in Grant's tomb?"

"Dunno, but wasn't it the same guy who was President during Grant's administration?"

BETTER NOT.

"Can you crawl on your hands and knees?"

"Sure I can."

"Well, don't do it. It's babyish."

SARCASTIC.

He: "As a philosopher says, the only thing worth doing in life is trying to do something you can't—and doing it!"

She: "Is that why you play bridge?"

WOULDN'T STAY OUT.

Dean: "So you're back in school. I thought I expelled you last week."

Upstart: "You did, but don't do it again because my dad was plenty sore last time."

SATISFIED.

As I stepped up to the lonesome lady in the hotel lobby, I inquired: "Are you looking for a particular person?"

"I'm satisfied," she said, "if you are."

HIS GAME.

Little Izzy is a funny
And eccentric sort of waif;
Swallowed all his sister's money—
Said that he was playing safe.

APT DESCRIPTION.

"I say, Joe, your girl looked quite tempting in that Biblical gown she was wearing last night."

"What do you mean 'Biblical gown'?"

"Oh, you know. Sort of Lo and Behold."

JUST A JURY.

Judge: "What possible excuse did you have for acquitting that murderer?"

Foreman of Jury: "Insanity."

Judge: "What, all twelve of you?"

PERHAPS TRUE.

Susceptible Youth: "Er—could you tell me who that young lady is—sketching?"

Friendly Stranger: "She has the misfortune to be my wife."

Embarrassed Youth: "The misfortune is entirely yours. I am sure."

KNEW THE KIND.

Candidate: "I shall conduct a campaign that is based upon a platform of absolute truth. No bunk for me."

Publicity Expert: "Well, I'm just the guy to publish the kind of bull that'll put that hooey over."

DUMB

First Rookie: "Whatsa matter with the captain's eyes to-day?"

Second Soldier: "I donno, why?"

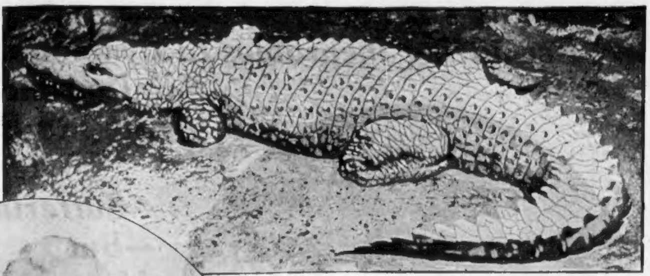
First Rookie: "I asked him for a pass and he asked me twice where my hat was and alla time it was right there on my head."

HE GOT IT.

He came in and sat down alongside of her. He was a clean-cut, good-looking, athletic young chap. She smiled at him. The place was deserted. In a low tone he said, "Please give me what you gave me last night." She hesitated, looked wildly about her and then in a loud voice suddenly called out, "Sunnyside up on toast anna cuppa cawfee."

Why Mrs. Besant Believed She Will Be Born Again

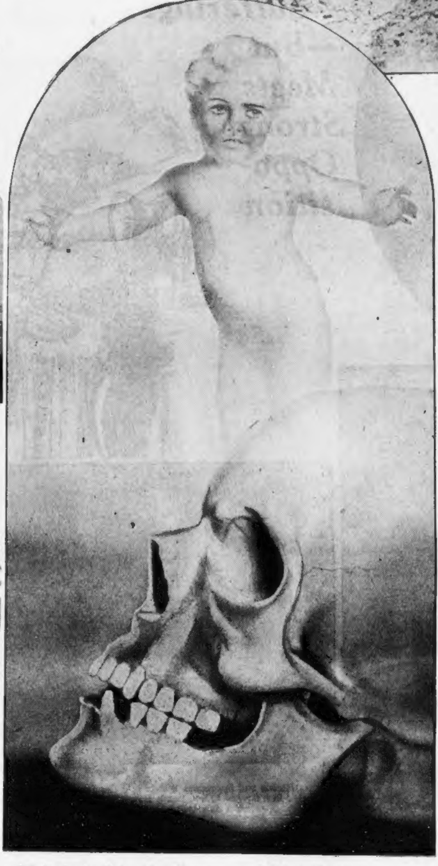
Modern High Priestess of the Ancient Doctrine of Reincarnation, She Dies Predicting Her Return to Earth in Another Body---But There Is Much Disagreement About How the Soul Is Directed to Its New Habitation and What Its House of Flesh May Be



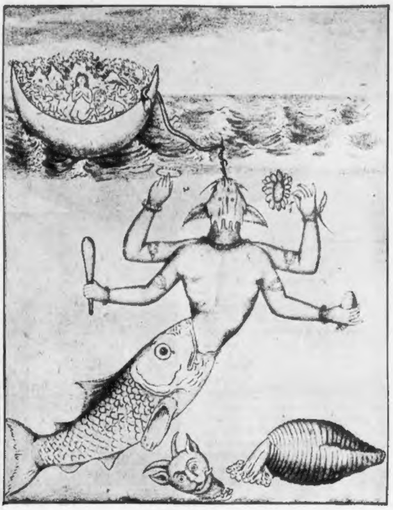
The Sacred White Crocodile of Ibadan, Southern Nigeria, Africa, Which Has Been Venerated by the Natives for More Than One Hundred Years, Devoutly Fed With Chickens and Even Human Sacrifices, Because It Is Supposed to Have Incarnated Within It the Soul of One of the Tribe's Great Chiefs.

Mrs. Annie Besant, Prophetess of Theosophy and Reincarnation, Who Died Recently, Declaring That She Would Soon Be Born Again on Earth.

Sacred Monkeys of India, Fed by Priests and Which No One Dares Molest Because They Are Supposed to Contain the Reincarnated Souls of Human Beings—And the Devout Often Stand Around Tracing Resemblances to the Indian Equivalent of Uncle, Aunt, Grandmother, and so on, in an Effort to Recognize the Dear Departed.



Painting by the Distinguished European Artist Rensdorf, Showing the Soul as a Baby Emerging From the Skull of Its Last Body and Wonderingly Looking Around to Find Its Next Place of Abode.



A Curious Indian Picture of the God Vishnu Reincarnated as a Fish and Saving the Indian Noah, Satyavrata, and All the Animals in the Ark From the Great Flood, Using a Snake as a Cable.

"I SHALL live again," were the last written words of Mrs. Annie Besant, modern high priestess of theosophy and reincarnation, who died recently in India at the age of 86.

Mrs. Besant did not refer to any spiritual life beyond the grave, but to another one on earth in the flesh. She believed she will be reborn, but whether as a white, yellow, black or brown woman, or even man, she could not foresee. She was certain, however, that she would not return as a lower animal, fish or bug—all of which would be quite possible according to her faith.

This remarkable woman was the president of the World Theosophical Society and had thousands of followers. The society was founded in the United States in 1875 by Madame H. P. Blavatsky, who asserted that she could remember the details of numerous lives she had lived before, among them that of Cleopatra, Serpent of Old Nile, and Hypatia, a beautiful pagan "blue-stocking" who was torn to pieces in Alexandria, Egypt, by a mob of early Christian fanatics.

Ella Wheeler Wilcox, "poetess of Passion," was a disciple of Madame Blavatsky, and often entertained her friends with recollections of her life as a French courtesan in the fifteenth century. She believed that the ascetic life she led in this incarnation was due to having lived a far too flighty one in the last.

Mrs. Besant believed that in reincarnation she had found the answer to the whole riddle of life. For ages men have pondered over the apparent injustice and futility of earthly existence. St. Matthew remarks that the rain falls upon the just and the unjust alike. But so does the pestilence. Why should the wicked prosper and the worthy be cast down? If there is an all-wise, all-good and all-powerful Creator, why, for example, does He permit such an atrociously cruel happening as the kidnaping and murder of the Lindbergh baby? Reincarnation gave the answers, Mrs. Besant thought.

It taught that life is a school of which the daily sessions are the years between successive births and deaths. The lesson that is not learned is one that may be, and must be learned in another.

A sin may wait for a dozen rebirths before it can be canceled. Once Buddha was bitten by a snake and nearly died of it. But he would not permit the snake to be killed because suddenly he remembered that centuries before, when he had been an elephant, he had carelessly stepped upon a snake and killed it. His sin had found him out.

The body died, Mrs. Besant believed, but not the soul. It went on and on, stepping from one habitation to another until it attained perfection. It might be a long, long job. One ran the risk of not being reborn as a human at all, but as a lower animal: a cat, a dog, a hyena, even a fish, or a bug, or an earthworm. Then it was a long climb back. But what of that when there was all eternity to do it in.

And all this made luminously clear the old puzzle of why the righteous suffer, and why pestilences, earthquakes, automobile accidents, heartbreak, cruelty, murder and countless other evils, seemingly incompatible with the idea of a beneficent Deity, exist. It even accounted for the case of the Lindbergh baby. In some other life he, or perhaps his father and mother, had committed some wrong for which this was payment.

It even accounted for gangsters and the kind of people so often encountered in the subway and other public places. It was in fact in some such place that Mrs. Besant received her first revelation.

"Forty years ago, working in the London slums," she wrote, "seeing occasionally when the public houses closed, the mobs of swearing, animalized men and women hurtling out into the street, or when toiling in the sordid courts, I would think, 'For these hopeless, helpless ones, what can be done? Better an earthquake should swallow them and leave none of their type. They and generations after them can never know the beauty, the joy of really human life!'

"Then I read 'The Secret Doctrine,' by Madame Blavatsky, and all was changed. These congenital criminals were merely savages. The people who seemed so helpless, so hopeless, had in them a seed of the divine life, as the acorn which grows into the image of the parent oak. Reincarnation was the law of the developing individual, as evolution was the law of developing bodies."

Scientists have traced the idea of reincarnation back to most ancient times. Plato, one of the great Greek philosophers, early in the third century B. C., argued that as matter is indestructible, so must the soul be. But beside that, Plato could not conceive of millions of new souls created year after year. There could only be a certain number of souls in the world, he thought, so old souls have to be used again after people die and when new people are born.

The Hindu religion, the oldest existing in the world today, developed the idea more thoroughly than the Greeks. Among certain sects in India it is forbidden to kill even a louse because it may be harboring the soul of a human being. A louse must be carefully removed from the person and deposited, unharmed, in some place from which it will probably crawl upon another person, but the next man to play host must not kill it, either.

Monkeys are peculiarly sacred in India for the same reason, largely. The man-like appearance of these animals accounts partly for this, especially the baboons. Thousands of devout Hindus contribute to the feeding and care of these animals, going to see them, noting their resemblances to the Hindu equivalents of Aunt Jane, or Uncle Henry, or Cousin Agnes and so on, and speculating upon the probability of them housing the souls of these dear departed.

Once the Hindu god Vishnu reincarnated himself as a fish. He did it to save the Hindu Noah (Satyavrata) from the Deluge, anchoring himself at the bottom of the sea and using a great snake as a hawser to hold the Ark.

But, ask those not yet convinced, if souls are born and reborn, what is the procedure? When a soul leaves the body, where does it stay until it enters its new one? Are there gathering places for these spirits where they wait, somewhere in space. Camps and inns where they are housed until they take up again this mortal coil? And who directs them to their new habitations? When people move from apartment to apartment on earth, there are real-estate agents, owners and so on to be consulted. Also, they must choose their new homes according to their incomes. The good and bad deeds of a soul are comparable to the bank account of the living in this respect. But one gets a statement from the bank every month showing exactly how the account balances. How and by whom is the soul's account of good and bad deeds checked up after each life to determine with what balance he can reenter this world? And, therefore, determining also into what kind of a body.

If two, or a dozen, worthy souls happen to pick out the same body as their future vehicle, how is the dispute settled? Who wins, and why? How is it decided whether a wolf, a trout, a worm, or a bug is the proper dwelling place of a soul? Being decided, how is the presumably reluctant soul induced, or forced, to enter the baby wolf, trout, worm, or bug?

These are all legitimate and in no way irreverent questions. They have been asked by the believers in reincarnation themselves. None has yet agreed upon what it is that determines the habitation of the soul awaiting rebirth.

Mrs. Besant's theosophists do not lay much stress on the reincarnation of souls in animals, but they do believe that "as a man soweth, so shall he reap" in his rebirths. This also is the Buddhist doctrine of "Karma," which teaches that a soul must keep returning to earth until having become freed of all error by perfect living, it is ready for Nirvana, or Paradise.

In the theosophist belief a soul goes after death into a Purgatory, where it still has the craving of the lower passions, but, being unable to satisfy them since it has no body, learns self-control. Then the soul goes into an intermediary state in which it is able to communicate with persons living on earth. Here theosophy ties in with spiritualism. Last, the soul, refined and purified with good and uplifting thoughts, enters the third, a mental world, Paradise.

"There," wrote Mrs. Besant in her last message, "the soul of man remains for shorter or longer periods, depending on the amount of good and useful thought during the earth period. Living there among his friends as he knew them, in unbroken happiness, until he has built into capacities and powers, mental and emotional, all the unselfish and ennobling experiences he gathered on earth. I have known an instance where the Heaven Stay lasted for 2,000 years.

"When all the experiences are assimilated, the soul feels hunger, as it were, for new experiences, and this desire draws it back to earth. The angels guide it to parents who can give the most suitable physical body for its needs, and it is reborn."

Mrs. Besant did not say who these angels were, by what laws they operated, or who was their director. The Tibetan Buddhists, however, are more specific.

There is a purgatory, they say, but it isn't exactly real. It is a region which the soul creates out of its imagination. At the same time, it is entirely real to the soul. It is a long, narrow and weird valley and on each side are innumerable tunnels and caverns. These are all paths leading back to earth and rebirth, and represent every kind of living creature from man to insect.

The moment a man dies, his soul finds itself in this place. Simultaneously, he is surrounded by a crowd of menacing devils. These are his sins and errors, and how many of them there are depends upon how bad he has been. If he has been quite good, the demons are few and feeble. He has time to stroll about and pick out whichever tunnel he likes. He enters it and it closes upon him. Later he finds himself beginning a brand-new life of just the kind he desired.

But if the demons are strong and many, they pursue him up and down the valley until in despair he dives into the nearest tunnel. This closes upon him shutting out the demons, but later he may find himself reincarnated as a pig, a snail, a snake—indeed, as almost anything.

The Malays believe that mothers get the souls for their children when they eat, at a certain time, birds, fishes and animals. An albino, with pink eyes and white skin, is believed by some tribes to be the reincarnated soul of a water spirit. And the souls of very old people are supposed to pass at death into certain funguses, like mushrooms. The souls of younger people are supposed to pass, according to the way they have lived, into the bodies of ants, bees, butterflies, pigs, owls, bats, bearcats or snakes, many of which creatures are known to live in caves and are occasionally seen coming out of tombs. The snake, which frequently goes into a native hut to shed its old skin, leaving it there, has been a symbol of immortality for thousands of years, because it has this trick of being "reborn." It is sacred in many countries where it is most feared, as in India and Africa. Any snake crawling round may be an old departed friend or a relative, so it mustn't be killed.

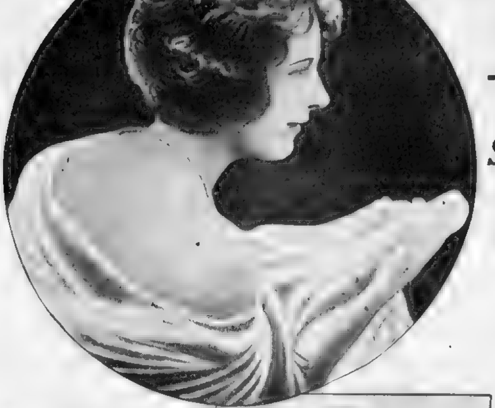
When the Dalai Lama dies in Tibet, his soul is supposed to reincarnate itself in a baby. This baby has certain marks by which it can be identified, and searching parties of monks scour the country examining children born the time the Lama died. Not only is the baby supposed to contain the Lama's soul, but that soul itself to contain a part of the soul of Buddha.

There is a big white crocodile in Ibadan, Southern Nigeria, which has been pampered for 150 years because it is supposed to contain the soul of a famous chief.

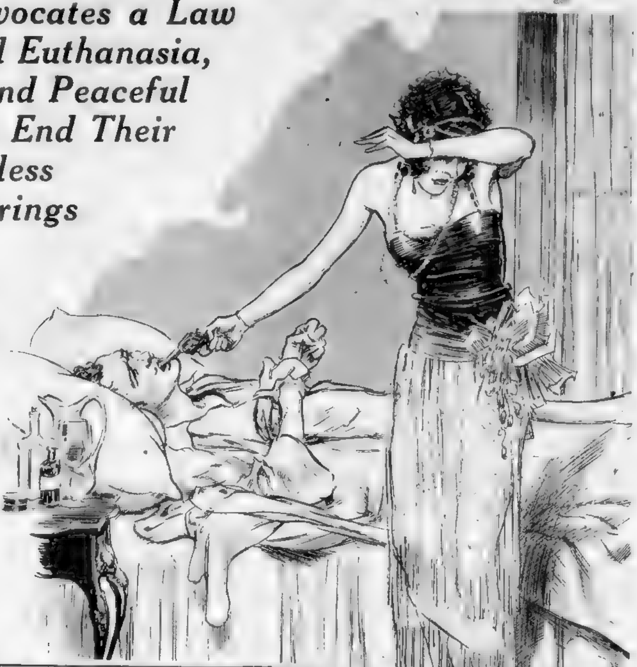
Mrs. Besant declared she herself had been on earth many times—on one occasion 1400 years ago. The theosophists of whom she was the leader go farther, of course, than merely believing in transmigration of souls. They seek to establish a universal brotherhood of man, to encourage the study of religion and philosophy and especially a systematic study of mystic doctrines usually known under the name of "Occultism." Reincarnation, however, is the mainspring of their system of thought.

Nazi Government Urges "Mercy Killings"

Germany's Ministry of Justice Advocates a Law Permitting Incurables to Demand Euthanasia, (Painless and Peaceful Death,) to End Their Useless Sufferings—But Meets Strong Opposition



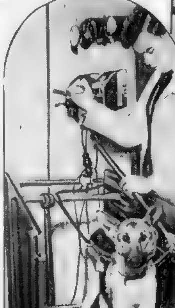
Mlle. Stanislawa Uminska, the Well-Known Polish Actress, Who Killed Her Lover Out of "Pity" and Whose Act the French Jury Decided Was Entirely Justifiable.



The "Mercy Murder" by Mlle. Stanislawa Uminska, Who, at the Appeal of Her Lover Suffering Intolerable and Incurable Agonies, Put a Pistol to His Mouth and Killed Him—and the Jury Acquitted Her, Saying That She Was Justified; an Example of the Kind of Euthanasia the Nazi Government Is Urging, With the State Controlling the Deaths Instead of the Responsibility Being Placed Upon the Individual

Mrs. Ruth B. Weimer, of Los Angeles, Who Killed Her Sister, Mrs. Mabel Agnes Steele, to "Put Her Out of Her Misery," and Who Was Acquitted by a California Jury.

Officials and Spectators Watching a Condemned Murderer Die in a Nevada Prison Death House by Means of Lethal Gas Administered at His Request.



The Electrical Apparatus Used in Berlin, Germany, for the Humane Killing of Dogs, but Science Has Discovered That the Same Methods Which Are Merciful to Human Beings Are Not Merciful to Lower Animals.

Dr. Haiselden, Chicago Physician, Who Was Exonerated for Letting an Idiot Baby Die When He Could Have Saved Its Life.

TO permit euthanasia, putting an incurable patient out of his misery by a painless death, was recently announced as a policy of the new German Nazi Government.

This startling memorandum, issued by the Ministry of Justice and not yet a law, was received with praise and denunciation. The fact that some papers were permitted to criticise the new idea indicates that Dictator Hitler intends to test public feeling before putting it into effect. Among the objecting voices is that of Germania, a Roman Catholic newspaper, which was quick to say:

"The Catholic faith binds the consciences of its followers not to accept this method of shortening the sufferings of incurables who are tormented by pain."

Spokesmen for the Lutheran Church also stated that "human life is something which only God has the right to take away."

On non-religious grounds the objection was raised that unscrupulous persons might use the privilege to get rid of people who were perhaps not in great pain and possibly might recover. In other words, such a law might make murder legal.

The Government answers this by stating that only the patient himself will be permitted to make the request if able to do so; otherwise only his nearest kin, and, in any case, the killing must be done through and with the approval of the physician in charge. Two official doctors will then be appointed to go over the history of the case and examine the patient before the necessary license to kill is issued.

"Why shouldn't a human being be entitled to as much mercy as a dog or a horse?" is one of the most common arguments heard in favor of euthanasia. Any person cruel enough to keep a suffering animal alive after there was no doubt that it could never recover would soon hear from his neighbors and the authorities.

It is, of course, true that one of the most heart-breaking experiences is to hear some doomed dear one plead for something—poison, a knife, anything that would bring the relief of death.

The humane arguments do not, in any way, answer the religious objections. No matter how beneficial or merciful euthanasia may be, it might still be forbidden by Divine authority and therefore wicked. However, it has been pointed out that the very same sort of religious protests forbade the use of chloroform and ether to make operations painless. These objections came from the Bible and were silenced by a new reading and interpretation of that authority.

The Creator, it was argued, made pain, intending man to suffer, and therefore nobody had the right to thwart the intentions of the Deity to have certain persons pay presumably for their sins or those of their fathers "unto the third and fourth generation." This may seem a fantastic and preposterous attitude today, but it was the opinion at the time the blessings of anesthesia were discovered. Almost without opposition, laws were passed prohibiting the [illegible] and use of [illegible] there [illegible] operations, though, [illegible] there was no objection to granting this mercy to dumb animals.

The inevitable happened. The forbidden stuff was "bootlegged" for the benefit, first, of the rich. In their mansions, surrounded by spacious grounds, from which everyone could be excluded, it was not difficult to administer an anaesthetic without knowledge of the authorities. But for [illegible] the surgeon [illegible].

After a while it was found that the police were reluctant to arrest violators and [illegible] high authorities had taken advantage of the forbidden escape from anguish. Many devout [illegible] refused anaesthetics because they [illegible] believed them wicked, and the [illegible] made it [illegible] for everybody.

But it was finally pointed out that one quite remarkable operation is recorded in the Bible. When God created Eve, it is told, He made her out of one of Adam's [illegible] the Master Surgeon [illegible] Adam He caused a [illegible].

On the strength of that justification, no less a personage than Queen Victoria had a baby delivered with the aid of chloroform and the courage publicly to announce it. That good news, spreading over the world, not only put the opposition to sleep, but killed it forever.

Few would deny that any objection against the State putting incurables out of their misery applies with far greater force against an individual performing the act. The killer might have ulterior motives, such as inheriting an estate or wishing to end the expense of the sick room. Even if the motives should be [illegible], the killer might be mistaken about the hopelessness of the case.

Therefore, those so-called "mercy [illegible]" [illegible] punishment [illegible]. One of the most celebrated was that of Mlle. Stanislawa Uminska, a beautiful Polish actress, who shot her lover to death in a Paris hospital where he was dying of cancer and tuberculosis. The court heard her tell how he [illegible] her for prolonging his agony by giving her own blood for transfusions until finally she could no longer stand his pleadings. The final moment with the two alone in the hospital room was one of the most dramatic ever described in court.

"Stanislawa, beloved, put me out of my agony," pleaded the lover, she testified. "If it be sin, it will be my sin, not yours. Put the pistol to my mouth!"

The weeping, heart-broken girl obeyed and heard his whisper:

"Good-bye, darling, good-bye forever. Now pull the trigger."

She did, and the judge charged the jury that undoubtedly a crime had been committed, but that he gave them their privilege of rendering justice. It took them only a few minutes to decide on their "not guilty."

Another French jury did the same for Richard Corbett, an Englishman, who shot and killed his own mother, dying slowly of cancer. An English jury refused to convict Albert Edward Davies, a young father who drowned his little three-year-old daughter in her own little bath tub after the doctor told him she must die of pneumonia. Mrs. Ruth B. Weimer, of Los Angeles, killed her sister, who had been released from an insane asylum, because of her hopeless condition, and a jury acquitted her.

A case that aroused wide attention was that of Dr. H. J. Haiselden, of Chicago, and the Bollinger baby. The baby was a malformed idiot. An operation would have saved its life, but would not have cured its idiocy. Dr. Haiselden refused to perform the operation. A coroner's jury exonerated him.

The question [illegible] to how the State should perform euthanasia.

One method that has been suggested by physicians is to give a strong enough hypodermic of morphine to insure a deep sleep, but not enough to cause the distressing symptoms that sometimes go with a fatal dose. During this sleep the patient would then be carried into a lethal chamber, where unadulterated carbon monoxide gas would be gradually added to the air, causing the incurable to pass from sleep to death.

One difficulty of determining the matter is the lack of opportunity to experiment. Obviously, human subjects are out of the question, and it has only recently been discovered that observations upon lower animals such as dogs and cats cannot be applied to human beings because of the differences in psychology, nervous systems, sharpness of senses and so on. What would, presumably, be a merciful death for a man would be cruelest torture to a dog or cat, and vice versa.

For example, many who have made a scientific study of the subject state that except for electrocution, which is not ordinarily available, the only merciful death is to shoot the animal through the brain. Most veterinarians know this well enough, but soon learn better than to urge it. The owner of the animal is almost certain to protest against such violent killing, suggestive of "murder," and give the job to some one else. And if this is felt about dogs, how much more would it harrow the hearts of relatives to see the method used on a beloved husband, wife or mother?

This and other surprising discoveries of the kind are revealed in a booklet recently printed in England—"Euthenasia of Dogs and Cats," by Lieutenant-Colonel Wakefield Rainey, former Director-General of the British Army Veterinarian Service.

As long as he is willing to pay for it, the owner sees no reason why his dog or cat should not be made insensible to pain by ether or chloroform, exactly as the doctors did for him before an operation. The trouble is that these anaesthetics act quite differently on man and the lower animals. To man's blunted sense of smell, chloroform and ether are not particularly unpleasant, but to a dog, especially the hunting varieties, which, next to the elephant, probably have the keenest noses of any sizeable animal, these smells are not only abominable but terrifying. Consciously he has no idea what they are, but instinctively he knows they are "death-smells."

The terrified animal struggles to escape the smells and to retain consciousness to the last possible moment. To make things worse, his cruder brain is so different from the human brain that it would take many times longer, even if he did not resist.

[illegible] where he intends to put to death by gas, mostly from the exhaust of a gas engine. The poisonous element in this gas is carbon monoxide, which the human nose does not detect when mixed with ordinary air. Colonel Rainey's tests show that dogs recognize it instantly and will do anything in their power to flee from it.

An extra cruelty is added to the lethal chamber by the fact that dogs, cats and probably most animals are powerfully influenced by claustrophobia, an instinctive dread of being imprisoned in a dark chamber. Missing the [illegible] at least mit[illegible] terror. Colonel Rainey says:

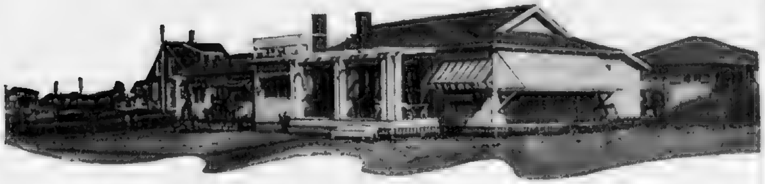
"It has occasionally happened that man has been overcome by the exhaust of a motor [illegible] and, on recovering, [illegible] was not [illegible] assumed from that [illegible] that motor gas is a humane way for destroying animals.

"The evidence to the contrary includes the fact that the dogs do not just become unconscious [illegible] quietly, as a man does [illegible], they seem to be driven frantic with fear and distress, dashing themselves against the sides of the chamber and howling piteously."

In Nevada, a form of euthanasia is allowed prisoners condemned to death. They are allowed to choose execution by gas in place of hanging or shooting. The lethal chamber is equipped with windows which permit spectators to see what is going on within, but do not permit the condemned to look out. This is humane to the man, but, as Lieutenant-Colonel Rainey points out, would be cruelty to a dog, which would feel better if he could see the people watching him die.

Asks $100,000 for the Loss of His Wife's "Mental Love"

Wealthy Aviator Burgess, of Boston, Wants a Jury to Decide if, When Popular Novelist Brown Monopolized Mrs. Burgess's "Intellectual Companionship," He Didn't Steal Her Just as Completely as Though They Had Eloped



Novelist Royal Brown's Picturesque Bungalow Home Near Scituate, Mass., Where Mr. Burgess Was Forced to Make a Landing in His Airplane, Saving His Life, but Later Losing His Wife's "Mental Love," He Claims.

Mrs. Clifford T. Burgess, Whose Husband Is Suing Novelist Brown on the Interesting Charge of Having Stolen Her "Mental Love."

A Smiling Pose of Mrs. Burgess.

Novelist Brown at the Fireside of His Picturesque Scituate, Mass., Home.

Mr. Clifford T. Burgess, Who Has Sued Mr. Brown for $100,000 for Monopolizing His Wife's Mentality.

NO man can be hanged merely for wishing to murder somebody, and no man can divorce his wife for letting her thoughts range in forbidden pastures so long as she does not turn those thoughts into actions. But if, though remaining entirely faithful to her husband physically, she gives her intellectual companionship to another man, is that such an infringement of marital rights that the husband is justified in suing the lady's "mental comrade" for $100,000?

Mr. Clifford T. Burgess, aviator and member of Boston fashionable society, thinks so, and that is what he is doing to Royal Brown, one of the best known American writers of light fiction. He declares through his attorney, William Randolph Scharton, of Boston, that Brown had no right to enjoy his wife's "mental love," and that in doing so the author broke up his happy home life.

Mr. Burgess's wife was Hazel Rene Van Cannell, of exclusive social circles in Cleveland. She is only 25, unusually attractive, cultured and clever. Mr. Burgess charges that Mr. Brown took her to night clubs, speakeasies, hotel restaurants and other earthly and fleshly places, but the author says that the companionship was entirely "a literary one, on the highest mental plane," and that she provided him with "mental exhilaration." They went to these places together to get "atmosphere" for stories on which they were collaborating.

This may sound like the usual attempt to cover a quite ordinary love affair but, in this case, it evidently is not. Even Mr. Burgess considers the "infidelity" entirely mental. As further evidence that this is a "mental triangle," Mrs. Royal Brown stands by her husband and says it is quite all right. Mrs. Persis Brown thinks that as long as she doesn't mind Royal's running around in the mental stratosphere with Rene, Mr. Burgess shouldn't either.

But Mr. Burgess does mind. He has an airplane and a pilot's license, but these won't take him high enough to be with Royal and Rene on the exalted mental and literary plane. He asks how any husband would feel, even if he was quite sure his wife was entirely without physical reproach, when he saw her gazing at empty space with a rapt expression and knew she was thinking things about another man which he could not get her to think about himself. He has now lost his wife altogether, because she is suing him for divorce, charging cruel and abusive treatment.

Among the things that confused, enraged and made Mr. Burgess feel that he was not on the same literary level with his wife and his mental rival, is the following poem which he says Mr. Brown admits having written and sent to Mrs. Burgess:

TO MY GIRL ON NEW YEAR'S DAY.

January 1st, 1933.

A wonderful girl, woman and aid,
One who was better, God never made;
A wonderful worker, loyal and true
Just one in a million, dear Rene that is you.
Perfect in your judgment, always right
Honest and liberal, ever upright.
Loved by your friends, and all whom you knew,
A wonderful girl, dear Rene that is you.
If anything happens, and you care for no other,
We will always be waiting, your sisters and mother.
We had to part with you two years ago
Our hearts were sad, someone's else was aglow.
If you could only come back for a week or two,
Just to cheer us up, so we would not be blue.
Your pictures are left for us as a token,
But nevertheless all our hearts have been broken.
(signed) MOTHER.

Mr. Burgess says that his wife had agreed to discontinue her collaboration with Mr. Brown, and that they had lived happily together for a year, when this curious poem caused her to begin seeing the author of it again.

To use a somewhat unliterary expression, that signature "got the husband's goat." Older men have often enough claimed that their love for a pretty young woman was "purely paternal." Considering that Mr. Brown is 21 years older than Mrs. Burgess it would not have been strange had he signed it "Daddy." But why did he sign it "Mother"?

The mother poem is to be introduced as evidence in the suit and so will passages from books by Kraft-Ebing, the famous sex-psychologist, who says that in some relationships "mental love takes the place of physical love." There will also be citations from the learned writings of Adler, Jung and even Freud himself of the famous Viennese school of psychology to prove the same point.

The husband says that after he found that poem he called on Brown with a demand that he repress that mother love for Rene, along with any other varieties, and not to see her any more. But he complains that the author refused. Burgess then told his wife that he required her to be mentally as well as physically true. One's thoughts are hard things to control, and he says that Mrs. Burgess replied:

"I am your wife. I will be faithful to you but you must permit me the freedom of a mental choice."

When Burgess wouldn't allow her that freedom, his wife packed her bags and left him with only $15 in her purse. He says that Brown gave her the carfare to her home town in Cleveland, Ohio. It takes cash to travel on an earthly plane.

About the time Author Brown first became mentally interested in Mrs. Burgess he wrote an article on the qualities which men most admire in women. Among other things he listed these:

"(Youth.) Men admire, always, the quality of youth. Real youth, of course, and also youth of the spirit. Some women have it all their lives, a certain indomitability that refuses to be quenched by life. Sarah Bernhardt was young when she died.

"(Zest.) Men admire a girl with zest for life, who always has a good time and whose enthusiasm is contagious.

"(Brains.) Men admire brains. Not the sort of brains that show themselves in academic learning or affected superiority, but the kind that flash forth in quick wit. They admire a girl who listens intelligently, who is swift of comeback.

"(Pep.) Men admire 'pep.' A word utterly without charm in itself, it signifies charm none the less. The girl who has 'pep' has courage. She rises to life the way a thoroughbred hunter rises to a five-rail fence. Men admire courage in women and a sporting instinct when they are in love. They admire them even more after marriage.

"(Smartness.) Men confess a contempt for style, but they do admire smartness. And daintiness as well.

"(Most of All.) And most of all they admire a girl who somehow makes them feel six feet tall both physically and mentally. Very few men are six feet tall either way, and the illusion is precious to them.

"The girl who has all these qualities and is a beauty to begin with is irresistible. As irresistible as Helen of Troy or Cleopatra."

The prelude to all this mental trouble began in 1927, as neatly as the start of one of Mr. Brown's best stories. Burgess, then a bachelor and owning the Flying Service at Pawtucket, R. I., was buzzing over Cape Cod in his plane when engine trouble caused a forced landing on the wide grounds of "Humarock," the Brown estate, near Scituate, Mass. Mr. Brown and his wife, coming out of the house to see who had dropped in on them, persuaded the visitor to stay over night. From this chance meeting developed a strong friendship.

In December, 1930, while the Browns were away at their Florida home, Burgess wed Hazel Rene Van Cannell, one of the most beautiful girls [illegible] Cleveland fashionable society. They [illegible] on an aerial honeymoon touring [illegible] United States.

Upon their return they found that the Browns had opened their Scituate estate and paid them a surprise visit. The author was immediately attracted to the newly-wed Mrs. Burgess, Mr. Burgess charges, and when Mrs. Burgess declared that the old adage that two could live as cheaply as one was a myth, Novelist Brown offered to help increase her income.

Mr. Brown explained to his newly-wed friend that he had been writing romances since 1915, but now needed the help of a fresh young mind to interpret to him the thoughts and behavior of modern flaming youths and youthesses. This seemed reasonable to Mr. Burgess who knew that artists, even if they have drawn the same model 50 times can't draw her again from memory, and that many musicians can't even play "Home Sweet Home" unless they have their music sheets with them. No doubt authors had the same weakness in their line.

All went well, apparently, until some of Burgess' friends, who doubtless live on a lower plane, kept on telling that they had seen his wife and the author at this and that Cape Cod roadhouse.

Of course, they were professionally collecting "atmosphere," but Burgess wanted to know why Mrs. Burgess was along on these atmosphere-imbibing expeditions. What alarmed him the most was the author's statement that Rene gave him mental exhilaration.

Men don't marry women and pay their bills to have them exhilarate some other man, and Burgess requested Brown to get another collaborator. When the author declined to swear off on his exhilaration, friendship between the two men ceased. A similar appeal to his wife was more successful. To prevent their marriage from crashing, Rene gave up seeing Brown any more except with the mind's eye. The aviator says they were reasonably happy for a while until he got to reading his wife's mind and knew that her growing coldness for him was caused by those thoughts of the author typing away alone at "Humarock."

Rudyard Kipling related that the captain of a Gloucester fishing schooner got so he could "think like a fish." This was bad for the fish. Reading a mind is not, however, the same as thinking like it. Nevertheless, they got along until that mother poem started the year of 1933 off all wrong. Burgess also says that the material profit of a young woman collaborating with a popular author are considerable. Besides many presents of jewelry, he states that his wife received impressive amounts of money. Once [illegible] a $1,000.

But in a document by which Brown made Mrs. Burgess his literary executor, giving her all his [illegible] unfinished stories in case anything should happen to him and Mr. Brown, he describes the help she gave him, giving her credit for the ideas and treatment of several of his best stories and giving her substantial interest in the proceeds of these and others. Mr. Burgess waives all this aside, saying:

"Nevertheless, he stole my wife's love, even if it was only mental, and broke up my happy home, for which he should pay me $100,000 damages."

Mr. Brown, through his counsel, denies this contention and declares that if a man can't go around with another man's wife just for the mental [illegible]tion that she may provide, then all the courts in the country would be busy hearing nothing but heart balm suits day in and day out.

All of which should give the Boston jury which will ponder the case about twelve headaches, on the highest mental plane.

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Unblushing Confessions of a Ve

Netley Lucas, a Born Criminal, After Years of Activity in the Und of Many Cities and Countries, Suddenly Manages to Gain the Confidence of Q and Distinguished Personages, Goes Again—And Now Reveals How He Did It All

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Netley Lucas — This Remarkable Young Crook Kept Himself Well Groomed and Carefully Dressed, and When His Criminal Schemes Were Profitable He Had Dogs, Horses, Automobiles and Even a Yacht.

By Netley Lucas

CHAPTER I.

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FROM my earliest recollection as a child, if I coveted a thing, I stole it without the least compunction. I have always taken a woman with exactly the same disregard of consequences as I have robbed a man's pocket. I have loved hundreds upon hundreds of women, but I have never lied to them, and I know of no one of my loves who regrets her association with me.

I am now thirty years old, and I do not wish to excuse my criminal life by hiding behind the skirts of heredity, but my father was a drunkard, and it was during a drunken brawl that he was murdered. I am perfectly certain in my own mind that in some degree the sins of my father have been reincarnated in me. His passion for women [illegible] a large fortune, and my own love for the opposite sex has not only cost me considerably over $100,000 during the last three or four years, but also several terms of imprisonment. I am known to the police of the whole world as a confirmed, habitual criminal.

My father and grandfather were prosperous Englishmen, and at the age of seven I was sent to Bedford School, in England, and at this early age I was a thief. As the years passed, I maintained the same devil-may-care attitude in my business relations and my criminal activities, and also in my dealings with women.

It was while at school, and at a very early age that I became a real crook, for I forged my housemaster's signature to orders on clothiers and booksellers. Indeed, I organized several of the most turbulent spirits amongst my school fellows and constituted a shoplifting gang. We would enter a shop in a bunch, and while one boy asked for something in the window, the others would fill their school bags with whatever lay close at hand. We established secret headquarters in the cellar of an empty house, and here we used to gather and hold meetings. At this time—I was scarcely twelve—I discovered that I could influence the few girls and women with whom I came into contact, in a peculiar manner. The "devil" that was in me had some hypnotic attraction for them; it was truly a dangerous discovery for a child to make.

My delinquencies at last brought my school career to an end, and I started out to make my way in the world with a few shillings in my pocket. Shipping as a member of the cabin crew of the steamship London Castle, I made a voyage to South Africa and, returning to London, a tailor's dummy immaculately clad in a new blue uniform with brass buttons drew my attention as I passed a shop. I stopped and looked at it—and glancing from my dirty dungarees to the smartness of the suit in the shop window, I pictured myself inside that uniform. My decision was a rapid one, and a few minutes later a smart young "naval midshipman" began his career as a social privateer to earn his living by his wits.

I had made the acquaintance of a man on my voyage out to South Africa whose name was Gerald Chilfont, and I decided to adopt that name during my masquerade as a British midshipman on leave. My uniform gave me entrance to many clubs, where I was outwardly a respectable member of the navy, but secretly a thief and a trickster looking always for an opportunity to enrich myself at the expense of others.

At one officers' club at which I stayed, for this was in war time, most of the helpers were society women doing war work, and it was here that I met a woman I will call "Echo"—a titled woman to whom the war was a godsend, for it had taken her away from her husband whom she loathed and given her an opportunity for an unbridled freedom of conduct which, in normal times, would have been more or less impossible. But I will pass over my luxurious life as this woman's "secretary," which finally ended by my leaving her and moving to a hotel in the Strand, where I registered, as usual, as "Gerald Chilfont."

Photograph of the Late Gaby Deslys, Favorite of Kings and Millionaires, Whose Famous Pearls Netley Lucas Schemed to Steal During the Actress' Engagement at a London Theatre.

It has always been part of my philosophy of life that "something is bound to turn up," and this belief in the benevolence of Fate has helped me over many difficult patches of my life. I was not particularly surprised, therefore, when, soon after I had signed the register at the hotel, a very attractive woman buttonholed me in the lounge, telling me that she had seen that I was a South African and that, as she herself hailed from that part of the world, she felt I might welcome a chat with a fellow-countryman. The excuse was weak, and it did not take me long to realize that there was something more behind this meeting than appeared on the surface. After a cocktail, the woman suddenly looked at me from under her eyelashes and said quietly:

"I know Gerald Chilfont. I am under the impression that he's in South Africa now. Odd, isn't it?"

There was no mistaking the challenge of her eyes. What was the woman's game? Blackmail? If so, she was barking up the wrong tree, indeed.

"I think you are mistaken," I said quickly, and started to rise from my chair.

"Stay where you are." She almost spat the words at me, and I sank back into my seat. "I know who you are. I came from South Africa on the London Castle; so did you! What's your game, Lucas—turned crook?"

"You win," I said. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Nothing, boy," replied my vis-a-vis, "I'm the same as you are, a crook. I'm known as 'Gipsy' Lee. Come up to my room and we'll have a chat. Room 197." She rose from her chair, a magnificent creature of the ultra-sophisticated type, and with "Good-bye, Mr. Chilfont,; so glad to have met you," sailed across the lounge and disappeared. I ordered another drink and considered the position. Should I beat it, or accept this woman's invitation to her room and hear what she had to say? I decided to accept her offer, for possibly she might be of use to me. In any case, women make implacable enemies, and she might quite easily give me away to the police if I did not fall in with her wishes.

Therefore, I wandered across the lounge and up to the third floor, where I knocked discreetly at the door of 197. A low voice bade me enter. It is a sidelight on the crook psychology that conventions do not exist amongst criminals, and the fact that I should be alone with this attractive woman in her bedroom meant nothing to either of us—it was simply a convenient meeting place for two crooks, and sex did not enter into it.

I found "Gipsy" Lee lying on her bed in a state of deshabille. She motioned me to a chair and tossed over a box of cigarettes.

"Well, what's your racket?" she asked carelessly, as she watched a smoke ring from her cigarette.

"Any racket that pays," I replied, "what's yours?"

For a few moments "Gipsy" smoked on in silence—watching me meditatively from beneath her heavily-lidded eyes. Then she laughed softly.

"My game, young man," she said, in a peculiarly hushed voice, "is any game—short of murder. I say 'any game,' so long as I can get enough money to buy 'snow.'"

Suddenly she raised herself on her elbow, and leaning towards me, she almost hissed:

"The dope's got me, boy! Got me, I tell you. I can't live without cocaine."

"Can't you give it up?" I murmured fatuously. "Gipsy" Lee flashed me a scornful look and threw herself down again on the pillows. Then followed

"Brilliant" Chang, Notorious Chinese Dope Dealer, With Whom Lucas Was Associated for a Time in London.

The Entrance to Brixton

Father and Mother of Netley Lucas, Alias Evelyn Graham, Alias Albert E. Marriott.

a long talk. She asked me I had been doing and w planned to do, listening at tively as I recited my ad tures since I had run away f school. When I told her a "Echo" and why I had left a look of approval came her face.

"Keep away from that di stuff," she said. "Be a cro but don't sink to the level o sponge," and she went on give me advice about living a criminal existen "Never underestimate the capabilities of the p lice," she warned. "They are not such fools Scotland Yard as some crooks will try and lea you to believe. Above all, keep your mouth shut —especially with women."

As the afternoon wore on, "Gipsy" Lee told me something of her own amazing career. Here is a slight resume: Gipsy Lee, alias Diamond Queen, Madame St. Leger, Madame St. Clair, Mrs. Wheatley, and, for all I know, a hundred other noms de guerre, was a jewel thief and confidence trickster with an international reputation. She had traveled all over the world and had been in prison on both sides of the Atlantic, but was known to be a crook of the best class, true to her pals, and a clean worker with a brain craftier than the police gave her credit for. I listened, fascinated, as she told me tales of her exploits, and when she finally suggested that we should join forces for a time I eagerly accepted.

Then it was with this amazing woman that I got my first glimpse of the real underworld of London. With her as my cicerone I learned the byways of the great capital where thieves exist and where honesty is an absent quantity. "Gipsy" Lee, of course, was really old enough to be my mother, although she did not look a day over thirty, and I have always been glad that our relationship was pure and on a strictly business basis.

Had we ever allowed sex to enter into our scheme of life it would have spoiled a friendship which was very pleasant during the short period that it lasted. Years later, when I had risen to the mysterious eminence of "Evelyn Graham," I read in L'Intransigeant in Paris that "Gipsy" had

rsatile Rascal

erworld and in the Jails Takes a New Name, ueens, Princesses to Prison

to the police all over the world and with a criminal record
is childhood Netley Lucas, international crook, accomplished
st remarkable achievement when the Queen of Spain unsus-
lcomed him for a private audience in her boudoir in the Royal
drid. Lucas, the criminal, had changed his name to Graham
ded as a very distinguished literary man. He fooled the Brit-
Office into serving him, imposed on the Spanish palace offi-
edled the Queen into collaborating with him in her biography.
s his exploit with Lord Justice Darling, one of the most se-
. judges in the criminal courts of England, was even more dar-
he jailbird, and the Lord Justice, sat together in intimate con-
le the rascal obtained material for the biography which the
lreamed was being prepared by a beguiling criminal.
s only thirty but the experiences he details on these pages
ied and remarkable enough to fill a long lifetime.

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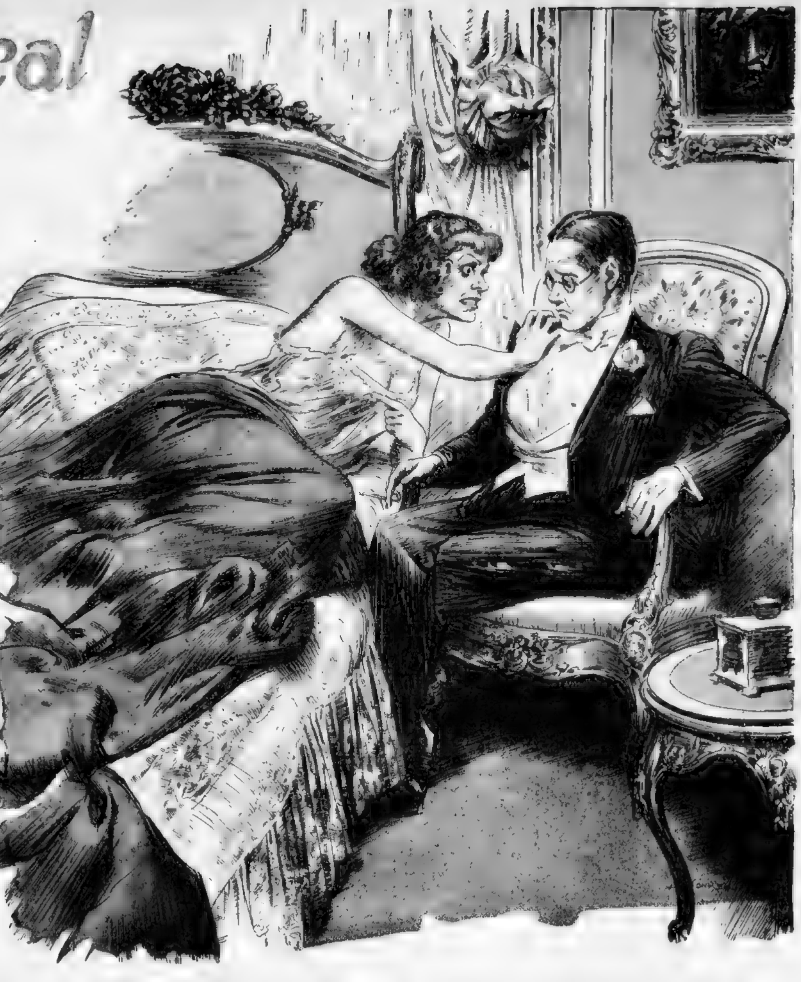
ath London, Where Netley Lucas Found Himself Behind the Bars.



"I found 'Gipsy' Lee lying on her bed in a state of deshabille. She motioned me to a chair and tossed over a box of cigarettes. For a few moments 'Gipsy' smoked on in silence—watching me meditatively from beneath her heavily lidded eyes. Then she laughed softly.

"'My game, young man,' she said in a peculiarly hushed voice, 'is any game—short of murder. I say "any game," so long as I can get enough money to buy "snow".' Suddenly she raised herself on her elbow, and, leaning towards me, she almost hissed, 'The dope's got me, boy! Got me, I tell you. I can't live without cocaine.'"

been arrested for trying to steal a jewel case at the Gare de Lyon. I visited her in the St. Lazare prison and found her an old woman, slowly dying of cancer. I provided her with a lawyer, but unhappily she was eventually convicted and sentenced to three years' imprisonment. A few months later she died in prison.

Soon after I had met her for the first time at that hotel, she called me up to her room and, her eyes sparkling with excitement, told me that she had got the "tip" about a valuable necklace belonging to a woman staying in the hotel, the wife of a mining director.

"I want you to find out where she keeps the 'rocks,'" said "Gipsy," "and we go fifty-fifty if we pull off the job successfully."

At first I demurred, because this was the first occasion upon which I had considered indulging in robbery on a large scale. However, I eventually agreed, and that evening, sitting in the lounge with "Gipsy" Lee, I was introduced to Mrs. Van der Hum, the woman we were to rob. Mrs. Van der Hum was certainly an attractive ttle woman and, assisted by my smart uniform nd young-old manner, I soon found that I had iade another conquest. "Gipsy" Lee, pleading nother engagement, left us alone and, taking iy cue, I invited the wealthy South African womin to dine with me.

Over coffee and liqueurs I steered the conversation round to jewel thefts, and related how a fictitious sister of mine had recently suffered it the hands of thieves at a seaside hotel.

"Women who don't know how to take care of ewelry deserve to lose it," I said.

"Yes," replied the pretty Mrs. Van der Hum; I take good care to keep mine where no thief ould dream of looking for it."

"Where's that?" I asked idly. "In the bottom awer amongst the frills? Lucky diamonds!"

"Don't be silly; you'd never guess."

"I'm not going to try."

"Shall I tell you?"

"I wish you'd tell my sister. I've no diaionds to hide!"

"Tell her"—my attractive guest lowered her voice like a conspirator—"to try her hat-box, among the trimmings of a hat."

I changed the subject, called for the bill, and suggested that we might go to dance somewhere.

Well, the necklace fetched $5,000 at London's biggest "fence." "Gipsy" Lee handed me my half share with scrupulous fairness, and departed for the Continent. I did not see her again for many years—until, indeed, as I have told you, I was able to offer her legal aid in Paris at the time of her last arrest before she died in prison.

As for myself, I stayed on at the same hotel for a time. I had $2,500—my half share of the necklace money. No one suspected us of being the thieves. Flight would have only drawn suspicion down on me, and I even went with Mrs. Van der Hum to Bow Street police station to report her loss! Two weeks later I went down to Southampton to see her off on the Balmoral Castle for Durban. Her necklace was insured, so that she did not suffer personally at my hands—at least in the matter of the theft. I heard later that her husband bought her an even finer necklace, and I promptly wrote and told her to take better care of this one than she had of the last.

My life now became that of any young officer on leave in London at that hectic time. Night clubs, dancing, champagne, and nights in girls' flats, with days at the races. I lived from day to day, taking no heed of the morrow; and if I had been asked at that time what the future held for me, I should merely have replied that life was just the space between two different love affairs—the days merely entr'actes between the nights.

The net was gradually closing round me, however, and it was not long before disaster overtook me.

I was dining one night at the Savoy with a very attractive little thing called Phyllis, when the waiter whispered to me that I was wanted on the telephone. Excusing myself to my companion I wandered out of the restaurant, and as I made my way towards the telephone booths two men stepped up to me, and quietly one of them said:

"Netley Lucas, I have a warrant for your arrest for masquerading as an officer and obtaining money by false pretences."

The game was up. The hand of the law—no stranger to me in after years—descended on my shoulder for the first time, and from that moment I ceased to be an ordinary citizen and became what I have been ever since—"known to the police" and one of London's recognizable crooks.

"I have nothing to say," I remarked to the Scotland Yard officers, "will you let me pay for my dinner and see that my guest has a taxi?"

Politely they agreed, although they followed close behind me as I explained to Phyllis that I was "suddenly called away," got her cloak for her, and saw her safely into a taxi. Then retrieving my hat and coat I lit a cigarette, and held my hands out towards the police officers with a grin. But they both laughed and shook their heads.

"No, my boy," the senior said, "we're not going to handcuff you. We know you'll come along quietly."

I have always found the many police detectives with whom I have come in contact to be good sportsmen. I have heard crooks accuse them of committing perjury and "swearing a man's life away," but in my own extensive experience I have always found them to be men of understanding with a rigid code of honor. They have their duty to do, and often it is a far from pleasant one. Never have I seen a detective gloat over a capture or attempt in any way to hurt the feelings of a prisoner. It is just a case of "heads we win, tails you lose, old man," and that is how I always regarded the Scotland Yard men whose duty has made it necessary for them to snatch me from freedom to the miseries of "durance vile."

That night I spent in a cell at Bow Street police station, and the next morning I appeared before the magistrate, Mr. Cecil Chapman, at the Police Court.

The proceedings were short. The presiding magistrate remanded me for trial to the Pentonville Remand Home for seven days. But three days were sufficient for me, and one night as the boys were counted in to supper, I hid in one of the dormitories, unobserved, and when all was quiet climbed to the roof and dropped into a narrow lane and escaped. But the drab uniform which the prisoners of the Remand Home wore made me an object of suspicion, and I was soon captured and taken back again.

When my case came up for trial, the magistrate sentenced me to three months in a probation home, and on the first Sunday evening I sneaked out after dark, clad in corduroy breeches and jersey—and walked back to London. Here I became a gamin of the London streets, picking pockets and "drumming" with a gang of boys.

"Drumming," perhaps I should explain. Three or four of the boys take a bus or train out to a suburb, and then look for a house without lights. One of the gang, carrying boot-laces or flowers, or some cheap merchandise, then goes up to the door and knocks. If there is a reply, he peddles his wares, but if there is no response, he signals to his watching confreres, and they break into the house and loot it. This, of course, is only one form of house breaking. Thus I spent some weeks amongst the petty crooks and down-and-outs of London. But the law was bound to overtake me sooner or later. And it did.

One evening the police of Bow Street station decided to clean up the neighborhood where our gang made its hangout, and thus I was gathered in with others.

I was recognized in court as a runaway from . probation home, and this time was sent to rixton Prison for seven days, and then sent to the British naval training ship Cornwall to become a sailor. For a year I spent a wretched existence on this reformatory training ship and lost weight pound by pound until I was almost a living skeleton. I decided that life was unbearable on the Cornwall, and on one dark night, at the slack of the tide, with my clothing wrapped up in a watertight cooking utensil, stark naked, I swam ashore. Thus once more I returned to the underworld. And this time I wore a British sailor's uniform with a cap ribbon, picked up at a sailors' club, bearing the words "H. M. S. Victory."

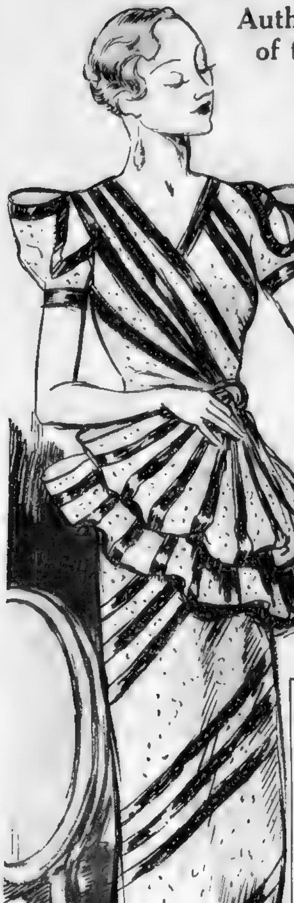
After a time I found that it was becoming a bit too risky to continue to wear a uniform, and therefore, after a good "touch" of $500 from a pocketbook which I lifted from a man in a city resort known as the London Tavern, I dashed off to the world-famous Moss Bros., in Covent Garden, and bought myself a complete outfit of civilian clothes. Two hours later, with a couple of good-looking suit-cases containing two lounge suits, evening clothes, and all the usual "trim-

Continued on Page 22

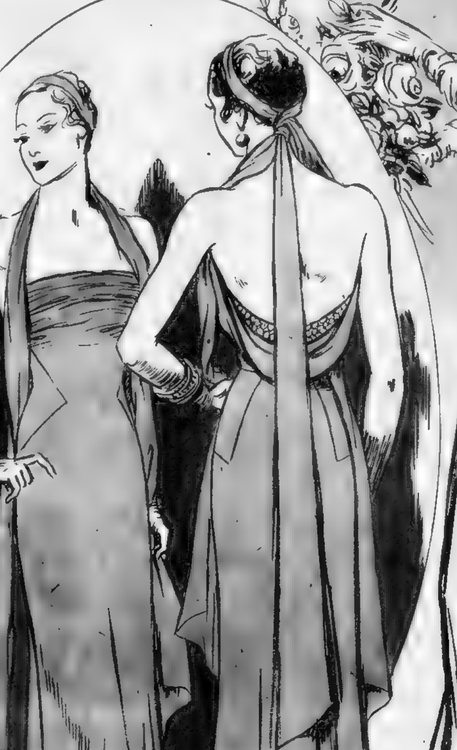
The New Evening Gowns

Authoritative and Newest Fashions From the Studios of the Famous French Dress Creators, Drawn by Soulie, Foremost Fashion Artist of Paris

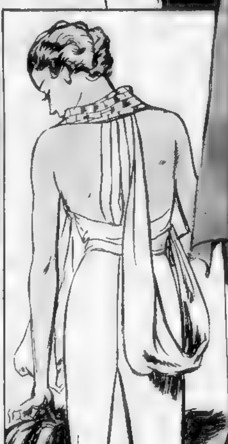
These Latest Paris Models Offer Suggestions for American Dressmakers and May be Copied or Adapted by Them in American Materials.



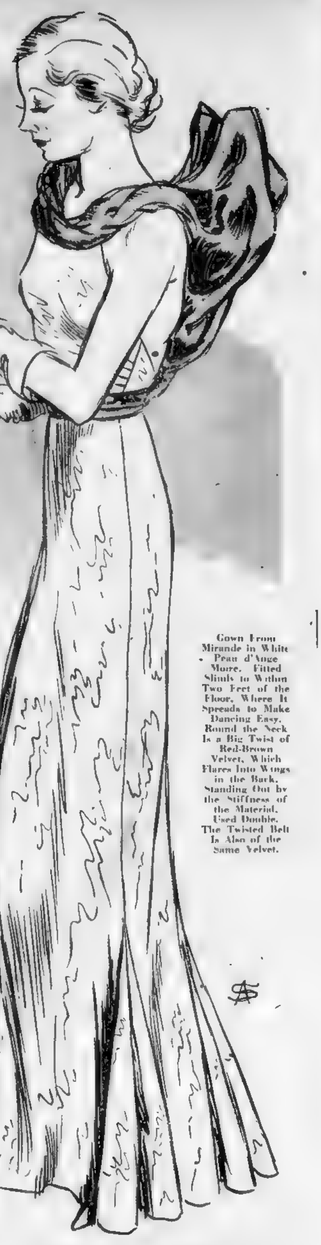
Gown From Cherut in One of the New Heavy Lames. The Material Is Black, a Satiny Surface Mingled With Gold Threads, and Striped Diagonally With Bands of Black Satin. The Gown Is Very Slim and Straight. At the Waist There Is a Sort of Basque Effect, Made of Double Puffs of the Material, Flattened in Front, and Giving an Assymetric Line. The Bodice Is Closely Wrapped Round the Figure and There Are the Little Sleeves Which Are a Feature of So Many of the New Evening Models.



Gown From Lanvin of Pale Green Crepe-Romain. The Material Is Laid in Unpressed Folds Across the Upper Part of the Bodice. In the Back There Is a Very Deep Decollete, With a Touch of Gold Nailhead Embroidery Above the Draped Green Crepe. There is a Long Narrow Scarf Which Is Looped Around the Body, One End Brought Up and Tied Around the Head, With a Knot in the Back of the Neck, and One End Left to Fall in the Back, or Wound Around the Arm. This Is Very New.



Gown From Maggy Rouff in White. Very Slim Seen From the Front, but in the Back There Are Godets Which Touch the Floor and Give a Slight Train Effect. The Bodice Is Cut Right Up to the Neck in Front. In the Back It Is Cut Very Low, but Veiled by the Sling Scarfs Embroidered Around the Neck Part With Gold Square Spangles, Dull and Shiny.



Gown From Mirande in White Peau d'Ange Moire. Fitted Slimly to Within Two Feet of the Floor, Where It Spreads to Make Dancing Easy. Round the Neck Is a Big Twist of Red-Brown Velvet, Which Flares Into Wings in the Back, Standing Out by the Stiffness of the Material, Used Double. The Twisted Belt Is Also of the Same Velvet.

PARIS, Nov. 2

THE new evening mode is immensely interesting. After all the ruffles and ruches of the Summer, the designers seem to be hesitating as to whether they shall go on with them in more Wintry materials, or whether they shall abandon them altogether for slim, elegant gowns, each with a touch of individuality about its slimness that leaves plenty of room for invention. Even though many of the big houses show ruffled and flared models, the [illegible] [illegible] the pencil silhouette—always with a different [illegible], will reign among smart women this Winter. It will not look like a mere slip of material. It will always have a touch of originality about the handling somewhere. That is why I call it the new evening slimness.

One of the reasons it seems so sure of success, is the beauty and richness of the new evening fabrics, which are so handsome in themselves that they do not need any trimming. Many of them are extraordinarily heavy. There are Lyons velvets, slipper satins, ottoman in various widths of welt, moire, faille, and even some all-silk brocades, and quite a bit of lame. The new lames have their metal so discreetly handled that they do not look too flamboyant. In these times, a woman would hardly dare to appear in a very rich, patterned, colorful lame, for fear of being thought overdressed. But a slight intermingling of metal in the weave itself only gives brilliance. And we like brilliance this Winter, what with the panne velvets, and the shiny satins.

One of the new lames is shown on this page in the model from Cherut. It is a satiny fabric, woven of black and gold mixed threads, with groups of diagonal stripes in plain black satin, which are cleverly employed to accentuate the cutting of the gown. The skirt is very slim and straight. The bodice is closely wrapped around the figure. Instead of a belt there is a sort of basque arrangement asymetric in line, flattened in the front, but flaring slightly at the sides. There are short sleeves, for many of the handsomest evening gowns now have them.

Among the firmer materials which have come into their own this Winter is the much neglected moire. There is a tradition that it is an elderly woman's fabric, but there is no hint of the dowager about the gown made in white peau d'ange moire, by Mirande. She has kept the slim, close line through the model to a point well below the knee. Here the skirt flares in inset godets, which make dancing in it easy. One wonders really how women are going to dance in the very straight skirts shown by some houses. They will have to confine themselves to a very discreet tango, for they could never do a Viennese waltz in one of them.

Beginning with moire, Mirande goes on to the most popular material of the Winter—velvet. She takes stiff Lyons velvet in a wine-red shade, the brown-red of Bordeaux rather than the purple-red of Burgundy. She twists this into a sort of necklace fold around the high neck of the front of the bodice—nearly all the new gowns are high in front—and almost covers the deep back decollete by the velvet wings, which are very angelic. Notice that instead of standing out around the arms, as the ruches did this Summer, they are pushed right to the back, in the new way. They run down to the waist and turn into a twisted belt, set at the natural place. Here is an exciting model.

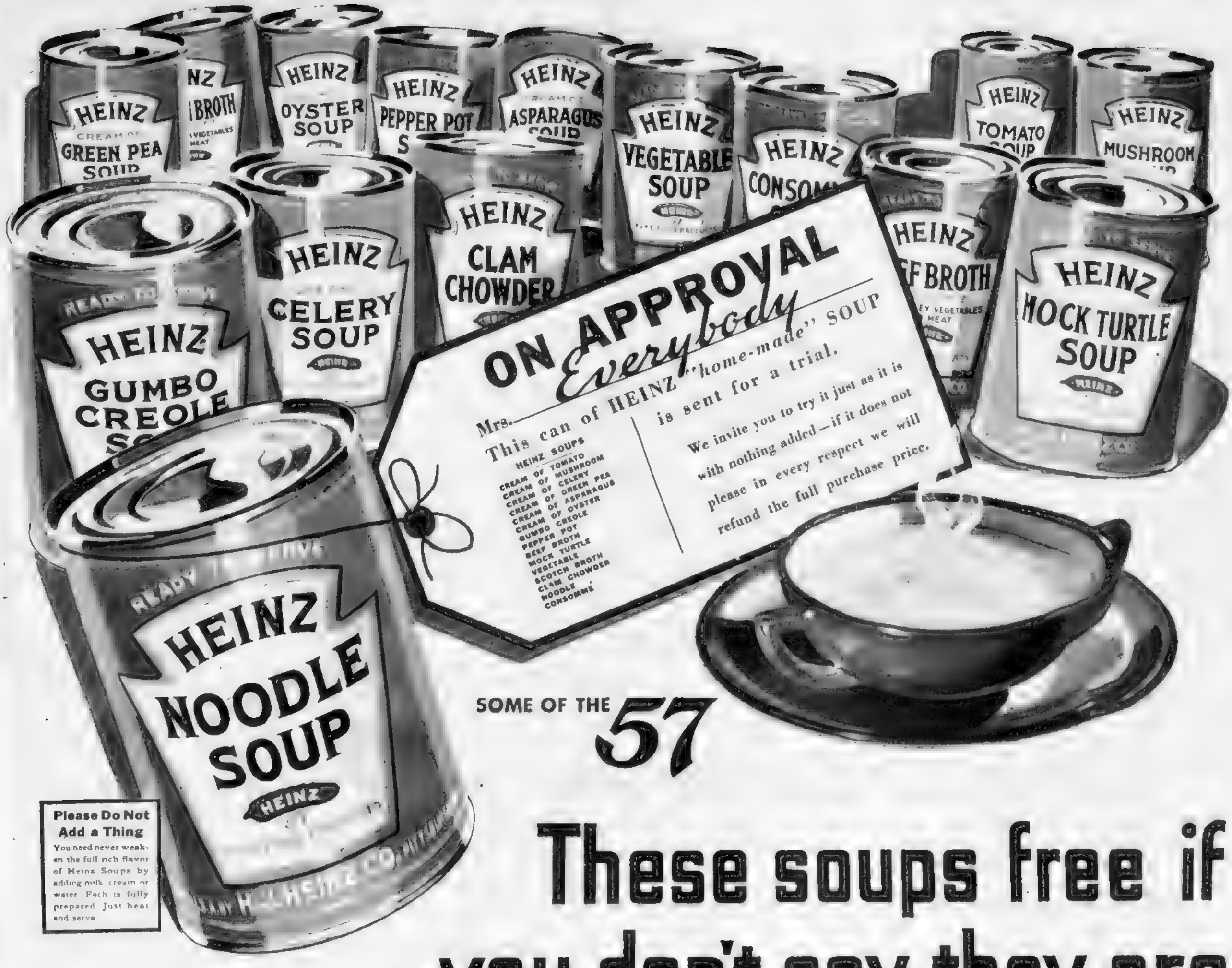
Maggy Rouff has chosen the revived panne velvet for her evening gown, which exploits the new slimness in the front, but uses godet flare in the back of the skirt, rather low, and giving the effect of a short train. Her gown, also, is high to the throat in the front. Here there is a scarf, which is embroidered with oblong sequins or spangles in dull and shiny gold. Then this scarf turns into big slings, coming from the front of the left shoulder and the back of the right one, and veiling the very deep back decollete. Lelong is another designer who likes these slings, which give an air of a butterfly with folded wings to a woman's figure.

In their effort to create gowns which cannot be copied too cheaply the designers have had recourse to expert drapery this season. Lanvin has a series of gowns in crepe-romain, a material neglected by many houses, who prefer the stiff and heavy or the frankly diaphanous, like tulle. The drapery in these gowns occurs across the bust in the front of the bodice, and at the end of the deep decollete in the back. But the most exciting thing about the gown is the new use of narrow scarfs made of the material.

These, from the front, seem merely to pass around the neck and around the arms, hanging in one long end. But see what they do in the back. They hang in a loop below the decollete, come up to the nape of the neck, tie in a twist, and pass around the head, falling from the nape in a long end, which can hang straight or be wound around one arm. These gowns made quite a sensation the night of the opening. They are done in pale pastel colors, green or blue. With them Lanvin's mannequins wore open toe sandals and no stockings. The whole effect was rather Greek, but a Grecian influence that was thoroughly modernized.

A new type of evening gown seen in many of the best houses is the very slim velvet robe, with long sleeves, which is cut high to the neck both back and front, and looks almost as if it might have been worn by the immortal Beatrice. These gowns look particularly well in modernistic rooms. They seem to go with severe wall treatments and angular furniture. Mainbocher, Lelong, Lanvin, Rochas and others favor them. They are the new interpretation of the hostess gown, or what is called in America the "Sunday evening" gown.

They may also be worn with hats to very formal afternoon affairs, a big reception or a wedding.



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SOME OF THE 57

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TRY HEINZ HOME-MADE SOUPS NOW—AT NO RISK—ON APPROVAL

Captain Christine

By Basil Carey

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

JOHN ALLEN, an enigma to the islands, has brought up his daughter Christine to sail and fight and shoot as well as any man. Shy young Blaize of the Medusa is in love with Christine, but Carroll, his partner, warns him against the girl's untamable nature. Treherne, bandit skipper, murders Allen and steals a chart showing the location of a sunken treasure ship near Takona. He sets fire to the Medusa to prevent pursuit and escapes in his ship the San Juan.

Christine sets out as captain of her father's schooner the Curlew to avenge herself on Treherne. She signs Haggerty, her father's skipper, Blaize and Carroll to accompany her on the voyage. Blaize grows jealous of Carroll's gay attitude toward Christine. [illegible] Lambert, Treherne's young mate, [illegible] hate Treherne, who [illegible] the captain expects [illegible] for the treasure with the Kanakas.

Treherne arrives at Takona and anchors in a secluded inlet. He is about to start searching for the wreck when the Curlew is sighted. The party from the Curlew lands on the island. That evening Lambert appears with the story that he has run away because Treherne plans to sail for Amanu in the morning and refuses to share the treasure he found in the sunken ship. He tells them of a way across the island by which they may intercept Treherne before he starts. The three men set out, leaving Lambert with Christine.

CHAPTER XVI.

A Traitorous Guest

THEY sat silent watching the fire then.

"Say," said Lambert. "I'm rather glad you didn't go."

Christine rubbed her [illegible] fiercely on her arm.

"Why?" she [illegible].

"If you knew how heavenly it is to have some one to speak to beside Treherne."

"Do you hate him so much?"

"I loathe him. You know him, of course? What he looks like, I mean."

She nodded.

"He's more cruel than any one I've ever met. Than any man, I mean."

"Any man? Then you think women are cruel?"

"Yes," said Lambert, with fervor. "I say—Christine—would you put that wet cloth over my forehead? It's hot. I say—you don't mind my calling you Christine, do you?"

He seemed so humble, so timid, that she laughed pityingly. "Call me whatever you like. Keep still, and I'll fix you up a wet bandage. Look, here's Carroll's coat. I'll roll it into a pillow."

She busied herself in making him comfortable, and directed Huata-ata to cook another fish. Lambert lay with his face turned towards her. His eyes followed every movement of her body. Presently he said, "Sit down and talk to me."

She sat down beside him and he said at once, "Not like that. I can't see your face."

Amused at his petulant air she changed her position, and he looked up at her with a satisfied smile.

"Now we can talk. We may not ever have the chance again."

"Nonsense. We shall have plenty of chances."

He shook his head.

"You don't know—" he began, and fell silent.

Christine's thoughts left him and fled after the men who were toiling across the island. Would they be successful? And—how many of them would come back? Her heart missed a beat. Suppose it was written that she would never hear Haggerty's jolly laugh again, never listen to Carroll's witty nonsense, never see—never see Blaize again. Blaize! As if she cared about him!

"The big chap," Lambert was saying. "He's a great fighter, isn't he? I've heard Treherne talk about him. He's the one Treherne wants to get. If he's scared of anyone, he's scared of Blaize. But he'll get him right enough."

He eyed her shrewdly.

"You don't like Blaize, do you? I don't blame you. Great bully, isn't he?"

"You keep your tongue off his name," Christine heard herself saying, and fell silent with astonishment at her own impulsive words. She thought: "You idiot, what are you angry about? Isn't anyone except you allowed to call Blaize? Why, this kid is taking your part, and you snub him as though he'd tried to kiss you."

Lambert shivered again, and Huata-ata flung more sticks on the fire.

"Are you cold?" Christine asked.

"No," said the lad. "But I feel kind of queer. Sort of—sick, and tired to death."

"Did you and Treherne fight?"

"Yes. He got me one on the chest so hard that it turned me all to water."

"Then it ought to be looked to," she said with asperity. "Open your shirt and—"

"No," said Lambert, flatly. "I won't. The skin's not broken anyway. Besides I—you—well I'd rather wait."

She laughed at his manifest embarrassment. His quick eyes fastened on the curve of her throat as she threw back her head.

"You're lovely," he said, boyishly, and reddened at his own boldness.

"Don't talk," Christine commanded, but he paid no heed.

"You're lovely," he said again. "I've always been a bit scared of women, but I'm not scared of you. Tell me, won't you—do you care about either of those two?"

"Which two?"

"Carroll and Blaize."

"I don't care for anybody in the world but myself," she told him. "Does that sound awful? It's true, anyway. Now that my father's dead."

"I had nothing to do with that," he said. "Although I sailed with Treherne, I didn't know he'd planned that business."

"So it was he."

"He's never said. But I know."

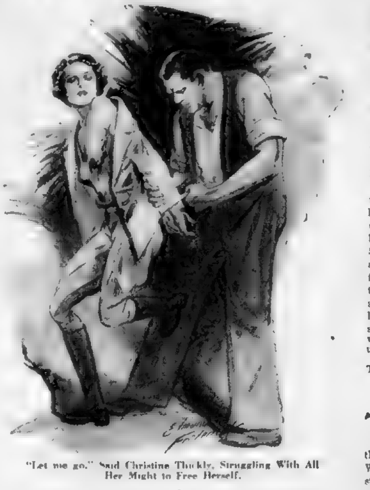
She nodded.

"Yes. We all know. It's the most terrible thing that's ever happened in my life, losing Dad. It's turned me hard, I think. I'm telling you the truth when I say I don't care for anyone but myself."

She sat up, her face averted, her eyes wet at a sudden memory of Allen. There was a movement by her side, and a hot hand closed over hers.

"I'm so sorry about it," Lambert said earnestly. "Please don't think about what's happened. Can't we talk as though we knew each other? Tell me the things you've done, and what you think about, and what you want most."

His appealing eyes disarmed her. She began to talk to him almost as one would talk to a child, telling him of her early days aboard her father's ship, of her pranks, her punishments at the hands of Allen or an irate Haggerty. He listened, absorbed, putting in a word here and there to lure her into further reminiscences. And as she talked she forgot the hazards of the hour in recounting the childish hazards of that other Christine. Looking back, she saw herself as a mischievous hoyden who made two men live in a constant state of apprehension as to what she would do next, and whether she would still be alive at the end of the day. She and Lambert laughed together at the tale of what happened to Haggerty's new shirts.



"Let me go," Said Christine Thickly, Struggling With All Her Might to Free Herself.

"I was a thorough little beast," Christine confessed. "How the two of them stood me I don't know."

She moved to rearrange the cloth over his forehead.

"I ought not to be talking so much," she said with compunction. "Your head must be aching badly."

"Do go on," he begged. "I want to have the memory of this time with you."

She gazed at him in perplexity.

"But there will be plenty of other times. You'll stay with us now."

"Just suppose," he said slowly, "that things went wrong with those others. Suppose Treherne were to have the best of it after all."

"Don't dare to suppose any such thing," she said. "Why, they, of course—"

Her voice trailed away. He looked at her intently.

"What would you do if Treherne were to walk up to us—here and now?"

"I've got a gun. He'd never reach the fire."

She drew her weapon from her belt and examined it.

"Let's have a look," Lambert said, and she passed it to him. He turned it over with interest, noting that it was a heavy one for a woman's hand. Ah, but he had seen how strong those firm, well-shaped hands were. He had felt their supple, kindly strength as she lifted him by the shoulders to ease his position. He had an impulse to tell her—to say—

"Keristini!"

Huata-ata spoke in a fierce whisper. He was lying on his belly beside the fire, and he did not change his position. But Christine recognized the note of warning in his voice.

"Keristini, some one belong hide in trees."

Christine did not turn her head.

"Can see, Huata-ata?"

"No can see. Can hear."

"Him goat?"

"Not him goat. Him goat all same smell. No smell now."

She knew the uncanny sharpness of the senses which the Kanakas possess. So absorbed was she in the boy's words that she never noticed Lambert's expression.

"You think maybe him boy come back?"

"Keristini, this no Kanaka. All same white man."

A cold fear welled up in her heart and spilled into every vein. A man hiding among the trees. Who was it? Had the battle gone against the Curlew's men? Was this some lone survivor creeping back to her with tidings which he dare not relate? Huata-ata was crawling cautiously past in the direction of the woods. He wanted to get clear of the fire so that his eyes might stand a better chance of piercing the darkness.

"What you hear?" Christine asked as he went by.

"Him walk. Suppose can get up—to (close) suppose can see."

He went forward like a questing dog and Christine's heart began to beat furiously. Who was it? What was it? What danger lurked among the motionless palms?

"Give me my gun."

In silence Lambert passed it to her. As her fingers closed on the familiar shape she felt comforted, reassured. But not for long. The eerie silence disconcerted her. Huata-ata lay now just outside the firelight. She wanted to call to him, to tell him to come back, that he had made a mistake. But her lips refused to form the words. She knew that there could be no mistake.

She knelt by Lambert, and heard his quick breathing. Looking down she saw how white and drawn his face had grown. One hand was in his pocket, as though he had something there which he must protect at all costs. She thought: "He's afraid it's Treherne. But of course it couldn't be—it couldn't."

Couldn't it? Why, who else in all the world could it be except their enemy? The dark earth and the darker sky spun round before her eyes. Treherne, in the shadow of the woods, waiting, waiting . . .

"Don't worry," she said quietly to Lambert. "If it's Treherne, I'll drop him before he can raise a hand."

She was crouching beside him, her hand raised, steady as a rock. He rolled over, burying his face in his arms. She heard him muttering to himself in a broken voice. Across her mind flickered a contemptuous wonder at his lack of self-control.

"Buck up," she said, roughly. "Can't you sit up?"

He made no answer, and she shrugged her shoulders.

There was no time to waste on the lad. Yet it was rather disappointing to find him such a coward. Still, after what he must have gone through with Treherne—

Huata-ata gave a yell and shot forward to attack. There was a noise of combat, a welter of confused sounds. Then came the clear incisive report of a gun. Huata-ata screamed with pain.

Christine sprang up and would have rushed to join battle. At the sight of a figure coming from the shadowed woods into the moonlight she stood as if turned to stone. Then, lifting her gun, she fired.

To her dismay there was a harmless click. What had happened? She knew that when she handed the gun to Lambert it was fully loaded.

When she handed the gun to Lambert. . .

The weapon dropped from her nerveless fingers and clattered at her feet. Who was this who strode across the empty, moonlit beach with a sure, insolent step? She could neither move nor speak as he came near, so near that the fire shone redly on the earrings that he wore, the earrings that she had last seen by the lamplight in her father's house. He spoke, and his voice was hoarse with the greatness of his triumph.

"Put 'em up, Christine," said Treherne.

CHAPTER XVII.

Treherne Explains.

TREHERNE stood regarding his captive with an expressionless face that belied the thoughts racing in his brain. What a prize! What a prize! So straight and so proud she looked, standing there defenseless before him. Ah, he'd tame her all right. He'd have her on her knees to him before he'd finished with her. How lovely she was, with her arms stretched above her dark head. His practised eye swept over the curves of her body, and he said abruptly, "Drop 'em, girl."

Her hands fell to her sides. She was utterly bewildered, utterly at a loss to grasp the meaning of his appearance. Was the fight over then? Had the incredible happened? Perhaps even now Blaize—Blaize might be dead.

"Where are they?" she said to Treherne. "What's happened?"

He did not answer. He was looking about for something, and presently he stooped and picked up a length of rope that Carroll had dropped beside the fire. Whistling softly he knotted one end round her right arm just above the elbow joint and fastened the other end about his left wrist.

"Just a precaution," he murmured. "You might try to run away. I don't want to have to wing you. Now, come over to the fire. Sit down. Sit down."

Unwillingly she did as he commanded, turning her back on him as she sat down. He made no comment on her attitude.

"So you'd have dropped me, would you?" he said. "Nice girl! Well, why didn't you?"

"My gun was empty."

"I see. Well, it's thanks to Lambert I'm still alive, then."

He glanced at Lambert's flushed, unhappy face.

"Eh, Lambert?"

There was no answer. The implication of his words struck Christine like a sword-cut. So that was how things were.

"A trick?" she asked, in a hard voice. "You and Lambert had it all planned?"

"You've hit it, Christine. And Lambert did his part blame well. Oh yes, I've heard it all. He knew that, didn't you, Lambert?"

(Continued on Page 18)

ME?..I GET 40 BETTER CIGARETTES for only 10¢

HOW'D *you* like to save at least fifteen cents on every two packs of ready-mades you usually buy? *And get better-tasting smokes?* You can—with Target. One dime at any store buys a big 1¼ oz. pack of the finest blended cigarette tobacco—better tobacco than the ready-mades use. From it you roll at least 40 smokes and you don't have to pay the heavy tax on ready-mades. See combination offer below. With this clever roller *anyone* can roll neat, plump cigarettes.

TARGET
CIGARETTE TOBACCO
10¢ SIZE
"Blended"
TARGET

YOU SAVE THE TAX

The government tax you pay on 20 ready mades is 6¢. On two packs it totals 12¢! But the tax on a package of Target is less than 1¢ — that's why you save so much!

[illegible] "APRON"

We want to give a new rubberized "apron" to our friends who already own Target Rollers. Send name and address and state whether present roller is a Target or a Target Junior. Only one to an address.

GRAB THIS BARGAIN *while it lasts*

To acquaint you with Target we make this sensational offer: Send 15c (stamps or coin). We'll mail one pack Target Tobacco and Target Junior Roller just like picture POST-FREE. Rolls smokes that look like ready-mades and taste better. ACT NOW. SUPPLY LIMITED.

Target	10c
Roller	25c
value	35c

SPECIAL OFFER *both for* 15¢

BROWN & WILLIAMSON TOBACCO CORP.
Box 599, Louisville, Ky.

I enclose 15c. Send Target Roller and pack of Target Tobacco.

Name ______ (print plainly)

Address ______

City ______ *State* ______

AW 8 OFFER GOOD ONLY IN U S A

Ease congestion overnight

MOTHERS don't neglect your CHILD'S COLD

● Don't let chest colds or croupy coughs get serious. Rub Children's Musterole on child's throat and chest at once. This milder form of regular Musterole stimulates, warms and penetrates to the very seat of the trouble. Ease comes in 5 minutes and relief, as a rule, in 5 hours. And in the morning the trouble is usually gone. Recommended by many doctors and nurses. Pure, safe to use, not messy. All druggists.

RADIO: *"Voice of Experience," Columbia Network. See newspaper for time.*

CHILDREN'S MUSTEROLE BETTER THAN A MUSTARD PLASTER MILD

Ingrown Nail Turns Right Out!

Pain Stops Instantly!

"Outgro" is a harmless antiseptic manufactured for chiropodists. However, anyone can buy from the drug store a tiny bottle containing directions.

A few drops of "Outgro" in the crevice of the ingrowing nail reduces inflammation and pain and so toughens the tender, sensitive skin underneath the toe nail, that it can not penetrate the flesh, and the nail turns naturally outward almost over night.

1 JAR RESINOL HEALED SEVERE SKIN IRRITATION

Eczema sufferer was without relief until doctor said to use Resinol Ointment.

Why don't you try Resinol today, and see how quickly this safe, soothing ointment stops itching or burning and restores skin comfort?

SAMPLE FREE with skin treatment booklet. Write Resinol, Dept. X 112, Baltimore, Md.

A CHILD'S LAXATIVE SHOULD ALWAYS BE A LIQUID

(Let a specialist tell you why)

Doctors urge the use of a *liquid* laxative for children; preferably one with *senna*. A liquid laxative can be regulated as to dose. The natural laxative action of senna does not weaken the bowels.

Druggists report increasing sales of liquid laxatives. Mothers are rapidly discovering the advantage of the liquid form. Thousands of cases of ill-health—and half-health—in children are being cleared-up by stopping all use of laxatives of adult strength.

Parents, Take Notice!

Did you know a laxative that works just right for you, can work havoc with a child?

That the laxative habit can be contracted at the age of six?

And that the wrong laxative can give children chronic constipation before their tenth birthday?

You wouldn't give your children a powerful headache powder! You shouldn't give them a violent cathartic.

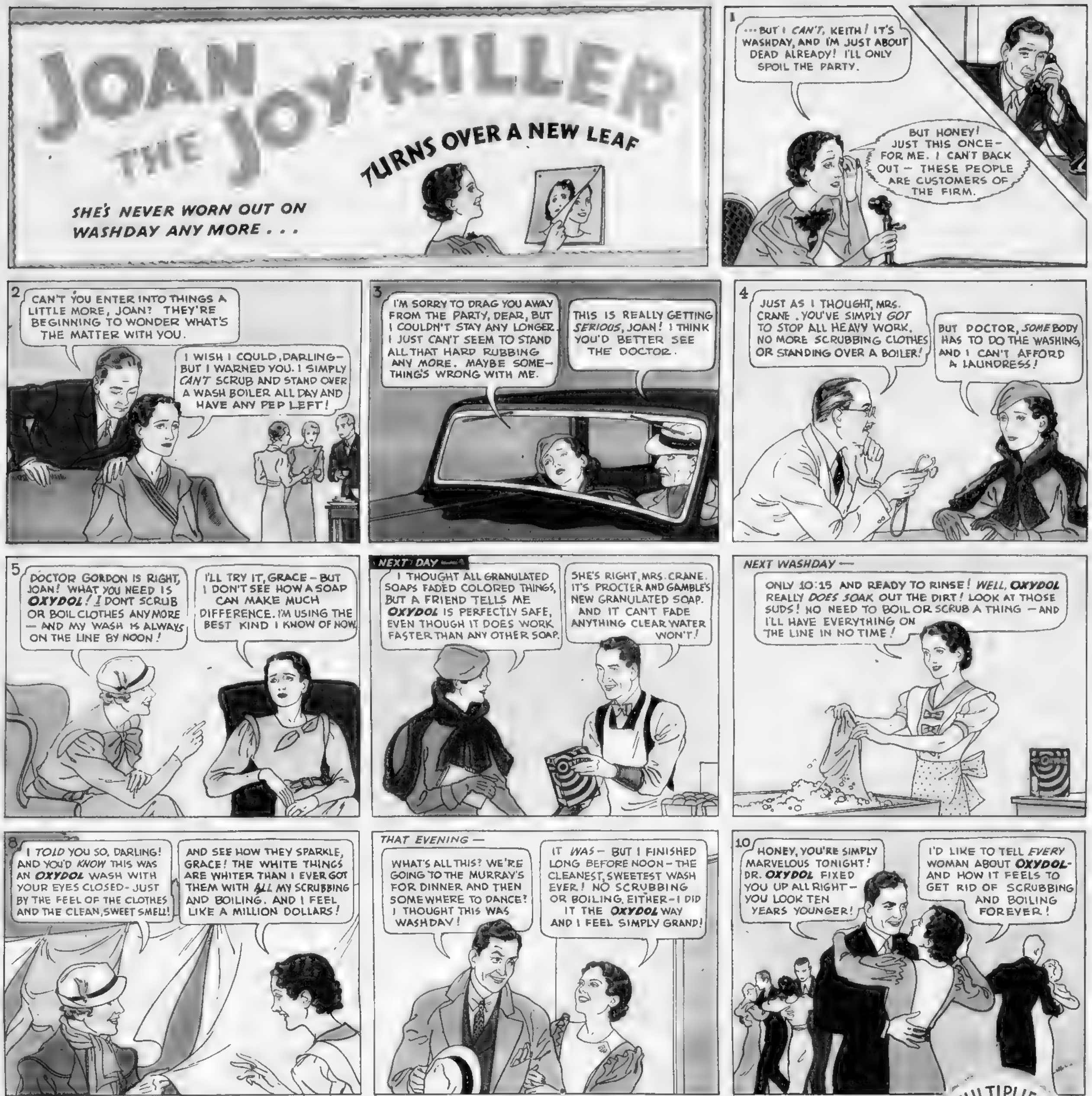
The Laxative Habit can be Avoided!

The preparation most favored for child use is California Syrup of Figs. It is a fruity syrup with the right amount of senna for gentle stimulation of a child's bowels. It gives the right kind of help.

If the bowels aren't moving regularly and thoroughly, don't give any medicine that drains the system dry. Give a liquid senna preparation like California Syrup of Figs. A little every day, *and reduce the dose each day.* At the end of one week—stop. You'll be surprised how long it will be before the bowels need any further help. *It may be months.*

Be sure you get the real California Syrup of Figs, with "California" on the label. If you get the right preparation, and use it the right way, you can absolutely end all worry over constant sluggish spells, bilious attacks, constipation.

All druggists keep California Syrup of Figs, ready for use. It is highly recommended for regulating children, and to undo the mischief done by habit-forming laxatives.


JOAN THE JOY-KILLER
TURNS OVER A NEW LEAF
SHE'S NEVER WORN OUT ON WASHDAY ANY MORE . . .
1
...BUT I CAN'T, KEITH! IT'S WASHDAY, AND I'M JUST ABOUT DEAD ALREADY! I'LL ONLY SPOIL THE PARTY.
BUT HONEY! JUST THIS ONCE—FOR ME. I CAN'T BACK OUT — THESE PEOPLE ARE CUSTOMERS OF THE FIRM.
2
CAN'T YOU ENTER INTO THINGS A LITTLE MORE, JOAN? THEY'RE BEGINNING TO WONDER WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH YOU.
I WISH I COULD, DARLING—BUT I WARNED YOU. I SIMPLY CAN'T SCRUB AND STAND OVER A WASH BOILER ALL DAY AND HAVE ANY PEP LEFT!
3
I'M SORRY TO DRAG YOU AWAY FROM THE PARTY, DEAR, BUT I COULDN'T STAY ANY LONGER. I JUST CAN'T SEEM TO STAND ALL THAT HARD RUBBING ANY MORE. MAYBE SOMETHING'S WRONG WITH ME.
THIS IS REALLY GETTING SERIOUS, JOAN! I THINK YOU'D BETTER SEE THE DOCTOR.
4
JUST AS I THOUGHT, MRS. CRANE. YOU'VE SIMPLY GOT TO STOP ALL HEAVY WORK. NO MORE SCRUBBING CLOTHES OR STANDING OVER A BOILER!
BUT DOCTOR, SOMEBODY HAS TO DO THE WASHING, AND I CAN'T AFFORD A LAUNDRESS!
5
DOCTOR GORDON IS RIGHT, JOAN! WHAT YOU NEED IS OXYDOL! I DON'T SCRUB OR BOIL CLOTHES ANY MORE — AND MY WASH IS ALWAYS ON THE LINE BY NOON!
I'LL TRY IT, GRACE — BUT I DON'T SEE HOW A SOAP CAN MAKE MUCH DIFFERENCE. I'M USING THE BEST KIND I KNOW OF NOW.
NEXT DAY
I THOUGHT ALL GRANULATED SOAPS FADED COLORED THINGS, BUT A FRIEND TELLS ME OXYDOL IS PERFECTLY SAFE, EVEN THOUGH IT DOES WORK FASTER THAN ANY OTHER SOAP.
SHE'S RIGHT, MRS. CRANE. IT'S PROCTER AND GAMBLE'S NEW GRANULATED SOAP. AND IT CAN'T FADE ANYTHING CLEAR WATER WON'T!
NEXT WASHDAY —
ONLY 10:15 AND READY TO RINSE! WELL, OXYDOL REALLY DOES SOAK OUT THE DIRT! LOOK AT THOSE SUDS! NO NEED TO BOIL OR SCRUB A THING — AND I'LL HAVE EVERYTHING ON THE LINE IN NO TIME!
8
I TOLD YOU SO, DARLING! AND YOU'D KNOW THIS WAS AN OXYDOL WASH WITH YOUR EYES CLOSED — JUST BY THE FEEL OF THE CLOTHES AND THE CLEAN, SWEET SMELL!
AND SEE HOW THEY SPARKLE, GRACE! THE WHITE THINGS ARE WHITER THAN I EVER GOT THEM WITH ALL MY SCRUBBING AND BOILING. AND I FEEL LIKE A MILLION DOLLARS!
THAT EVENING —
WHAT'S ALL THIS? WE'RE GOING TO THE MURRAY'S FOR DINNER AND THEN SOMEWHERE TO DANCE? I THOUGHT THIS WAS WASHDAY!
IT WAS — BUT I FINISHED LONG BEFORE NOON — THE CLEANEST, SWEETEST WASH EVER! NO SCRUBBING OR BOILING, EITHER — I DID IT THE OXYDOL WAY AND I FEEL SIMPLY GRAND!
10
HONEY, YOU'RE SIMPLY MARVELOUS TONIGHT! DR. OXYDOL FIXED YOU UP ALL RIGHT — YOU LOOK TEN YEARS YOUNGER!
I'D LIKE TO TELL EVERY WOMAN ABOUT OXYDOL — AND HOW IT FEELS TO GET RID OF SCRUBBING AND BOILING FOREVER!

"Greatest Advance In Laundry Soap In Years"

Amazing New Laundry Soap Discovery Makes Old-Style Granulated Soap, Bars and Flakes Out-of-Date. Soaks Clothes Clean in 15 *Minutes* Without Boiling or Scrubbing. Washes White Things 4 to 5 Shades Whiter! Yet Totally Harmless to Colors and Fabrics!

NRA

HERE is a new scientific soap development that has already revolutionized washdays in more than a million homes. A creation so utterly amazing that women everywhere are asking and exclaiming—"*Will the wonders of science never cease?*"

For—up to now—women believed that everything science could possibly accomplish to make washdays easier and clothes whiter, had already been done. But today are finding that they were wrong

They believed they had the fastest way already. And then found that even the fastest soap that science had hitherto devised was slow, compared to this new invention.

They believed that science had already shown them the way to the whitest washes they could possibly get. But are now amazed by *still whiter* washes than they've ever known before.

So, is it any wonder that millions are now quitting their former favorites—old-style "granulated soaps," bars and flakes—for this utterly new and different kind of soap!

A Remarkable NEW *Invention*

This new and improved soap invention is called OXYDOL. And it does these things. Things no other soap can do or has ever done before

First: It cuts washing time 25% to 40%. And thus saves hours of labor

Second. It works utterly without back-breaking rubbing, without scrubbing. For it works by *dissolving* dirt. You can throw your washboard away.

Third: It makes clothes 4 to 5 shades whiter (by scientific Tintometer test) than old ways *Yet it cannot fade or injure fabric or color*

Fourth: It is as kind to the hands (and to clothes) as the finest toilet soap. For it is created by America's most famous soap makers—the makers of gentle "Ivory." Do you wonder then that women by the thousands are daily turning to it?

How It Works

This remarkable soap invention works an entirely different way. Due to a new and improved combination sought by science for years. One that makes soap *twice* as quick-acting, yet leaves the "harshness" out !

First there are special mild elements to soak out dirt—dissolve it—take it out like magic. These are blended with particular elements to protect colors against fade.

Then these improved soap elements are scientifically combined with special agents to soften hardest water. Thus combining in one package the effect of both water softener AND soap.

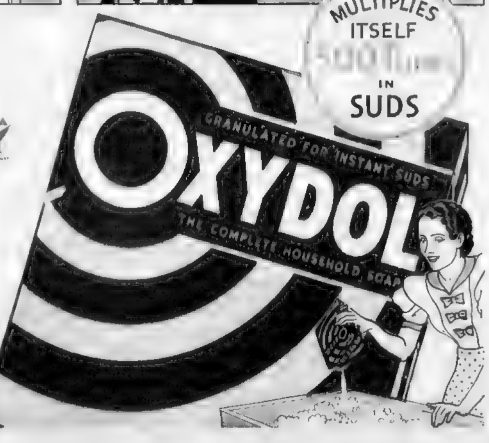
But that's not all. This combination is specifically fitted to water conditions of the DISTRICTS where it is sold. The water in THIS DISTRICT for instance, has been tested for "hardness" by famous chemists. And the new improved OXYDOL you get here is *specially suited* to it!

Thus OXYDOL gives abundant suds almost instantly. Suds rich like whipped cream that "stand up" in any kind of water. That *stay* in action until their work is done!

Once you try it and see how unbelievably clean and sweet it gets your clothes after only 15 minutes' soaking—you'll never go back to ordinary, harsh, wasteful soaps again

See for yourself what OXYDOL *is* and *does*. It will change all ideas you ever had about washing. About whiter washes. About easier washdays

These things we promise you. For your own sake, try it. Don't believe your present favorite is still the finest. Whatever its name, you'll find it completely outmoded and outdated by new, improved OXYDOL. Get OXYDOL at any grocer's today! PROCTER & GAMBLE. (33E2)


MULTIPLIES ITSELF
IN SUDS
OXYDOL
GRANULATED FOR INSTANT SUDS
THE COMPLETE HOUSEHOLD SOAP

Captain Christine

By Basil Carey

(Continued from Page 16)

Christine could not speak. Lambert, whom they had befriended, Lambert had been but a spy, a messenger to make straight the [illegible] before Treherne's face.

"I had to do it," Lambert [illegible] out. "I loathe myself. I'd have warned you if I could [illegible]. But he was too close."

Treherne nodded.

"That's right," he said. "I've [illegible] near enough to hear every word. You can hear a whisper fifty yards away in this stillness. And Lambert knew I had him covered for every minute of the time. Didn't you, Lambert?"

"I knew," muttered [illegible].

"It's worked out very well," said Treherne. "[illegible] to empty [illegible] gun [illegible]. You [illegible] that very well, Lambert. You [illegible] to [illegible] a [illegible] but [illegible] didn't you? Oh yes, I knew. Lucky for you that you thought better of it."

Huata-ata was groaning low, half [illegible] groan that went to the [illegible]. She [illegible] quickly, "That Kanaka's hurt. Let me go to him. He's one of our boys."

"Don't worry," Treherne answered [illegible]. "I shot him in the leg. I don't want him galloping after the other. That reminds me, we mustn't waste time. Let's see, they'll be three parts of the way there by now. Pretty soon we'd better move."

"Move?"

"Yes. Did you think we were going to wait here and cook supper for them? No, my dear, the whole idea was to get them out of the way in time to give us a good start back to Amanu."

"Amanu?"

"Certainly. It's the best place to get the Tahiti boat. After Tahiti we'll make 'Frisco. Don't forget that I want to sell what we've got in the best market."

"Why did you plan it this way?" she asked. "You could have gone away without our knowing. What stopped you from [illegible] to get [illegible] the dark? We didn't [illegible] know that you were on the island."

Treherne rubbed his chin meditatively.

"Well, yes, we could have done that. Only you see—"

At the change in his voice she looked around, startled, and found his eyes fixed on her with a curious intentness.

"You see, I wanted to take you with me."

There was a pause. He studied the set of her shoulders and wondered for the thousandth time what it was that made each woman so different from the one that came before her. He had loved two women and possessed many. As a rule he found them willing enough, once the first pretense had worn off. But sooner or later they all cloyed his senses. Those two—a Spanish girl in 'Frisco and the wife of the Governor down at Degas—why had he remained in love with them? Was it because neither of them had yielded to him? Surely that was the answer. Amid all his many conquests the thought of those two obtruded again and again. Christine reminded him a little of Dolores. There was the same lift of the head, the same proud, defiant air. Ah, but Christine shouldn't cheat him as the Spanish girl had done. He'd see to that.

"Lambert!"

"What is it?"

"Come on. Time we hooked it."

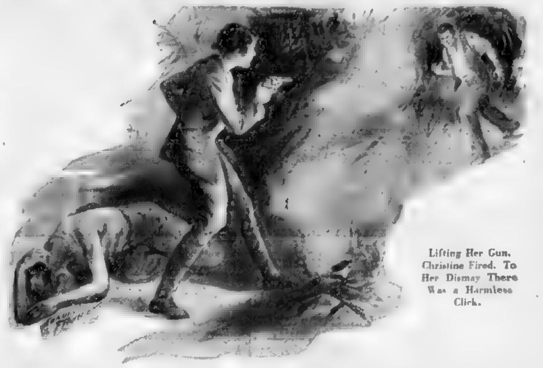
"What are you going to do about that fellow?"

"You go and get him. We'll leave him all nice and comfy by the fire."

Lambert rose and shook himself. Though he knew Christine was looking at him, he would not meet her eyes. Sick shame at the part which he had been forced to play made him slouch away from her without a backward glance. He found Huata-ata nursing his wounded leg in an agony. Without ceremony he seized him by the shoulders and dragged him to the fire.

"Oh, Kerisitini," wailed the Kanaka, "him gun bite all same bad."

Treherne picked up the coat that Lambert had used for a pillow. Shaking it out, he laid it on the ground, and ripped it up with his knife. The tough material [illegible] wrists and ankles of the wounded boy. When he had [illegible] to [illegible] he turned the boy's [illegible] back and tied them firmly. In spite of struggles and protests he turned the Kanaka's ankle [illegible] the leg wound was bleeding freely, and he slapped a rough bandage on it. Then he thrust a gag between the lips that begged so plaintively for



Lifting Her Gun, Christine Fired. To Her Dismay There Was a Harmless Click.

mercy and dragged the helpless body fifty yards away from the fire. His rapid movements jerked Christine to her feet. Because of the cord that stretched between them, she must accompany him whether she would or not. Unwillingly she stumbled beside him as he pulled Huata-ata into the lee of some pauna bushes.

"He'll be all right there," said Treherne, straightening himself. "Now don't get all worked up about ill-treatment of a fellow-creature and that sort of thing. Most likely he's done things a darn sight worse than I have."

"Do you think he's ever murdered a man in cold blood?"

"Oh, yes," Treherne said tranquilly. "You know as well as anybody what happens at their feasts. I should say he's as bad as the rest of 'em. Well, Haggerty or someone will find him. It'll just give us a chance of getting a start toward Amanu."

He went back to the fire. Lambert stood staring into the flame. On his face was an expression of despair that touched Christine in spite of her anger. He looked so [illegible] beside Treherne's broad sturdiness, so slight and pitiful. Treherne hustled him out of the way, pushing him aside with no more thought than he would have used towards a dog. The lad colored hotly, ashamed to be treated in such a way before the inimical eyes of Christine.

"Now look here," said Treherne, holding out his hands to the blaze. "Let's get things straight before we start, Christine. The San Juan lies about a mile away. We're going there now. But we'll have to hustle or Haggerty will be back. Heaven knows how long they'll go on that wild-goose chase. They may tumble to it any minute. One thing's certain. When they start back they'll waste no time. Hand me that bit of stuff, Lambert. Is it clean? Ah, good. Put it there. Now, Christine, give me your other hand."

"Why?"

"I'm going to tie 'em both," Treherne explained blandly. "Behind. I think. It will be quite easy walking. You needn't be afraid."

He watched her, knowing that she would defy him. Her head went up, and instantly he laid a heavy hand on her shoulder. His fingers slid down her arm to her wrist and he drew it behind her to meet the other. She strained away from him, her breath coming quickly. He paid no heed. With skilful fingers he bound her hands with the strip of cloth that Lambert tossed to him.

"Let me go," said Christine, thickly. She struggled with all her might to free herself, and Treherne stood back, waiting until she realized the uselessness of revolt.

"You'll only hurt yourself," he said at last. "Better swallow it this time, Christine. I've got you where I want you. That knot's well tied."

She stood still, flushed and panting, her eyes blazing with wrath. But he was right. She knew that he was top dog for the time being.

"Listen to me," he said, looking into her eyes. "You can act what way you like. But it'll be all the same in the end, Christine. You don't like me now. You never have liked me. Struck me once, you did. Well, the time's coming when you'll be glad to get a kind word from me. I mean it. . . Oh, not yet. You'll be safe for a bit. My job's to hit Amanu, then Tahiti, then 'Frisco. But let me give you a tip. You know what I want and what I mean to have.

"You can make things easier for yourself by being sensible. After all, if it isn't me, it'll be someone else. You women, you think too much of your bodies."

She gave no sign that she had heard him. He picked up a piece of cloth and began folding it mechanically.

"This is a gag," he said grimly. "Ever had one in before? I thought not. It'll hurt you. But I'm not going to risk having you yell out and give us away."

Christine looked with distaste at the fragment of Carroll's coat.

"If I give you my word of honor not to scream, will you let me do without that?"

"A woman's word of honor," Treherne said [illegible]ously. "Do you think I'm as green as young Lambert here?"

In a flash he had her speechless. The rough cloth scrubbed against her tongue. She had a sense of suffocation, that cleared in a moment, and left her bitterly conscious of her own impotence.

"This isn't done in the best fiction, I believe," Treherne was saying gravely. "I fancy that this is the moment where I should be overcome at the thought of your youth or purity or something, and offer to drown myself as a penance for my intentions towards you. Well, well. This will be a refreshing change. Get up, Lambert."

He gripped Christine firmly by the right shoulder and moved away into the darkness. Lambert replenished the fire before he followed them. It struck Christine as odd that men should have these rules of conduct towards each other in little things. Even Treherne, who was as bad an enemy as one could have, would not trample out another man's fire. He waited impatiently for Lambert. Christine could feel his fingers twitch as he watched the lad fling on more driftwood.

"Come on, come on," he said at last. Lambert rose, dusted his knees and came towards his companions.

On and on they went, bearing away to the left. The ground rose steeply and Christine found how difficult it was to keep her balance without the aid of loosely swinging arms. After a while Treherne called to Lambert to take her other arm. He did so and between them they swung her along. It was rough going, and she longed to cry out, to beg them to stop while she got her wind. There was no pause in the hurried trek across the island. For nearly an hour they went on, now near the coast, now plunging haphazard into the shelter of the trees. Christine's heart was beating like a trip-hammer. Her clothes were damp with sweat. Her mouth grew dry and sore. The men kept a steady grip on her arms. The constant pressure of their hands bruised the soft flesh beneath the thin coat.

Suddenly the ground rose up to meet her. She tripped over a liana and fell to the ground. As she lay there, helpless, she heard Treherne swearing softly. The next moment he had picked her up. She felt herself lifted in the air and flung over his shoulder. He flung a steadying arm about her thighs. Then he and Lambert began to run.

If walking had been painful, being carried like a sheep was infinitely worse, Christine decided. Surely every joint in her body would come loose. Her head was hanging down and her throat felt thick and swollen. She could hear Lambert running beside Treherne, could hear his mutterings and sawing breaths as he struggled to keep the pace that his master set.

Ah, here was a swamp. They squelched through it up to their knees and Christine felt a splash of mud on her forehead. Red lilies grew here, and she could smell their heavy, dangerous scent. The blood was drumming in her ears. Surely her body must be one mass of bruises by now. On and on, with no rest, in spite of Lambert's protests. Treherne did not speak. Now and then he grunted as they negotiated a difficult bit of ground. They cleared the swamp and came into a tangle of undergrowth. The trailing creepers clung about their feet. The prickly tui-tui tore at their clothes. For nearly twenty minutes they battled their way through the riot of stems. At last they left it behind, emerging into a clear space where the wind blew straight from the moon.

Treherne halted. He set Christine on her feet and she dropped to the ground, to lie there half-fainting. Lambert threw himself full-length, almost sobbing with relief at this respite. They were near the cliff. Treherne looked over the quiet sea and laughed.

"Oh, for heaven's sake," Lambert spat at him. "Funny, eh?"

"Funny," Treherne agreed. "Do you know what the joke is? I'll tell you. They may get to Amanu before we do."

He threw back his head, and from where she lay Christine saw how the moonlight showed up the strong curve of his neck, his full, powerful throat, and the cruel lips that were parted now in sardonic laughter—laughter inexplicable, terrifying. . . .

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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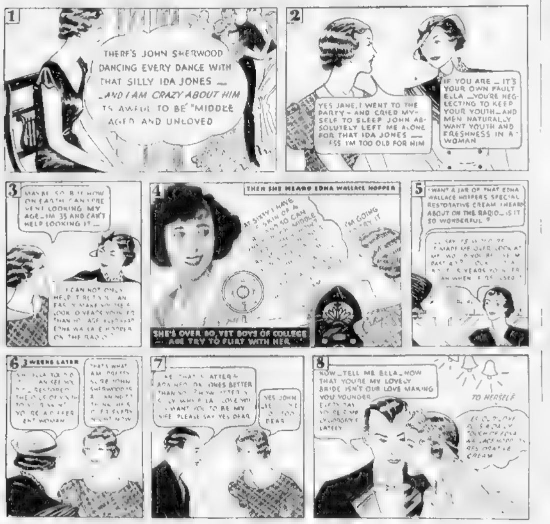
"SPINSTER ELLA" Gets Her Man



1
THERE'S JOHN SHERWOOD DANCING EVERY DANCE WITH THAT SILLY IDA JONES — AND I AM CRAZY ABOUT HIM — IT'S AWFUL TO BE "MIDDLE AGED" AND UNLOVED
2
YES JANE, I WENT TO THE PARTY — AND CRIED MYSELF TO SLEEP JOHN ABSOLUTELY LEFT ME ALONE FOR THAT IDA JONES — I GUESS I'M TOO OLD FOR HIM
IF YOU ARE — IT'S YOUR OWN FAULT ELLA — YOU'RE NEGLECTING TO KEEP YOUR YOUTH — AND MEN NATURALLY WANT YOUTH AND FRESHNESS IN A WOMAN
3
MAYBE SO. BUT HOW ON EARTH CAN I PREVENT LOOKING MY AGE — I'M 35 AND CAN'T HELP LOOKING IT —
I CAN NOT ONLY HELP IT BUT YOU CAN EASILY MAKE YOURSELF LOOK 10 YEARS YOUNGER THAN YOUR AGE. I'VE HEARD EDNA WALLACE HOPPER ON THE RADIO
4
THEN SHE HEARD EDNA WALLACE HOPPER
AT SIXTY I HAVE A SKIN OF A GIRL AND SO CAN YOU
I'M GOING TO TRY IT
SHE'S OVER 60, YET BOYS OF COLLEGE AGE TRY TO FLIRT WITH HER
5
I WANT A JAR OF THAT EDNA WALLACE HOPPER'S SPECIAL RESTORATIVE CREAM I HEARD ABOUT ON THE RADIO — IS IT SO WONDERFUL?
YEARS YOUNGER
6
3 WEEKS LATER
ANEW WOMAN
THAT'S WHAT I AM. PRETTY SURE JOHN SHERWOOD IS [illegible] EVERY NIGHT NOW
7
ELLA YOU'RE A DIFFERENT WOMAN
I LOVE YOU — I WANT YOU TO BE MY WIFE. PLEASE SAY YES DEAR
YES JOHN
DEAR
8
NOW — TELL ME ELLA — NOW THAT YOU'RE MY LOVELY BRIDE ISN'T OUR LOVE MAKING YOU YOUNGER EVERY DAY
TO HERSELF
EDNA WALLACE HOPPER'S RESTORATIVE CREAM

I Show Fading Women

How to Regain Youth's Romances and Thrills

Edna Wallace Hopper, who at past sixty has the skin of a girl, tells how she does it.

I am past 60, yet people tell me I look like a girl. College boys often try to flirt with me. I've been booked from one big theatre to another as "The One Woman in the World Who Never Grew Old." At a grandmother's age I enjoy the admiration and thrills of Youth.

Let me tell you how I do it. Women by the thousands, who have tried it, say it takes 10 years from the face in 10 Minutes.

It is the discovery of a great French scientist. *And it acts to artificially restore the Oils of Youth to the fading skin of middle-age.* That is, it acts to do what Nature usually fails to do when a woman passes 25 or 30 . . . supplies the skin with the natural oils that keep it young and free of wrinkles and age lines. *With those oils in your skin, you are young. Without them in your skin, you are old.* This puts them in every day.

It shows results first time you use it. Takes years away, starts to bring back the pulsing charm of youth. For it instantly corrects that deficiency of Youth Oils that makes women "middle-aged."

It is called Edna Wallace Hopper's Special Restorative Cream. And you use it INSTEAD of a cold cream; but use it just the same way. You can get it at any drug or department store. Try it. It may change your whole viewpoint of life.

How to find out if you have Acid Stomach

And Quick, Easy Way to Correct It

The Signs of Acid Stomach

Nervousness
Neuralgia
Indigestion
Auto-intoxication
Nausea
Frequent Headaches
Feeling of Weakness
Sleeplessness
Mouth Acidity
Sour Stomach
Loss of Appetite

WHAT TO DO FOR IT

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed.

OR—Take the new Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets—*one tablet* for each teaspoonful as directed above.

Some 80% of the people of today have Acid Stomach, according to many authorities! This because so many foods, comprising the modern diet, are *acid forming* foods.

Headaches, stomach pains after eating, "gas," "upsets," "biliousness," are the usual indications. So you can easily tell if you have Acid Stomach.

You Can Quickly And Easily Correct It

But if you do have it, don't worry about it. Today it can be corrected in a very simple manner. Just do this. It will *alkalize* your acid soaked stomach almost immediately. You will feel like another person.

TAKE—2 teaspoonfuls of Phillips' Milk of Magnesia in a glass of water every morning when you get up. Take another teaspoonful thirty minutes after eating. And another before you go to bed. Or—you can take Phillips' Milk of Magnesia Tablets; one tablet for each teaspoonful of the liquid.

What This Does

That's all you do. But do it regularly. EVERY DAY.

This acts to neutralize the stomach acids that foster your "upset" stomach, that invite headaches and that feeling of lassitude and lost energy you feel.

Everywhere people are doing this—doctors advocating it. Try it. Results will amaze you. Your head will be clear. You'll forget you have a stomach.

BUT—be careful that you get REAL milk of magnesia when you buy; genuine PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia. See that the name "Phillips'" is stamped clearly on the label.

ALSO IN TABLET FORM

Each tiny tablet is the equivalent of a teaspoonful of Genuine Phillips' Milk of Magnesia.

Phillips' Milk of Magnesia

NRA

Genuine EVEREADY PRESTONE

NOW $2.95 A GALLON

EVEREADY PRESTONE
EVEREADY PRESTONE
TRADE MARK REG.
FOR THE PREPARATION OF
THE PERFECT ANTI-FREEZE
Does Not Boil Off
NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, Inc.
MADE IN USA

[illegible]

TWO MINUTES OF YOUR TIME in reading the facts on this page may save you many hours of driving-discomfort this winter. Do not wait until the first freezing day comes to decide the kind of anti-freeze you want. The economy and safety of your winter driving will depend upon how well you choose. It is important that you learn the facts *now*.

Economy plus safety

You know this about anti-freezes. There are two types—the "boil-away" kind and the "permanent" kind that is supposed to stay right on the job throughout the winter. Boil-away anti-freezes smell up the car. They are inflammable. They evaporate in warm weather, and leave your car unprotected against the next cold snap. Their one appeal in the past has been their low initial cost. But today, at the new low price of $2.95 per gallon, Eveready Prestone is within the reach of every motorist. And, of course, in *all-season cost* it offers real economy. That's because one filling of Eveready Prestone gives you complete protection all season long. No replacements, no costly repairs for frozen engines, no rust, no worry about the protection in your radiator. It's there to stay!

Permanence plus rust protection

With Eveready Prestone you get this permanent anti-freeze protection without *penalty* of a rust-clogged radiator and overheating.

Many so-called "just-as-good" anti-freezes are being offered. Some give protection *for a limited time;* others are immediately harmful to your car. To bring you the cold, scientific truth "permanent" anti-freezes have been subjected to exhaustive tests—the most rigorous tests ever conducted.

For hundreds of hours, each product was run through an automobile cooling-system at a speed and engine-temperature *exactly duplicating actual driving conditions.* Under this test Eveready Prestone was unchanged after 1000 grueling hours—still giving full protection *not only* against freezing, but against rust and corrosion. Other anti-freezes, in the same test, broke down and became *definitely corrosive* to the metal in the cooling-system in from 50 to 200 hours . . . developing "anti-freeze rust," a common cause of radiator clogging and overheating.

The 25,000-mile anti-freeze

If, for example, your average driving speed on the road is 25 miles an hour, this test means that Eveready Prestone will protect your car for 25,000 miles of driving and upwards.

Don't buy water when you can get it out of the spigot

Don't be fooled by "tricky" prices. Laboratory measurements show that many "permanent" anti-freezes are nearly *half* plain, ordinary water. Eveready Prestone is concentrated—all anti-freeze. Here's a little revealing arithmetic.

For a 1933 Chevrolet

Suppose an anti-freeze which is one-half water sells at $1.50 a gallon, requiring 2 7/8 gallons to protect a 1933 Chevrolet to 10° below zero . . .	$4.31
Amount of Eveready Prestone needed to protect to 10° below zero is 1¼ gallons at $2.95 a gallon	$3.72
Saving	$ .59

plus safe protection from rust and corrosion.

Do not confuse Eveready Prestone with either alcohol or glycerine

There is no other anti-freeze "the same as Eveready Prestone" . . . or anything like it. Eveready Prestone is a distinctive, patented product. It protects your car not only against freezing, but also against rust and corrosion in the cooling-system. Its use reduces the corrosive action of water on cast-iron 95%; on other metals of the cooling-system, 75%.

Eveready Prestone is approved by every car-manufacturer in America, as well as by the Contest Board of the American Automobile Association.

Tested AAA *Approved*

NATIONAL CARBON COMPANY, INC.
General Offices: New York, N. Y.
Branches: Chicago New York San Francisco
Unit of Union Carbide [illegible] *and Carbon Corporation*

Read this guarantee

National Carbon Company, Inc., specifically guarantees that Eveready Prestone, if used according to directions, will protect the cooling-system of your car against freezing and clogging from rust formations for a full winter; also that it will not boil away, will not cause any damage to car finish, or to the metal or rubber parts of the cooling-system, and that it will not leak out of a cooling-system tight enough to hold water.

At the new low price, Eveready Prestone is the cheapest and safest anti-freeze you can buy for *all-winter protection* against freezing and rust. Have it put in now. It won't evaporate, or heat up your motor. With Eveready Prestone in the car, the anti-freeze question is off your mind for *the entire winter*

THE IMPORTANT THING IN BUYING AN ANTI-FREEZE IS TO FIGURE COST TO A DEFINITE PROTECTION POINT, NOT THE PRICE PER GALLON. SEE HOW REASONABLY YOU CAN GET ALL-WINTER PROTECTION AGAINST FREEZING AND RUST WITH EVEREADY PRESTONE

GALLONS OF EVEREADY PRESTONE NEEDED TO PROTECT TO THESE TEMPERATURES

CAR	MODEL	20 above	10 above	Zero	10 below	20 below
Auburn	6-80, '29; 685, '30	¾	1¼	1½	1¾	2
	8-100, '32; 8-101, 8-105, '33	¾	1¼	1½	2	2¼
	12-160, '32	1½	2¼	3¼	3½	4½
	12-161, 12-165, '33	1½	2¼	3¼	3¾	4¼
Buick	32-50, '32; 33-50, '33	½	¾	1	1¼	1½
	40, '30; 32-60, '32	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
	50, 60, '30; 33-60, '33	1	1½	2	2¼	2½
	8-80, 8-90, '31; 33-80-90, '33	¾	1¼	1½	2	2½
	32-80, 32-90, '32	¾	1¼	1¾	2	2½
Cadillac	355, '31; 370, '32; 370-C, '33	1	1½	2	2½	2¾
	370, '31; 355, '32; 355-C, '33	1¼	1¾	2¼	2½	3
	452, '31; 452, '32; 452-C, '33	1½	1¾	2½	2¾	3½
Chevrolet	'29, '30; Stand. '33	½	¾	1	1	1¼
	'31, '32, '33	½	¾	1	1¼	1½
Chrysler	6, '31; 8, '31; 6, '32, '33	¾	1	1¼	1½	2
	C.Q., C.L., '33	1	1¼	1½	2	2¼
	8, '32	¾	1¼	1¾	2	2¼
	Imperial, '31, '32	1¼	1¾	2¼	2½	3
	Imperial Custom, '32, '33	1½	2	2½	3	3½
[redacted]	6, '31, '32	¾	1	1¼	1½	1¾
	8, '31, '32, 6, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
Dodge	6, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
	8, '33	1	1¼	1¾	2	2½
	8, '32	¾	1¼	1½	1¾	2
Essex	'29, '30, '31, '32	¾	1¼	1½	2	2¼
Essex Terraplane	6, '33	½	¾	1	1¼	1½
	8, '33	½	1	1½	1¾	2
F	A, '28, '29, '30, '31, '32	½	¾	1	1½	1½
	V-8, '32, '33	1	1½	2	2¼	2½
Graham	Spec. 6, '31; Spec. 8, '31	1	1½	1¾	2	2¼
	Custom 8, '31	1¼	1¾	2¼	2½	3
	57, 6, 8, '32, 58-65, '33	1	1¼	1¾	2	2¼
Hudson	8, '30; 8, '31, '32, '33	¾	1¼	1½	1¾	2
	55, '33	¾	1	1¼	1½	1¾
Hupmobile	H, U, '30; H, '31, '32	1¼	1¾	2¼	2¾	3¼
	L8, '31, '32; 321, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
	226, '32, 326, '33	1	1½	2	2½	2¾
	222, '32, 322, '33	1	1½	1¾	2¼	2½
La Salle	340, '30; 345, '31	1	1½	2	2½	2¾
	345, '32; 345-C, '33	1¼	1¾	2¼	2½	3
Lincoln	'27, '28, '29, '30	1½	2	2½	3	3½
	'31, V-8, '32, V-12-136, '33	1½	2	2¾	3¼	3½
	V-12, '32; V-12-145, '33	1½	2¼	3	3½	4
Nash	6-60, '31; 960, '32	½	¾	1	1¼	1½
	880, '31; 980; 1130, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
	8-90, '31; 990, '32	1	1½	2	2¼	½
	Std. 8, '32; 1170, 1070, '33	¾	1¼	1½	1¾	2
	Spec. 8, Twin Ign. '33	1	1½	1¾	2¼	2½
	Amb. 8, Twin Ign. '32	1	1½	2	2¼	2½
Oldsmobile	F32, 6, '32; F33, 6, '33	¾	1	1¼	1¾	2
	L32, 8, '32; L33, 8, '33	¾	1¼	1½	1¾	2
Packard	640, '29; 740, '30; 840, '31	1	1¾	2	2½	2¾
	726, 733, '30	1	1¼	1¾	2	2¼
	1001-2, 1003-4, '33	1	1¼	1¾	2	2¼
	826, 833, '31, Std. '32	1	1¼	1¾	2	2½
	745, '30; 845, '31, Del. '32	1¼	1¾	2¼	2½	3
	1005-6, '33	1½	2½	3¼	4	4½
	Light 8-90, '32	¾	1¼	1¾	2	2¼
	Twin 6, '32	2	3	4	4¾	5½
Pierce-Arrow	125, 126, '29; A, B, C, '30, '31	1¼	1¾	2¼	2½	3
	41, 42, 43, '31	1¼	1¾	2¼	2½	3
	54, '32, 836, '33	1	1¾	2	2½	2¾
	51, 52, 53, '32	1½	2¼	3¼	3¾	4½
	1236, 1242, 1247, '33	1½	2½	3½	3¾	4½
Plymouth	'31, '32 Flt. Power	¾	1	1¼	1½	1¾
	Sx. De Luxe '33	½	1	1¼	1¼	1½
Pontiac	'29, '31, 6, '32, 8, '33	¾	1	1¼	1½	1¾
	8, '32	1	1¼	2	2¼	2½
Reo	F&C, 6-21, 6-25, '32	¾	1¼	1½	1¾	2
	F.C. 8, Royale 8, '31	1	1½	2	2¼	2½
	Royale, F.C. "S," '32	1	1¼	1¾	2	2½
	F.C.S. 2, '33	1	1¼	1¾	2	2¼
	Royale N 2, '33	1	1¾	2	2½	2¾
Rockne	65, '32, 10, '33	½	¾	1	1¼	1½
	75, '32	¾	1	1¼	1½	1¾
Studebaker	Dict. '31; 82, '33	¾	1¼	1½	1¾	2
	6, '32	½	¾	1	1¼	1½
	Dict. 8, '32; 6, '33	¾	1	1¼	1½	1¾
	Com. 8, '32, Com. 73, '33	¾	1	1½	1¾	2
	Pres. 8, '32	1	1½	1¾	2¼	2½
	92, '33	1	1½	2	2¼	2¾
Willys	77, '33	½	¾	¾	1	1
	99, '33	½	¾	1	1¼	1½

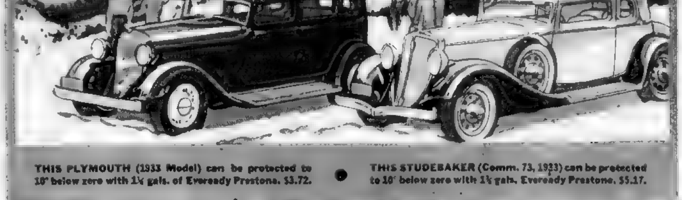
COST OF EVEREADY PRESTONE

½ gallon	$1.50	1¼ gallons	$3.72	2 gallons	$5.90	2¾ gallons	$8.12
¾ gallon	2.22	1½ gallons	4.45	2¼ gallons	6.67	3 gallons	8.85
1 gallon	2.95	1¾ gallons	5.17	2½ gallons	7.40	3¼ gallons	9.62

FIND YOUR OWN CAR ON THIS CHART. *If your car is not listed, see your dealer. He has a complete chart showing every car made. The amounts of Eveready Prestone required, as shown here, do not allow for the capacities of hot water heaters. If you have a hot water heater, or if you need to protect your car to any lower temperature, down to 60° below zero, consult your dealer.*

THIS FORD (Model A) can be protected to zero temperature with 1 gal. of Eveready Prestone at a cost of $2.95.

THIS CHEVROLET (1933 Model) can be protected to zero temperature with 1 gal. of Eveready Prestone at $2.95.



THIS PLYMOUTH (1933 Model) can be protected to 10° below zero with 1¼ gals. of Eveready Prestone. $3.72.

THIS STUDEBAKER (Comm. 73, 1933) can be protected to 10° below zero with 1¾ gals. Eveready Prestone. $5.17.

THIS BUICK (Model 33-50, 1933) can be protected to 10° above zero with ¾ gal. of Eveready Prestone at $2.22.

THIS CADILLAC (Model 370-C, 1933) can be protected to 10° above zero with 1½ gals. of Eveready Prestone at $4.45.

HOT BISCUITS BEG

LOG CABIN SYRUP

FOR GENUINE
LOG CABIN SYRUP

YOU'LL eat a dozen—when you taste them teamed up with the marvelous maple flavor of Log Cabin Syrup! A blend of three distinct syrups—Vermont and Canadian maple and choice cane . . . just the right consistency to transform pancakes and waffles into a tender breakfast treat. Get some today. Children love the Log Cabin tin with the animals on it. A product of General Foods.

Mercolized Wax

Keeps Skin Young

Absorb blemishes and discolorations using Mercolized Wax daily as directed. Invisible particles of aged skin are freed and all defects such as blackheads, tan, freckles and large pores disappear. Skin is then beautifully clear, velvety and so soft—face looks years younger. Mercolized Wax brings out your hidden beauty. At all leading druggists.

Powdered Saxolite

Reduces wrinkles and other age-signs. Simply dissolve one ounce Saxolite in half-pint witch hazel and use daily as face lotion.

Kid Sisters Don't Count

By Maysie Greig

Synopsis of Preceding Chapters.

BEAUTIFUL Angela Halliday wants to divorce her husband, Lang, and marry Quentin Murdock, a cynical man of the world. Kay Jerrold, Angela's adopted younger sister, determines to cut Angela out and thus restore her to Lang, who has always been Kay's ideal man.

Murdock is intrigued by Kay's romantic ideals. She hates him, but finds herself deeply stirred when he kisses her and asks her to marry him. Looking forward to throwing Quentin over when the Hallidays shall have become reconciled, she tells Angela of her engagement.

Furious, Angela declares she will not give Quentin up until she knows he is married, and orders Kay out. The kid sister arrives at the apartment Lang has taken to give Angela her evidence, just in time to save him from suicide. She promises him Angela will not marry Murdock. Dreading to leave Lang alone, she stays on at the apartment.

Quentin, suspecting that Kay intends to break the engagement when her purpose is accomplished insists she marry him the next day. Kay realizes it is Lang whom she loves and for the sake of his happiness, agrees, intending to leave Murdock as soon after the ceremony as possible. She practically confesses her love to Lang but he fails to respond.

Kay and Quentin are married and stop at Lang's apartment for Kay's luggage. Angela is there.

CHAPTER XVIII.

Angela Threatens.

ANGELA was standing staring out of the window of the waiting room, a pokey room furnished with a drab brown leather suite and a scratched oak table.

She was dressed in a very smart ensemble of black and white. As she heard the door open she swung round. At the sight of Quentin and Kay together she started, while her hazel eyes fled wide with surprise. She stared for a moment from one to the other. "Well?" Her voice grated slightly.

"The porter told us you were in here . . ." Quentin began.

"Not a very pleasant place to wait in, is it?" she interrupted hardly. "I should have preferred to wait in Lang's apartment." She added, with a smile that was not without venom, "Unfortunately I'm only the wife and am not privileged with a key. Perhaps," her plucked brows lifted, "Kay would lend me hers," she finished pointedly.

"Angela," Kay's voice broke in hoarsely, "Lang has been very ill. That's why I was here. He . . . he—" but she couldn't bring herself to tell Angela just what had happened. To give Lang away, especially when Quentin was listening—"he needed someone to stay here and look after him," she ended lamely.

"Surely, had he been ill, I, his wife, should have been let know," Angela insisted.

"But, Angela, would you have come to him?" Kay cried quickly. "Had I thought for one moment you would . . ."

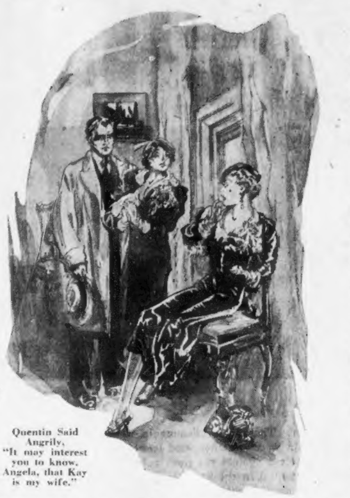
"I don't see what this has to do with the question," Angela cut in on her with an impatient shrug. "The fact remains you stayed here, unchaperoned, two nights in Lang's apartment. It may have been an innocent affair. That," her lips tightened, "is for the courts to decide."

"Angela!" Kay's small voice was hoarse with horror. Not so much at what Angela suggested but that Angela should suggest it. "You wouldn't do that!"

Angela hestitated a mome "And why not?" she asked cold "You haven't shown much c sideration for my feelings t time you've been in New Yo have you? Besides, why sho you care? Lang's sure to ma you afterwards. He's the s who would. And you've alw been in love with him. Oh, do think I don't know. I've kno for years. I knew why you w so keen to come here on the yearly visits. I knew why y were so upset when the ti came to go home."

Until now Quentin had be standing in the background. N he intervened and said angri "Whoever Kay may or may n have cared for in the past h nothing to do with it. It may i terest you to know, Angela, th Kay is my wife."

"What?" Angela's voice re the air as sharp as a knife thru And for a very long minute sh



Quentin Said Angrily, "It may interest you to know, Angela, that Kay is my wife."

didn't say anything else. Her face was very red and her hands shook badly. But, presently, she regained control over herself. "So you're married, are you?"

"This morning," Quentin nodded shortly.

Angela gave a mirthless laugh. "Did you know where Kay had been spending the last precious nights of girlhood?"

"Of course I knew," he asserted fiercely. His face was very dark, flushed with rage.

A pause. Then Angela murmured, "Well, do you expect my blessing?"

"Not exactly," Quentin's lips twisted. "Some things in life one is safer without!"

Kay laid a hand on his arm. "Please don't let's quarrel with her, Quentin. I know Angela doesn't mean half what she's saying. Why she can't mean it . . ."

She swung toward Angela quickly, tears bright in her eyes. "You won't believe me, but I'm still awfully fond of you, Angela."

She hadn't meant to say that. But, after all, it was the truth. Every time she saw Angela she was reminded poignantly of the many happy memories they shared. Childhood memories. Others, too. Those former happy visits of hers to the Village apartment. If only Angela would be as she used to be. If only she would understand, just a little, that Kay had really been working in her interests all the time.

"But not sufficiently fond to have prevented you sticking a knife into me when my back was turned," Angela murmured wryly.

"Please," Quentin asked with a faintly mocking grin, "am I worth all this sparring, ladies?"

Angela looked at him coldly and said, "No, undoubtedly you're not. But it seems we're doing it! It doesn't occur to you, you owe me an apology, Mr. Quentin Murdock?"

Quentin smiled slightly. "I guess it does, Angela. Yet I never thought you took me more seriously than I took you. I was slightly attracted towards you, my dear, but I didn't love you."

Angela was silent a moment, then she said, "And Kay, I suppose, you do love?"

His face colored slightly; his embarrassment was almost a boy's embarrassment. "I love Kay, Angela."

"And Kay, I presume, reciprocates this grand passion?"

Angela tried to speak lightly, but her voice shook. She was gazing straight at Kay. But, oddly, it wasn't Angela's scornful gaze that was upsetting Kay. Quentin, too, had turned towards her. And in his eyes she read something she didn't want to see. An entreaty that was agonized in its intentness. A hope that made her throat tighten in an odd convulsive way.

"Well, aren't you going to answer me, Kay?" A direct challenge in Angela's thin, slightly hoarse voice.

"Of course I love Quentin," Kay forced herself to say at last. "Why else should you think I married him?"

Angela straightened suddenly, and the hot color rose again to her face. "As I said before it wasn't so long ago that you were in love with Lang. Funny you should have turned so quickly. And once I thought that, by nature, you were depressingly loyal!"

Quentin said firmly, "I'm really not interested. And I'm sure Kay isn't either."

"No?" Angela looked up at him suddenly, and something uncoiled in her lazy hazel eyes like a malignant snake. "But I've an idea you will be more interested later on, Quentin Murdock!" And she laughed.

Quentin turned to Kay. "Don't you think we'd better go, dear? I don't see the point in prolonging this discussion."

Kay said, "Very well." But she would have given a good deal to have been able to make it up with Angela. It hurt more than she cared to admit that they were still enemies. Or rather that Angela was her enemy. She made another attempt to heal the breach. Crossing over to Angela she said impulsively, "Please, Angela, won't you forget all that has happened and let us be friends again?"

Angela looked down at her and said cruelly, "You want to have it all ways, Muff. You steal Quentin from me, yet you want to keep my friendship! You don't, by any chance, want to have Lang as well?" There was a sneer in her voice.

Kay felt her face crimson. Angela had hit her in a vulnerable point. Without a word she turned and walked out of the room. But Quentin didn't follow her immediately. He said to Angela, "You mayn't believe me, but I am sorry it has happened as it has."

"I suppose you're in no way to blame. Merely an unfortunate trick of Fate!" her voice mocked him.

"Well, it was a trick of Fate, wasn't it? Though, at the moment, you can't expect me to regard it as an unfortunate one." And he smiled.

"You'd better go," she said harshly. "I'm scarcely in the mood to listen to a bridegroom's ravings. However, if you're singing the same tune in a month from now I'll be interested!"

He ignored her sarcasm. His face hardened. "There must be no nonsense about implicating Kay in any divorce suit, Angela."

She looked at him coldly. "And why not? I don't see just because she's now your wife makes any real difference. In fact," her lips twisted slightly, "it only makes it all the more amusing, don't you think?"

"No, I don't," he said harshly. "In fact I know it wouldn't be amusing at all. Not for Kay, nor me . . . nor for you, Angela."

Something ominous in his voice startled her. "What do you mean? Why should it affect me?"

"Well, we'd fight the case. I tell you that much, Angela. And if I were called to the witness stand, as I might conceivably be, I'd have something to say about you, my dear . . . something I think you'd rather not have get into the press."

Angela paled slightly. She gasped, "Quentin, you couldn't . . . No gentleman . . ."

"I thought you knew I didn't believe in acting like one of your so-called gentlemen," he retorted curtly. "Think it over, Angela. I should think it over rather well if I were you." And with that he left her.

When he returned to the car he found Kay curled up in the front seat crying bitterly. She had her two hands pressed tightly over her face, but that didn't prevent the tears sliding between them and falling down on to her dress.

Quentin was not surprised. He thought she'd been on the point of tears when she marched out of the room. Now he climbed into the car beside her and put an arm about her thin shaking shoulders. She seemed such a kid to him suddenly. Much too much of a kid to be married to anyone, let alone to himself.

"I'm sorry it happened as it did," he said quietly. "I am sorry, Kay."

"I do think when you're trying to do your best for people . . ." she began, but the rest of her sentence was drowned in a fresh burst of tears.

He shook his head sadly. "Darling Muff, haven't you yet learned that it's very foolish to try to do your best for anyone? It's never appreciated. Least of all by the people concerned. Because, after all, it really means muddling in someone else's life. And that's the most risky thing in the whole world you can do."

But Kay couldn't believe him. Too cruel after all she had done. She clung on to the thought that even if Angela had turned mean and would never appreciate her sacrifice, Lang would.

Quentin bent forward and kissed one of her pink ears. It was the only part of her visible. "Sweetheart, please don't cry any more," he begged. "We can't have a wet honeymoon, can we? And don't think any more about what Angela said. Whether she divorces Lang or not I'm fairly certain she won't implicate you, not after she's thought it over coolly. Besides," his face softened, "whatever Angela thinks of you, remember I love you, Muff darling . . ."

He held her tightly and instinctively Kay snuggled closer to him. When you're very unhappy it's nice to be loved and comforted by anyone. Had she been able to think more clearly she might have been surprised by his gentleness and understanding. But she was too muddled in her mind to appreciate anything. She only knew she was wretched and would probably be more wretched in the near future.

Presently her sobbing grew quieter. It ceased altogether. Quentin released her and started up the engine. "Be happy for my sake, please, sweetheart," he begged humbly.

Kay didn't reply, but she thought wretchedly, "I wish he wouldn't be so nice to me. Why can't he treat me more as he treated Angela? The kinder he is the harder he's going to make it for me . . . tonight."

CHAPTER XIX.

Honeymoon.

AFTER they'd been driving some time Quentin turned towards her and said with a half smile, "You haven't asked yet where we're going on our honeymoon, darling." He added playfully, "Surely you're interested!"

As a matter of fact at the moment Kay was feeling too depressed to be interested in anything. But she said obediently, "Well, where are we going?"

He told her eagerly, "A friend has lent me his shack in the Catskills. Quite the cutest place. Once when I was staying with him I said, 'This is the very place for a honeymoon, Ronnie.' He told me if I ever got married he'd lend it to me. Last night I 'phoned him to ask if his offer held good. He assured me it did, that he was delighted and he'd see that we found everything in readiness. Of course we needn't stay long if you're bored, darling."

Kay murmured something in reply. After all, did it matter where they went for this one night? She could tell him what she thought of him as easily in a shack as in a hotel. She began to wonder why she didn't tell him now and get it over. But, curiously, the longer she put it off the more reluctant she was to begin. She thought, "But I'll feel better presently, then I'll be able to remember all I've planned to say."

The country was glorious at this time of year. The great trees, with their Fall foliage, were gold and scarlet against the flaming background of sunset.

Presently Quentin turned the car down a side road that was really little more than an uneven mud track. They bumped along for a couple of miles, then turned in at a gate. At the far end of the driveway, Kay glimpsed the cabin. A darling place.

Kay said breathlessly, before she had thought: "What a marvelous place for a real honeymoon!"

He turned toward her in surprise. "What do you mean, a real honeymoon, darling?" He chuckled and added, "If this isn't a real one I'm willing to bet it's going to be a darn good imitation, my dear!"

Although he was joking Kay felt a queer shiver run through her. She began to wonder if she would be able to cope with this man she had so rashly married. The thought that she mightn't made her feel suddenly cold with an awful chill. She thought, "I don't love him. It would be awful."

Yet, curiously, a few moments later she found herself almost wishing she did love him. That was when he picked her out of the car and carried her across the threshold. Something reassuring and pleasant in the feel of his strong arms about her. Momentarily her head dropped back on his shoulder. She thought, "Why can't I forget everything? Just let him love me?"

He put her on her feet in a long low-ceilinged lounge where, at one end, in a large fireplace, giant logs crackled and blazed, throwing out a wide circle of flickering warmth. It was the only light in the room. Outside the sun had fallen and the night shadows were rapidly closing in. Quentin stood looking down at her, and something both tender and worshipful in his gaze made Kay want to cry out, "Don't look at me like that, please, Quentin, don't!" His steady gaze was unnerving her.

He said very softly, "Now I'm going to kiss you, darling. The kiss I've been longing for all day. I'm going to kiss . . . . my wife."

Swiftly, hungrily, his arms closed about her. Her face was

(Continued on Page 21)

They Have Found
a Quicker Way to Ease Headache

1.

MR. THOMPSON WANTS YOU TO TAKE DICTATION THIS AFTERNOON. HE NEEDS A SECRETARY, AND IF HE LIKES YOU, THE JOB IS YOURS.
IT'S A GREAT CHANCE—BUT I HAVE A SPLITTING HEADACHE. I JUST KNOW I'LL FAIL

2.

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OH, I HOPE SO... I NEED THAT JOB....

3.

WELL, HOW DID YOU COME OUT, JANE?
WONDERFULLY! MY HEADACHE WAS GONE TEN MINUTES AFTER I TOOK YOUR BAYER TABLETS, AND I NEVER DID BETTER. I'M GOING TO TELL EVERYBODY HOW WONDERFUL BAYER ASPIRIN IS!

4.
WHY BAYER ASPIRIN WORKS SO FAST

Drop a Bayer Tablet in a glass of water. Note that BEFORE it touches bottom, it has started to disintegrate.

What it does in this glass it does in your stomach. Hence its fast action.

A Discovery that's Bringing Fast Relief to Millions

Now comes quick, *amazingly quick* relief from headaches, rheumatism, neuritis, neuralgia. Relief often in a few minutes . . . the *fastest safe relief, it is said, yet discovered.*

Those results are due to a scientific discovery by which a Bayer Aspirin tablet begins to dissolve, or disintegrate, in the amazing space of two seconds after touching moisture. And hence to start "taking hold" of pain a few minutes after taking.

The illustration of the glass, above, tells the story. A Bayer Tablet starts to disintegrate almost instantly you swallow it. *And thus is ready to go to work almost instantly.* This unique Bayer discovery means quick relief from pain for you and yours. Fewer lost hours from headaches, neuralgia or the pains of rheumatism. And Safe Relief—for *Genuine* BAYER Aspirin does not harm the heart.

When you buy, though, see that you get the *Genuine* BAYER Aspirin. The best way is never ask for aspirin by the name "aspirin" alone. But if you want Bayer Aspirin's quick relief always to say "BAYER ASPIRIN."

Bayer Tablets Aspirin
Genuine

DOES NOT HARM THE HEART

What a DIFFERENCE!

What a truly amazing difference
Maybelline DOES make

Do you carefully powder and rouge, and then allow scraggly brows and pale, scanty lashes to mar what should be your most expressive feature, your eyes? You would be amazed at the added loveliness that could be so easily yours with Maybelline. Simply darken your lashes into long-appearing, luxuriant fringe with the famous Maybelline Eyelash Darkener, and see how your eyes instantly appear larger and more expressive. This smooth, easily applied mascara is absolutely harmless, non-smarting, tear-proof, and keeps the lashes soft and silky. You'll be delighted with the results. Yes, thrilled! Brown for blondes. Black for brunettes. 75c at any toilet goods counter.

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MAYBELLINE CO., CHICAGO

Maybelline
EYELASH DARKENER

Kid Sisters Don't Count

By Maysie Greig

(Continued from Page 20)

raised by strong unhesitating fingers. Then his lips crushed hers, hot lips that mutely pleaded with her to soften hers under his steady gentle pressure. Lips that covered her face, her throat, her eyes . . .

For several long minutes Kay lay in his arms and let him kiss her; then panic stirred her, a panic greater than she had ever experienced. She pushed him from her, turned without a word and rushed blindly through the nearest door.

It was a bedroom. She realized it vaguely as she closed the door. She leant panting against it, and thought: "Why didn't I tell him then? How is it he can make me feel weak whenever he kisses me? As though I wanted him to go on kissing me. And yet I don't . . . I can't. Why, I hate him. I despise him.

"I was so sure I could handle this situation," she went on thinking chaotically. "I thought a modern girl could deal with any man. But now . . . I'm not so sure. I was crazy to come down here with him." Her small hands tightened convulsively.

But, a moment later, she had regained some measure of self-control. She crossed over to the bed, flung her hat and coat down on it. "After all," she thought wearily, pushing back her hair, "there's no use being so melodramatic. Even a husband can't force you to do anything you don't want to. Stupid the way I rushed off just now. There's nothing to be afraid of. There can't be."

Presently she heard a knock on the door. She called, "Come in." Quentin stood on the threshold. He showed no trace of the emotion which had swayed him a short time before. He was smiling, one eyebrow raised, "Did you think you were in the grasp of a grizzly bear, sweetheart?" he laughed. "Did I scare you?"

She smiled back at him. One of the very few things she liked about Quentin. His ability to see the humor in any situation.

"Perhaps," she murmured.

He waved a letter toward her. "Read this. Ronnie's a good fellow, isn't he?"

Kay took it from him. The letter began, "Say, boy, you're lucky, for no one else would I relinquish my lovely week-end cabin at this time of the year. But, bless you, curse you and all the rest of it, I've ordered a cold supper to be left in the kitchen. Lobster, chicken, even a bottle of champagne, so you can't say I haven't done my best by you.

"RONNIE."

Kay felt her cheeks burning as she handed him back the letter. She turned sharply toward the window.

"You're in the wrong room, sweet," he told her with a smile. "I think we're expected to occupy the grand bedroom upstairs. Ronnie's got a horseshoe stuck over the door and a rough sketch of an absurd cupid over the bedhead! Anyhow, I've put your luggage in there."

A slight pause. "I'd rather sleep here, if you don't mind, Quentin," Kay said in a small strained voice.

He seemed surprised for a moment. Then he laughed and came towards her. "But I do mind, precious. Married couples should begin as they're going to go on."

Kay waited a moment, then she drew away from him. She said in a very low voice which she tried to keep steady. "You don't understand, Quentin. I mean I want to sleep in here . . . alone."

He started. He stared down at her and drew his thick dark brows together. But he spoke lightly. "You must be crazy, darling. Or perhaps you don't know it's our honeymoon?" Then he smiled. "Don't be childish, sweetheart . . . Or do you mean just for tonight? Are you very tired? Poor Muff, I can well believe that. That rotten interview with Angela coming right on top of the ceremony and all."

"It's not a question of being too tired, Quentin," she said quietly. "It's just that I prefer to sleep by myself, that's all."

She drew a deep breath. She had said it now. Surely the worst was over? But still he wouldn't allow himself to believe she was serious. It's strange how long you can fool yourself into not believing what you don't want to believe.

"Are these the new ideas, darling? Hygiene and all that? Perhaps I'm old-fashioned, but don't you think there's something to be said for the good old customs?"

"Please don't fool. I'm serious," Kay interrupted. Her small voice was slightly hoarse. "I don't intend to have anything . . . like that to do with you."

There was a pause. Then Quentin's voice came sharpened with astonishment.

"But you married me, sweetheart!"

"I know."

She turned away from him and stared out of the window. The sunset had faded, but a faint after-glow lingered like a soft light shawl cuddling about the plants and bushes. There was darkness beyond it, a darkness that was encroaching inch by inch and robbing that bright shawl of its sparkle. The darkness had a cold chilling quality. Kay shivered.

Quentin noticed her shiver. He said solicitously, "You're cold, darling, standing by that open window. Come into the lounge. There's a fire. We can talk there," he hesitated, "if you want to talk."

She nodded. "I do want to talk, Quentin."

"Very well then . . ."

But for the moment neither moved.

Suddenly, swiftly, he had her in his arms again. He was saying and his voice was low and intense and pleading, "Listen, Muff darling, before you say anything . . . anything that might spoil things for all time, remember I love you. I know I've said it before, but perhaps you haven't understood. I love you.

"I love you with everything in me, as I've loved no other woman in my life. I love you so much I'm not sure of myself any longer. I feel all the time like a dumb schoolboy, uncertain how to act, how to behave. I guess it's because I know this means so tremendously much to me . . . much more than I think you realize, sweetheart. Don't, please don't shut me out of your life now that you've opened so much of the door and let me inside! Even if you don't love me as I love you . . ."

He paused. This was her cue, wasn't it? Enough of a cue, anyhow, for her to say what she'd planned to say to him. Though even now she couldn't be sure what she did want to say, she felt too chaotic and wretched to be sure of anything.

Some deep humble quality in his tones almost swept down her barriers; almost made her stretch out her arms, cry, "Don't let me think, Quentin. Just make me feel!" As though, somewhere in her heart, she felt that to be the only solution. The right solution.

But Kay wasn't used to obeying such impulses. We are all over-civilized. We think too much. We are afraid to act. And though we may be taught wisdom to a certain degree there's a deeper wisdom in all of us we have become afraid to listen to. Because it doesn't correspond with our training; with our immature ideas of right and wrong.

So now, though all Kay's senses clamored for her to give in to this man, she wouldn't listen to them. She clung on to those thoughts which she believed were sane thoughts. She didn't admire this man, so she couldn't care for him. She didn't love him with her mind, so she couldn't respond to those promptings of her senses.

She forced her voice now. A voice that she scarcely recognized as her own. "I don't love you, Quentin. I've never loved you."

Silence after that. It had a queerly hurting quality that made Kay want to cry out in pain. She found herself strangely tempted to say, "I didn't mean that, Quentin, I didn't mean it!" But a moment later, she was asking herself sternly what would be the use of saying that when she had meant it? Of course, she didn't love this man! It was Lang whom she loved. And though her love would never be returned she must go on loving him.

"Then why did you marry me?" His voice was harsh suddenly, all the tenderness crushed out of it. And, hearing it, a queer ache of despair twisted Kay's heart. Not until she'd lost it did she realize how much she had come to rely on his tenderness.

She faltered, "I married you because of Angela and Lang . . . because I wanted her to go back to him."

"But why? Why should it have meant so much to you?"

She swung to face him. She tilted her chin at a defiant angle. Her whole attitude was defiant. Yet her eyes weren't defiant. A curious look in them that might have been fear. Fear at what she might say rather than what he might do to her. "I'm devoted to both of them . . ." she began.

"You mean you love Lang," he cut in sharply. "So Angela was right. You've always loved Lang."

Another pause.

"I can't get the hang of it, Kay," he said at last. "It doesn't make sense. You'd sacrifice yourself to the extent of marrying a man you didn't love to make another man happy with another woman? It's unbelievable."

Kay's lips twisted. "It would be . . . to you."

His face set grimly. "Perhaps. Yet I don't believe it's love. I believe it's a morbid sense of self-sacrifice."

Kay stiffened. "How dare you!" She clenched her small fists. She would gladly have hit him.

"At least I've a right to say what I think," he jerked out angrily. "You haven't left me much else, have you, Kay? And I don't and won't believe that has anything to do with love. Love that isn't possessive doesn't mean a thing. It may be the right sort of love between parents and children but between a man and a woman it's ludicrous. If you really loved Halliday you'd have wanted the divorce in the hope you could get him for yourself afterwards."

Kay's upper lip stiffened. "Even at the expense of his happiness?"

"Bosh! You know as well as I do he'll never be happy with Angela. Too much water has flowed under the bridge."

Kay shrank back instinctively. And her face was very white. But she didn't speak.

He looked down at her with a sort of grim brooding curiosity. "It means so much to you, eh, that he should get Angela back? But what about yourself?"

Kay whispered, "I didn't think it mattered about me."

"Noble!" His voice was harsh and mocking. "And does the estimable Halliday know of this magnificent sacrifice?"

She shook her head. "Of course not!"

"Nobler and nobler! My dear child, it's too darned crazy to be real. But, of course, it isn't real. It's the sort of insane thing a girl might do who's suffering from an overdose of ideals and illusions. Have you ever had a genuine emotion in your life, Kay?"

And when, after a short pause, she didn't reply he went on, "No, I'm sure you haven't. Always you've thought how you ought to feel and then felt it. It's the same with your reactions. They've all been guided by a tangled jumble of impractical ideals. I see you very clearly, Kay. And yet," he smiled twistedly, "I love you. Odd, isn't it?"

He hesitated, then he went on, "Come in and have supper anyhow. I'm sure we're both hungry. And there's no trusting what either of us may do or say when we're in a half-starved condition."

He turned and walked out of the room. Kay thought, "The worst is over. Oh, surely, the worst is over? He can't say anything more. What is there to say?"

All the same, she had a distinct feeling that all was not over. This might be but a lull after the first outbreak of the storm . . . And, after that lull, didn't the waves grow fiercer, the wind blow wilder?

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

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How Science Writes "FINIS" to Sleepless Nights WITHOUT DRUGS

Remarkable Discovery Does Away With Bed-Tossing And Lying Awake At Night . . . Brings Sound, Natural Sleep Almost Immediately You Go To Bed . . . Makes You Feel Like a Different Person Next Day

① 11 P.M.
BILLS, BILLS, BILLS!
THE CAR NEEDS OVERHAULING
THAT NOTE'S DUE NEXT WEEK
WON'T BUSINESS EVER PICK UP?
OVALTI
② 11:10 P.M.

ABOVE—If you sleep poorly, you are urged to try this tonight:—Simply mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls of Ovaltine (the remarkable, drugless food concentrate first discovered in Switzerland and now made over here) in a cup of warm milk. Drink it a few minutes before retiring. Then—put out the lights, get into bed, relax.

RIGHT—Almost as soon as your head touches the pillow you fall asleep—and sleep all night as peacefully as a 2-year-old. In the morning you awaken greatly refreshed—nerves calmer, mind clearer by far. Filled with new energy to last you throughout the day—alive—and "on your toes."

DON'T LET "NERVES" AND WORRY KEEP YOU AWAKE

If you are prone to lie awake at night, worrying over your business and social affairs, you'll welcome the news of the remarkable food concentrate (described on this page) which brings sound sleep quickly. When taken as a warm drink before bedtime, this unique discovery tends, among other things, to draw excess blood away from the head and combats mental over-activity which often keeps you from getting to sleep. Thus, mental calm is invited—the mind is "conditioned" for sleep . . . As a result, you not only fall asleep naturally a few moments after you go to bed, but you sleep much more restfully throughout the night. And awaken the following day with steadier nerves and a mind that's clear and fresh.

IMPORTANT new discoveries have been made about people who have a hard time getting to sleep at night. Discoveries which also concern those who waken in the morning logy and dragged out. Feeling that somehow the sleep they got didn't really *rest* them.

For science has now discovered a way to bring sound sleep quickly—*entirely without drugs.* A way, in fact, that greatly improves the *quality* of sleep—so you feel far more refreshed next day.

The result is no more heavy-headed mornings—no more shattered nerves due to night-time tossing or fitful, broken sleep.

The method is simplicity itself—for no medicines are employed. Just a scientific food concentrate which you take mixed with warm milk a few moments before going to bed. Then fall asleep as naturally as a child—and sleep your full 8 hours more peacefully than you have, probably, in weeks and months.

In the morning you awaken greatly refreshed—teeming with new strength and energy. For this remarkable food-drink does more than bring sleep quickly. It also acts to rebuild nerve, brain and body tissue during the hours you sleep. And greatly multiplies your ability to recover from fatigue.

Millions are using this new discovery these days. Millions are adopting it on scientific advice. In fairness to yourself, your nerves, your health, try it.

What It Is—How It Acts

It is called Ovaltine and it acts to combat the 3 most common causes of sleeplessness in 3 different ways—entirely without drugs.

First: Ovaltine, taken as a warm drink at bedtime, tends to draw excess blood away from the brain. Thus inviting mental calm and "conditioning" the mind for sleep.

Second: Ovaltine corrects digestive unrest by gently stimulating and aiding digestive processes.

Third: Ovaltine supplies important food elements, the absence of which, in ordinary diet, leads to irritated nerves and sleeplessness.

Tests Show 83% Slept Better When They Took It

Recently Ovaltine was the object of some extremely significant tests. A well-known Eastern University scientist gave this remarkable food-drink to 2,500 people for 3 successive nights—then questioned them to determine exactly how they had slept.

These people were selected at random. And their number included *good* sleepers as well as *poor* sleepers. But in spite of the fact that the test group contained many people who already "slept well enough," it was found that 83% slept noticeably more soundly and more restfully when they had taken Ovaltine!

In similar investigations, one thing stands out *especially.* And that is the fact that even subjects who consider themselves average normal sleepers are often surprised to note that they fall asleep more quickly—feel more completely refreshed the next day.

Thus demonstrating that Ovaltine tends to improve the quality of sleep whether habitual sleeplessness exists or not!

See For Yourself

Don't judge Ovaltine merely by what users claim for it. Disregard, if you wish, the results of the remarkable test described above—and the fact that it is approved by more than 20,000 physicians—try it and *see for yourself!*

Observe how quickly you fall asleep at night—how much fresher you look and feel next day. Note, too, how much greater energy you possess. How "staying power" multiplies.

As you continue to take Ovaltine, observe the permanent benefits you obtain. See how it builds up and maintains your natural tendency to sleep soundly *every* night. How vitality is heightened and increased.

'Phone your druggist or grocer for a tin of Ovaltine tonight. Mix 2 to 4 teaspoonfuls with a cup of warm milk—and drink it just before you get into bed. You'll be amazed at the sound, refreshing sleep that's yours tonight.

NOTE: *Thousands of nervous people, men and women, are using Ovaltine to restore vitality when fatigued. It is also highly recommended by physicians for nervous, underweight children—and as a strengthening food for nursing mothers, convalescents, and the aged.*

OVALTINE
The Swiss Food-Drink
Manufactured in the United States according to the original Swiss formula

Let the Home Chef Employ a Robot Helper

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

CHOP, cut, grind, mix, slice, stir and squeeze — these tiny acts form the links which chain the housewife to her kitchen! Not even the simplest family dinner can be prepared without several of these petty operations. It is they, and not the cooking processes, which consume the time and cause the fatigue. How often the home chef would gladly tackle an elaborate meal if she only could command the services of a kitchen helper!

But that is exactly what she may do; the mechanical maid or kitchen robot need not be sought in an employment agency but on the counters of the house-furnishing shop. Some, just as with human servants, are best suited to the large and more formal household; others can be relied on to take over the burdens of the one-worker menage or the small home where the mistress is her own maid.

All come with recommendations to do everything which must be done in the preparation of meals, and supply arms that never tire!

The ancestor or the grandmother of the present compact power mixer was the hotel or tearoom size machine. At first even these clumsy and large-capacity units were offered to the home at an exorbitant cost.

Not until such power utilities were scaled down in price and in size to the small kitchen and the convenience and the portable needs of the housewife herself, did they warrant a popular demand. Today there are many models of mechanical maids on the market to suit the requirements and preference as well as the purse of every household.

These power-operated helpers fall into two broad classes: (1) where the unit is stationary on its own supporting stand with its own mixing bowls as well as attachments. This type is usually an all-purpose machine with an assortment of cutters, slicers and grinders for each kitchen chore.

The second (2) type is the portable electrically-driven beater which may be carried to any point and used with ordinary kitchen bowls, double boilers and other utensils. This latter unit is limited generally in its use to whipping, beating and mixing only.

In both types the speed of operation can be regulated to suit the worker and the particular job in hand. First speed is low, the second medium and third high.

The speed is most important in its relation to the texture of the finished food product; thus a heavy batter cannot be mixed at the same speed as whipped eggs, cream or light waffle batter. The speed at which different kinds of cake batter, frostings and candy is set determines the result very definitely.

An important point in selecting one of these units is the size of the motor, always the heart of any power device and that part of construction which controls the price. Consider the type of cooking your particular family enjoys and choose your beater or unit accordingly. If you frequently prepare foods with heavy batters, cake frostings, or like to make fudge and similar candies, which require thorough stirring, then invest in a beater with a heavier motor, even if costs more.

The writer has had considerable experience in testing such units, where the small, light motors of several of the cheaper models simply burned out and gave trouble even after only moderate use. Here is one purchase where one should not skimp and look only at first cost. The mechanical maid should be selected for hard use in the long run.

It is necessary to follow the specific directions of each machine as supplied by the manufacturer until one has personally checked and tested them out. Further, the technique of using the mechanical beater on a familiar recipe is often quite different from the old-fashioned arm method on the same recipe. Thus where a recipe calls for yolks and whites beaten separately one may instead add the eggs whole. Often the order of adding ingredients, as in cake batter, is almost the reverse of the familiar cook book directions.

The chief fault for the beginner employing mechanical aid is overbeating. Naturally one must allow for the higher speed and intensity of mechanical mixing over that of muscles and arm.

Do women like to use mechanical attachments? It is the writer's opinion that they do not! Exceptional, indeed, is that mere woman who honestly enjoys yanking off one kind of tube or rod of her vacuum cleaner and substituting another, or fiddling with the hammer, the tucker, etc., of her sewing machine.

Therefore, beware and be sure that you require all of the numerous attachments of the power unit. It is perhaps wisest to buy only the chief and main parts at the outset and add the less often used silver polisher, coffee grinder, knife sharpener and freezer later. Parts and attachments must be used frequently, even daily, to justify their investment.

The second type or portable beater has the advantage that it can be moved from place to place on the work table, or even taken and used at the kitchen range. For example, if waffles are being baked on the table of the dining nook, it is sometimes convenient to take the portable beater there also and mix up the batter.

Again, if a chocolate custard is being concocted in the double boiler on the range, the portable beater can be used right in the boiler top to whip the materials as they are being prepared.

In the household where vegetarian cookery is practiced, or where there are children who require much strained vegetable pulp, diced vegetables, etc., then the attachment which slices, shreds and dices is well worth its price.

Because of the accuracy with which all these machines operate scarcely any attention need be given to them while they work. From this point of view they are really automatic and hence save not only physical labor and actual time but also the nervous strain of having to watch and note several processes at once.

The intelligent housewife should be interested in making a few comparison time-studies between a certain task done by hand and the identical task performed by one of these power units. Take, for example, mayonnaise, which usually requires many minutes of continuous unremitting beating by hand. Or take the familiar creaming of butter and sugar in the average cake. Or again, the standard white icing, which is a tricky as well as a tiresome stint for hand and arm. How long do these take by muscle and how short by machine?

The question of where such a utility should most efficiently be located arises immediately. It is a unit which comes under preparation, and hence demands placement at the work table, whether that be a kitchen cabinet or a plain table.

It is best to keep the mechanical maid always installed ready for action, instead of stored away in a closet. Most of the newer models are so good looking that they are quite decorative features of the kitchen. Parts and accessories should be located adjoining, so that they, too, can be quickly and easily found and attached when needed.

In the conveniently planned kitchen there should be a wall outlet—indeed a duplex outlet—at the highth of approximately 36 and 48 inches from the floor. If located just above the table or range level, the cord can be easily plugged in, or, indeed, left always attached so that the mixer may be ready for instant use.

With the holiday season so near at hand, bringing its heavier and larger quantity-cooking burden, the housewife will surely need extra help. Employ a mechanical maid by the hour or the day and have more leisure to enjoy the holidays with your guests.

Unblushing Confessions of a Versatile Rascal

(Continued from Double Page)

mings" of a man-about-town, I was established in a flat in Jermyn street on a monthly tenancy. Such changes from poverty to affluence, from the plebeian to the plutocrat in the space of an hour or so, are characteristic of a criminal's life of ups and downs.

I now began to mix with the aristocrats of the criminal world. I did little jobs for such men as "Brilliant" Chang and "Terry" Doland, both powerful figures behind the scenes in the underworld of the West End of London. I drifted from drug traffic to all sorts of crime; in fact I was game for anything that promised sufficient financial return for my pains. It was in this way that I found myself the central figure of an amazing affair with one of the loveliest women whom I have ever met—the late Mlle. Gaby Deslys. It is a story worth telling, and as it is a very real part of my life I relate it in full.

Among the multitude of people who entered my crowded life was "Boss" Rogan, and I have every reason to believe that his surname was correct. His was a master mind, and his executive ability was beyond criticism. His cleverness will be realized when I state that, although he had been engaged in crime over a period of many years, the police have never yet been able to associate him with the "jobs" which he undoubtedly has planned, even if he has not actually carried them out himself.

When I was rather young at the game, I received, through the usual channels, an invitation to dine with "Boss" Rogan at a small but very expensive restaurant in Soho. Knowing all about my man, I dressed in accordance with his status, and when I arrived I found Rogan sitting in the manager's office, being entertained as an important guest. While he drank a cocktail, the manager received his instructions for the preparation of the forthcoming dinner. Covers were set for five, and the three remaining members of the party turned up shortly after I arrived. The meal was as perfect as I, being a connoisseur, could wish. Rogan made an ideal host, apparently enjoying every moment, while the conversation flowed without breaking and seemingly along lines congenial to the entire party. Our host beamed satisfaction from the first course to the last.

Not one "professional" word was dropped until two tired waiters, having placed coffee and liqueurs on the table, retired into the background. Then Rogan moved towards me, and one look at his face, which became suddenly hard, gave me the clue that the "business" was beginning.

"Without preliminaries, and I know they are not necessary," he said straight out, "you know me, my work and activities, and I know you. I want you to help me!"

"How?"

"I want Gaby Deslys' pearls."

I stared at him blankly.

"Gaby Deslys?" and my voice trailed into silence with astonishment.

"But——" Words failed me. The most famous jewels in London! Every one knew that they were the gift of a king, and it seemed to me that an attempt upon the Crown Jewels of England would be no harder job, than this.

"Well," said "Boss" Rogan quietly.

"What should I get out of it?" I asked, after a moment's silence.

"A fifth. There are five of us round this table. We play our parts and share equally. Your task is the easiest. All you must do is to get to know the little lady, find out all you can about the pearls, and let us know. We will do the rest. What I'm asking you to do should be easy. You have the style and the looks."

I pledged myself.

At that time Gaby Deslys was simply someone whose name I had seen billed all over London, a dancer, the friend of ruling monarchs... Accordingly, on the following night, I occupied the stage box at the Globe Theatre, where she was playing in her show.

During the whole time that the little dancer was on the stage, my eyes never left her lithe, beautiful figure. A hush went round the theatre, when, in the third act, she appeared wearing her wonderful rope of pearls, the sombre lustre of which reflected the light. Almost every member of the audience knew the history of those wonderful pearls. My eyes were nearly standing out of my head.

At the end of the performance I sent a massive bouquet of roses, to which I attached my card, to her dressing-room. Somewhat to my youthful surprise I received neither reply nor acknowledgment.

Undismayed, I repeated the stage box and bouquet the next evening with the same unsatisfactory result. This method of procedure was becoming expensive, however—the bouquets costing five pounds each and the stage box two guineas on each occasion. As far as I could see the great dancer was still oblivious of my gifts and presence. This certainly could not go on, but before I could make my third attempt I was obliged to look up "Boss" Rogan and explain the situation to him.

"That's all right, my boy," he said. "We didn't expect you to break the ice so quickly," and he pushed a wad of notes into my hand with the casual remark, "There's fifty pounds—make it go as far as possible."

My third night at the theatre was a more leisurely affair, but with my customary bouquet I sent an accompanying note, written on notepaper from a famous club and signed "Basil Vaughan," by which name I was known to my confederates in this particular stunt. I had cards printed "The Honourable Basil Vaughan," which appeared appropriate. The trick was accomplished. Having evidently satisfied herself as to my bona fides, she sent me a delicately scented note in which she said she would see me after the show if I came to the stage door, as I had suggested.

To Be Continued Next Sunday.

Modern SAFE Way To Reduce.....FAT

Depicting enviable, youthful charm and grace as posed by Miss Jane Lane, Paradise Revue, N. Y. C.

● Don't stay fat and unattractive when it's so easy and safe to banish double chin, ugly hip fat and bulging waistline and at the same time remarkably improve your health and increase physical charm—simply take a half teaspoonful of Kruschen Salts in hot water first thing every morning—physicians prescribe it—nurses praise it—as the ideal way to safely reduce and gain in health.

● An 85c jar lasts 4 weeks and is sold by druggists thruout the world — London, Paris, Berlin, the Riviera, India or China —wherever you go you'll find Kruschen. Imitations may be offered you but safeguard your health—Kruschen is SAFE—demand and accept nothing else.

FREE Write E. Griffiths Hughes, Inc. Dept. A W, Rochester, N. Y., for new book giving complete details —ALSO precious aids for obtaining youthful beauty.

Corns

Lift right Out!

FREEZONE does it! Puts the corn to sleep — deadens all pain — and soon makes it so loose in its bed of flesh that it lifts right out! Hard corns or soft—all are quickly ended by FREEZONE. Calluses, too. Get a bottle at any drug store and walk in comfort!

FREEZONE

No More Freckles; Weather-Beaten Skin

It is so easy now to have a lovely skin of satin-like texture; to have smooth, white, flawless new beauty. Just begin tonight with famous Nadinola Bleaching Cream, tested and trusted for over a generation. The minute you smooth it on, Nadinola begins to whiten, smooth and clear your skin. Tan and freckles; muddy, sallow color vanish quickly. Almost overnight you see beneficial results, radiant new beauty in your complexion. No long waiting; no disappointments. Money back guarantee. Get NADINOLA Bleaching Cream, only 50c, at your dealer's or send 50c to NADINOLA, Dept. H. 11, Paris, Tenn.

Instant Relief from
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D. D. D. Prescription Speeds Relief

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eruptions, eczema, scales, rashes or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief use pure, cooling, antiseptic, liquid D. D. D. Prescription. Its gentle oils penetrate the skin, soothing and healing the inflamed tissues. No fuss—no muss. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries up almost immediately. Try D. D. D. Prescription today. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35c trial bottle, at any drug store, is guaranteed to prove it—or money back. D. D. D. is made by the owners of ITALIAN BALM.

Gray Hair

Best Remedy is Made At Home

You can now make at home a better gray hair remedy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce bay rum, a small box of Barbo Compound and one-fourth ounce of glycerine. Any druggist can put this up or you can mix it yourself at very little cost. Apply to the hair twice a week until the desired shade is obtained.

Barbo imparts color to streaked, faded or gray hair, making it soft and glossy. It will not color the scalp, is not sticky or greasy and does not rub off.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

CHATTER CHATTER

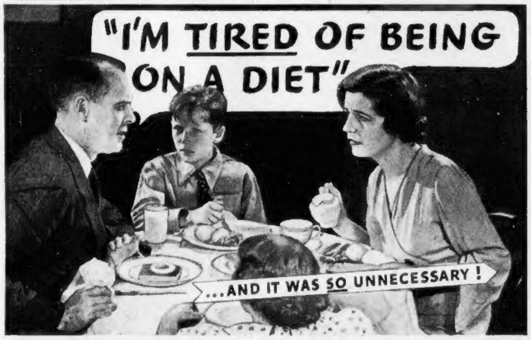
Tip on Fred Allen

"LADEEZ AND GENTLEMUN"

FRED ALLEN BORN "JOHN FLORENCE SULLIVAN" IN SOMERVILLE, MASS. MADE FIRST BROADWAY HIT AFTER THE WAR. FEATURED IN "POLLY", THE FIRST "LITTLE SHOW" AND "THREE'S A CROWD" MARRIED PORTLAND HOFFA IN 1926. WRITES OWN MATERIAL. JUGGLES, PLAYS SAXOPHONE, BANJO AND HANDBALL. .

a tip TUBES CHATTER ? REPLACE WORN-OUT TUBES WITH NEW CUNNINGHAM RADIO TUBES OR RCA RADIOTRONS, THE ONLY TUBES GUARANTEED BY RCA . . DISCOVERIES UNKNOWN WHEN YOU BOUGHT YOUR TUBES HAVE BEEN BUILT INTO THE NEW 1933-34 TUBES FROM RCA'S GREAT LABORATORIES. FIVE VITAL IMPROVEMENTS THAT GIVE NEW LIFE TO YOUR RADIO SET. .

RCA Cunningham Radiotron


"I'M TIRED OF BEING ON A DIET"
...AND IT WAS SO UNNECESSARY !

EVERYTHING HE LIKES GIVES HIM SUCH TERRIBLE INDIGESTION---AND HE'S SO SICK OF THE FEW THINGS HE CAN EAT. I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO COOK...
I KNOW HOW IT IS, DEAR—BOB WAS THAT WAY, TOO, UNTIL...

--BUT JOHN DEAR—BOB HAD AWFUL INDIGESTION, TOO, AND THE SAME SICK HEADACHES--AND HE SAYS FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST ABSOLUTELY CURED HIM IN A MONTH!
HIS STOMACH COULDN'T HAVE BEEN AS BAD AS MINE--BUT ALL RIGHT-- ----I'LL TRY IT IF YOU REALLY THINK I SHOULD.
3 WEEKS LATER
JUST THINK! BEFORE JOHN STARTED EATING YEAST HE COULDN'T HAVE TOUCHED A SOLID MEAL LIKE THIS.
SURE I'M GOING TO HAVE A SECOND HELPING! WHO'LL JOIN ME?
-AND ISN'T HE LOOKING WONDERFUL?
EAT FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST IT IS HEALTHFUL

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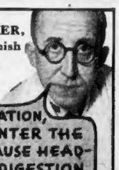

DR. K. MÖLLER, the noted Danish diagnostician, declares:—

IN CONSTIPATION, POISONS ENTER THE BLOOD—CAUSE HEADACHES, INDIGESTION, ETC. I ADVISE YEAST*

If you want a good appetite and healthy digestion, eat *Fleischmann's Yeast—3 cakes daily. It "tones" up stomach and intestines —purifies — adds valuable vitamins B, G and D to your diet. Directions are on label. Try it!

FLEISCHMANN'S YEAST *for Health*

Don't Tuck GRAY HAIRS Out of Sight

Touch them up with
FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR
Manicuring, slenderizing "facials" leave you only as young as your hair. Youthful clothes won't offset faded hair. FARR'S is easy to use, without instruction, in the clean privacy of home; harmless as your lip stick; odorless, not sticky; will not rub off nor interfere with curling, marcel or permanent wave; leaves the hair soft, lustrous, NATURAL, full of youthful lights and shadows women love. $1.35—for sale everywhere.

FREE SAMPLE
BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO. A.W.30
79 Sudbury Street, Boston, Mass.
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name ....
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STATE ORIGINAL COLOR OF HAIR

positive sterilization *possible with* **PYREX** *nursing bottles*

Mothers tend to sterilize bottles more thoroughly if the possibility of breakage is removed, 400 doctors have found.

Pyrex Nursing Bottles are practically immune to breakage from heat or cold! Two sizes . . . 8-oz., narrow neck or wide mouth, 25¢; 4-oz., narrow neck, 15¢.

"Pyrex" is the registered trade-mark of Corning Glass Works, Corning, N. Y., and indicates their brand of resistant glass. These prices are in effect in the United States only.

Wash off FACIAL HAIR Restore Charm

Simply apply gentle, fragrant DeWans—wait 3 minutes—then wash off. Facial hair will be entirely gone. Your skin will be a thrill to see . . . and a greater thrill to touch! No smarting. No reddening. Why, it doesn't even "pink" the skin! Being mild enough for facial use, DeWans is, of course, safe for use on arms and legs as well. And its new low price makes such use perfectly economical. A large bottle of DeWans $1, at the best department and drug stores.

DeWANS *Special* FACIAL HAIR REMOVER

Cuticura Ointment
Soothes and Heals
skin irritations quickly and easily. Let it be your first thought in treating itching, burning affections, eczema, pimples and other disfiguring blotches. No household should be without it.

Price 25c and 50c

Sample each free. Address: "Cuticura," Dept. 4G, Malden, Mass.

FREE to Catholics ONLY

Send your name and address and we will mail this deeply modeled Sacred Heart — Miraculous Ring, guaranteed Silver oxidized finish. Absolutely Free, without one cent of expense to you. Please give finger size.

Lane Co., Dept. 1141, Providence, R. I.

FINE FOR BURNING FEET
Stinging Corns--Tender Callouses

Rub a little Ice Mint on those tired, swollen, burning feet, stinging corns and sore callouses, and Oh! what a relief it will give.

How cool, easy and comfortable it makes them feel. Under fast working Ice Mint, your aching feet will find a relief that will make you want to dance with joy. Try it and see how good it will make your feet feel. Use it just once, it will quickly prove itself.

Ask any druggist for Ice Mint and give your poor feet a real surprise. You will like it. It works.

DO YOU KNOW that The American Weekly prints more Scriptural stories in a year than all the other non-sectarian magazines combined?

Make a Meal of Pie

By Mary Lee Swann,
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Fish Pie.

HAVE ready a two-pound steak of cod, halibut or other white fish, half an onion, a sprig of parsley and a few stalks of celery, 1 teaspoon vinegar and ½ teaspoon salt. Cover with boiling water and cook gently for 20 minutes. When cool, pour off the stock, break the fish into flakes and arrange in a baking dish. Strain the liquor, and save a cup of it to make the following sauce. Melt 2 tablespoons butter, combine 3 tablespoons flour with it and stir in the cup of liquor. Add 1 cup cream or top milk and 1 slightly beaten egg yolk. Season with ⅓ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper and 1 chopped green pepper. Pour over the fish and cover with potato pastry. Bake about 12 minutes in a quick oven, or at 450 deg. F.

Shrimp Pie.

INGREDIENTS: 3 cups shrimps, 2 cups thinly-sliced cooked potato, 1 cup peas, 1 teaspoon anchovy paste, 3 tablespoons flour, 2 cups milk, ½ teaspoon salt, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, 2 tablespoons butter, rich biscuit crust. Cut the shrimps in small pieces, add the anchovy paste and butter a baking dish. Put in a layer of the shrimps, then one of potato and one of peas. Sprinkle with salt and pepper and flour. Repeat until all is used and pour over the milk heated to scalding point. Set on the crust, prick several times and bake 30 minutes in a moderate oven.

Clam Pie.

INGREDIENTS: 2 dozen hard clams in juice, ¼ pound diced salt pork, 1 small onion, water, ½ tablespoon minced parsley, ⅛ teaspoon pepper, ⅛ teaspoon celery salt, 3 small potatoes, 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup cream, 1½ teaspoons salt, 3 tablespoons sifted flour. Try out pork in frying pan, add minced onion and cook until golden brown. Strain the clams and to the juice add enough water to make 3 cups of liquid. Add this liquid to the onion and diced potatoes. Cook 20 minutes or until potatoes are soft. Add the clams, cut in halves, the butter, salt, celery salt, pepper and a little minced parsley, if desired. Blend flour with 2 tablespoons milk and add to the clam mixture, stirring constantly. Add cream. Pour the clam mixture into a buttered baking dish and cover with pastry. Bake in hot oven 15 minutes.

Meat Pie.

INGREDIENTS: 2 pounds beef cut into pieces as for stew (the tough cuts may be used for stewing); 2 tablespoons suet, butter or other fat; 1 tablespoon chopped onion; 2 tablespoons flour; 2 cups of water; 1 cup celery, cut into pieces; 1 cup carrots, cut into slices; 1 cup potatoes, diced; 1½ teaspoons salt; 1 teaspoon kitchen bouquet. Wash the meat. Put the fat and onion in the pan in which the pot-pie is to be baked. Heat the fat and onion on the surface burner. Then add the meat. Sprinkle the flour over the meat. *Cook the mixture until the meat is browned, stirring occasionally so that the meat is browned uniformly. Then add the water, celery and carrots. When the mixture reaches the boiling point, cover the pan and put it in an oven at 300 degrees. Bake for 2 hours. After the 2 hours of baking, add the potatoes, salt and kitchen bouquet. Over the vegetables and meat place a crust prepared as follows: 1½ cups flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons butter, ½ cup milk. Mix and sift dry ingredients. Work in the butter thoroughly. Add the milk. Drop dough in spoonfuls on top of the meat and vegetables. With a knife or spoon spread the dough slightly so that it almost covers the materials. Bake in a hot oven about ½ hour. Serve immediately.

Beef Heart Pie.

TRIM the heart and wash thoroughly in cold water. Brown all over in hot bacon or sausage fat, adding a sliced onion and ½ cup diced celery. Cover with hot water and simmer 2 to 3 hours until tender. Cut crosswise in slices, put in a casserole and cover with a pint or more of thickened brown gravy made from the liquor. Add 1 teaspoon salt and ¼ teaspoon pepper and cover with a crust. Bake. Vary the seasoning with chili powder, catchup, kitchen bouquet, parsley, sweet herbs, a dusting of mace or a chopped green pepper.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

	MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast	Fruit. Prepared Cereal. Baked Bacon. Graham Muffins. Coffee.	Sliced Oranges. Scrambled Eggs with Bacon. Toast. Coffee.	Sliced Bananas with Orange Juice. French Toast. Maple Syrup, Coffee.	Fruit, Savory Omelet, Graham Tea Biscuits. Coffee.	Fruit, Sausage Balls, Popovers or Muffins, Coffee.	Fruit, Oatmeal, Soft Cooked Eggs, Toast, Coffee.	Fruit, Hot Cereal, Buttered Toast, Coffee.
Luncheon	Cream of Potato Soup, Wafers, Asparagus Salad, Toast, Fruit Jelly, Tea or Cocoa.	Spaghetti with Tomato Sauce, Cabbage and Raisin Salad, Brown Bread, Tea or Milk.	Corn Pudding, Rolls, Apple Sauce, Molasses Cookies, Tea or Milk.	Boston Baked Beans, Savory Celery Salad, Brown Bread, Plum Conserve, Tea.	Creamed Asparagus on Toast, Tomato and Cottage Cheese Salad, Prune Trifle, Hermits, Tea.	Lima Beans in Casserole, Muffins, Jellied Grapefruit Salad, Whole Wheat Nut Crackers, Tea.	
Dinner	Liver and Bacon, Creamed Potatoes, Waldorf Salad, Squash Tarts with Honey and Whipped Cream or Fruit Souffle with Custard Sauce.	Veal Cutlets in Casserole, Potatoes, Egg Plant Delicious, Apple Pie (Pastry Left from Squash Tarts), Cheese.	Swiss Steak, Baked Potatoes, Buttered Onions, Hot Biscuits, Caramel Blanc Mange, Half Cups Coffee.	Pork Chops Baked with Apples, Scalloped Potatoes or Baked Macaroni, Buttered Broccoli or Beans, Corn Bread Sticks, Steamed Graham Pudding with Sterling Sauce.	Tomato Juice Cocktail, Salmon Loaf with Buttered Peas, Riced Paprika Potatoes, Cabbage Chiffonade Salad, Banana Cream Pudding.	Stuffed Beef Heart, Candied Sweet Potatoes or Noodles, Buttered Turnips, Shredded Lettuce and Grated Raw Carrot Salad, Raisin Tapioca Cream.	Frosted Grapes, Roast Chicken with Dressing, Giblet Gravy, Rice, Green Vegetable, Cranberry Jelly, Pumpkin Pie Spread with Honey and Whipped Cream or Chocolate Bavarian Cream, Coffee.
Supper							Surprise Potatoes, Pear, Watercress and Romaine Salad, Russian Dressing, Crackers, Cocoa, Cookies.

ISN'T THIS EASY ?

NEW ELASTICORD WAY

Here's something new in ironing . . . *Elasticord* . . . a cord that's always out of the way and off the ironing board . . . never soils or musses your spotless things.

See how it works—a permanently elastic core maintains a light tension that helps you—speeds your work.

Elasticord is *guaranteed* for a full year. Extra length . . . and only $1.00 ($1.25 with switch). If your dealer hasn't it, use the coupon.

ELASTICORD CORPORATION
Easthampton, Mass. (4)
For enclosed sum mail me post-paid one Elasticord, style and color as checked.
☐ Plain ($1.00) ☐ Green
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BIRD MANNA
MAKES CANARIES SING

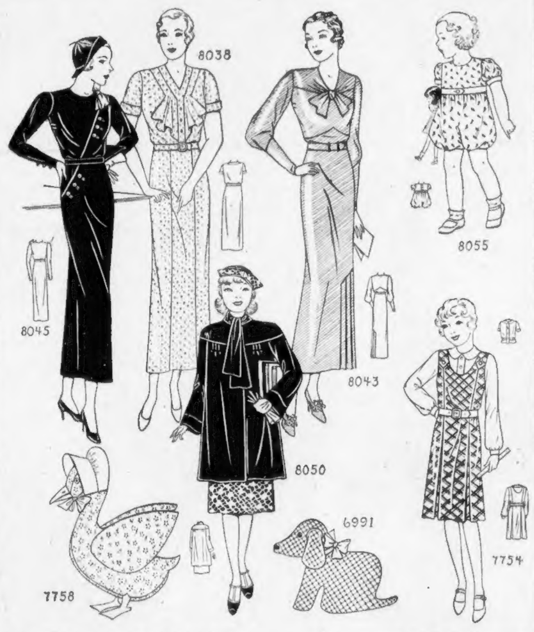
Restores their health and feathers and keeps them fit. It is a food, a tonic and a song restorer. It has been the one dependable bird specific for more than 50 years. Sold by all Druggists. Mailed for 15c in coin or stamps.

FREE BOOK ON CAGE BIRDS!

120 pages, 150 illustrations, a plate of fancy canaries in their natural colors. Full information as to song and rare canaries. How to breed them for profit. Hints on their diseases and how to treat them. All about Parrots. Mailed free with Manna.

Philadelphia Bird Food Co.
400 N. 3rd St., Philadelphia, Pa.

American Weekly Patterns



A SIMPLE, STYLISH FROCK FOR SLENDER FIGURES (8045). Designed in 6 sizes: 14, 16, 18 and 20 (with corresponding bust measure 33½, 35, 36½, 38), also 40 and 42. Size 16 requires 2½ yards of 54-inch material.

A NEAT MORNING DRESS FOR THE LARGER WOMAN (8038). Designed in 9 sizes: 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50 and 52. Size 46 requires 4⅛ yards of 35-inch material.

A VERY SMART AND SNAPPY DESIGN (8043). Designed in 7 sizes: 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44 and 46. Size 38 will require 4¼ yards of 39-inch material.

TOY GOOSE (7758). Designed in 1 size: 15 inches in length. It requires ⅝ yard of material 35 inches wide for the goose and a piece ½ yard long and 7 inches wide for the bonnet. Tie strings of ribbon ½ yard.

A POPULAR COAT STYLE FOR GIRLS (8050). Designed in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. Size 12 will require 2 yards of 54-inch material and for lining 2¾ yards of 35-inch material.

NURSERY TOY (6991). Designed in 1 size. It requires ½ yard of 35-inch material.

GIRL'S DRESS (7754). Designed in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. Size 8 if made as in the large view requires 1⅝ yards of 32-inch material for the "jumper" and 1¼ yards for the guimpe. The guimpe with short sleeves requires 1 yard.

CHILD'S ROMPERS (8055). Designed in 3 sizes: 2, 4 and 6 years. Size 4 requires 1¾ yards of 32-inch material, together with ⅛ yard of contrasting material. To finish with binding requires 1⅝ yards 1½ inches wide.

To obtain any one of these desirable patterns, fill in the accompanying coupon and mail with 15 cents in coin for EACH PATTERN (SEAL ENVELOPE FLAP SECURELY ON ALL EDGES) to

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8038 .... Bust	7758 .... 1 Size
8050 .... Years	6991 .... 1 Size
7754 .... Years	8055 .... Years

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Patterns 15 Cents Each.

Send 10 cents in coin for a copy of our NEW FALL AND WINTER FASHION BOOK for 1933-34. Every Home Dressmaker should have a copy of this on her sewing table.

NOW I LIKE DELIA'S DAY OUT. SINCE YOU MAKE THIS SWELL GINGERBREAD
(THINKING) I'M GLAD I LEARNED TO USE BRER RABBIT. IT'S THAT REAL PLANTATION MOLASSES THAT MAKES GINGERBREAD SWELL

Now *Gingerbread* makes Bob welcome Cook's day out

Delia was a wonderful cook and her day off was a problem until Bob's mother gave Janet a tip.

On Delia's next day out Janet surprised Bob with a simple little meal, made up of his favorite dishes—with gingerbread for dessert. Made according to Bob's mother's favorite Brer Rabbit recipe.

"This gingerbread's swell," Bob exclaimed. "I'm glad Delia's out."

And Janet thrilled with pride.

Soft, luscious gingerbread, made from Brer Rabbit Molasses, is a great favorite with husbands and children, and guests, too. They all love its pungent flavor, its tang and delicious aroma.

Brer Rabbit Molasses is real New Orleans molasses, made from the finest grade of freshly crushed sugar cane. That's what makes it taste so good. It is a wholesome food, too.

Two kinds: Gold Label—the highest quality light molasses for fancy cookery, fine on pancakes; Green Label—a rich, full-flavored dark molasses.

. . . HOW JANET MADE "MY BEST GINGERBREAD" ½ cup sugar; ½ cup of butter and lard mixed; 1 egg; 1 cup Brer Rabbit Molasses; 2½ cups sifted flour; 1½ teaspoons soda; 1 teaspoon cinnamon; 1 teaspoon ginger; ½ teaspoon cloves; ½ teaspoon salt; 1 cup hot water.

Cream shortening and sugar. Add beaten egg, molasses, then dry ingredients which have been sifted together. Add hot water last; beat until smooth. Batter is soft, but makes a fine cake. Bake in greased shallow pan 35 min. in moderate oven (325° to 350° F.).

Brer Rabbit Molasses

BRER RABBIT
REAL PLANTATION
Molasses

FREE—*Booklet containing more than 90 other Brer Rabbit recipes.* Penick & Ford, Ltd., Inc., Dept. AW-2, New Orleans, La. Please send me copy of "Old-fashioned Molasses Goodies."

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